



MEMOIRS

OF

BY

LOUIS ANTOINE FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE
HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE HUNDRED DAYS,
OF NAPOLEON'S SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH, AND OF
HIS RESIDENCE AND DEATH AT ST. HELENA,
WITH ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIVE EXTRACTS FROM ALL
THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES

EDITED BY R. W. PHIPPS

COLONEL, LATE ROYAL ARTILLERY

"Ah! Bourrienne, you also will be immortal!" said Napoleon.

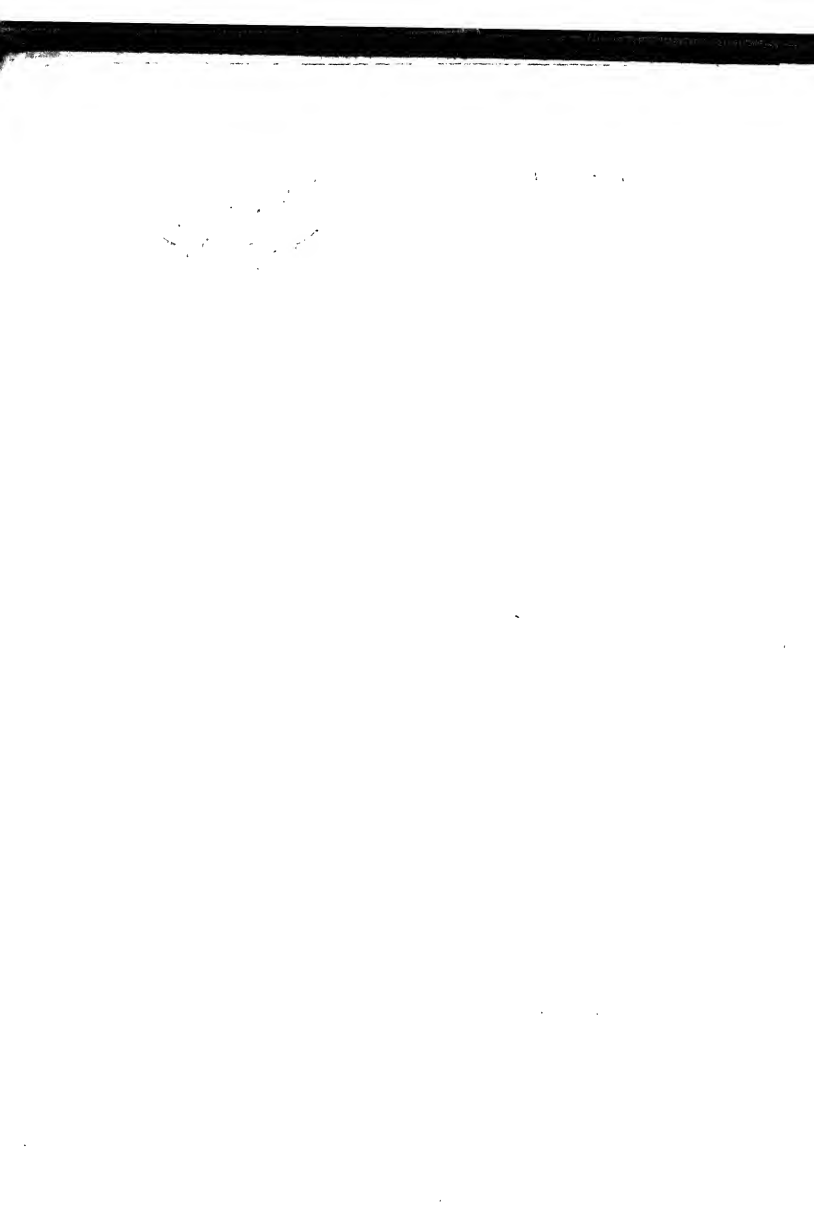
"How, General?" — "Are you not my Secretary?"

New and Revised Edition

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLS. I. AND II.

NEW YORK



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OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

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IN FOUR VOLUMES—VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

BY THE EDITORS OF THE 1836 EDITION.

IN introducing the present edition of M. de Bourrienne's Memoirs to the public we are bound, as Editors, to say a few words on the subject. Agreeing, however, with Horace Walpole, that an editor should not dwell for any length of time on the merits of his author, we shall touch but lightly on this part of the matter. We are the more ready to abstain since the great success in England of the former editions of these Memoirs, and the high reputation they have acquired on the European Continent, and in every part of the civilized world where the fame of Bonaparte has ever reached, sufficiently establish the merits of M. de Bourrienne as a biographer. These merits seem to us to consist chiefly in an anxious desire to be impartial, to point out the defects as well as the merits of a most wonderful man; and in a peculiarly graphic power of relating facts and anecdotes. With this happy faculty Bourrienne would have made the life of almost any active individual interesting; but the subject of which the most favorable circumstances permitted him to treat was full of events and of the most extraordinary facts. The hero of his history was such a being as the world has produced only on the rarest occasions, and the complete counterpart to whom has, probably, never existed; for there are broad shades of difference between Napoleon and Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne; neither will modern history furnish more exact parallels, since Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, Cromwell, Washington, or Bolivar bear but a small resemblance to Bonaparte either in character, fortune, or extent of enterprise. For fourteen years, to say nothing of his projects in the East, the history of Bonaparte was the history of all Europe!

With the copious materials he possessed, M. de Bourrienne has produced a work which, for deep interest, excitement, and amusement, can scarcely be paralleled by any of the numerous and excellent memoirs for which the literature of France is so justly celebrated.

M. de Bourrienne shows us the hero of Marengo and Austerlitz in his nightgown and slippers — with a *trait de plume* he, in a hundred

instances, places the real man before us, with all his personal habits and peculiarities of manner, temper, and conversation.

The friendship between Bonaparte and Bourrienne began in boyhood, at the school of Brienne, and their unreserved intimacy continued during the most brilliant part of Napoleon's career. We have said enough, — the motives for his writing this work and his competency for the task will be best explained in M. de Bourrienne's own words, which the reader will find in the Introductory Chapter.

M. de Bourrienne says little of Napoleon after his first abdication and retirement to Elba in 1814: we have endeavored to fill up the chasm thus left by following his hero through the remaining seven years of his life, to the "last scenes of all" that ended his "strange, eventful history," — to his deathbed and alien grave at St. Helena. A completeness will thus be given to the work which it did not before possess, and which we hope will, with the other additions and improvements already alluded to, tend to give it a place in every well-selected library, as one of the most satisfactory of all the lives of Napoleon.

LONDON, 1836.

PREFACE.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE 1885 EDITION.

THE Memoirs of the time of Napoleon may be divided into two classes — those by marshals and officers, of which Suchet's is a good example, chiefly devoted to military movements, and those by persons employed in the administration and in the Court, giving us not only materials for history, but also valuable details of the personal and inner life of the great Emperor and of his immediate surroundings. Of this latter class the Memoirs of Bourrienne are among the most important.

Long the intimate and personal friend of Napoleon both at school and from the end of the Italian campaigns in 1797 till 1802 — working in the same room with him, using the same purse, the confidant of most of his schemes, and, as his secretary, having the largest part of all the official and private correspondence of the time passed through his hands, Bourrienne occupied an invaluable position for storing and recording materials for history. The Memoirs of his successor, Meneval, are more those of an esteemed private secretary: yet, valuable and interesting as they are, they want the peculiarity of position which marks those of Bourrienne, who was a compound of secretary, minister, and friend. The accounts of such men as Miot de Melito, Rœderer, etc., are most valuable, but these writers were not in that close contact with Napoleon enjoyed by Bourrienne. Bourrienne's position was simply unique, and we can only regret that he did not occupy it till the end of the Empire. Thus it is natural that his Memoirs should have been largely used by historians, and to properly understand the history of the time, they must be read by all students. They are indeed full of interest for every one. But they also require to be read with great caution. When we meet with praise of Napoleon, we may generally believe it, for, as Thiers (*Consulat*, ii. 279) says, Bourrienne need be little suspected on this side, for although he owed everything to Napoleon, he has not seemed to remember it. But very often in passages in which blame is thrown on Napoleon, Bourrienne speaks, partly with

partly with the curious mixed feeling which even the brothers of Napoleon display in their Memoirs, pride in the wonderful abilities evinced by the man with whom he was allied, and jealousy at the way in which he was outshone by the man he had in youth regarded as inferior to himself. Sometimes also we may even suspect the praise. Thus when Bourrienne defends Napoleon for giving, as he alleges, poison to the sick at Jaffa, a doubt arises whether his object was to really defend what to most Englishmen of this day, with remembrances of the deeds and resolutions of the Indian Mutiny, will seem an act to be pardoned, if not approved; or whether he was more anxious to fix the committal of the act on Napoleon at a time when public opinion loudly blamed it. The same may be said of his defence of the massacre of the prisoners of Jaffa.

Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne was born in 1769, that is, in the same year as Napoleon Bonaparte, and he was the friend and companion of the future Emperor at the military school of Brienne-le-Château till 1784, when Napoleon, one of the sixty pupils maintained at the expense of the State, was passed on to the Military School of Paris. The friends again met in 1792 and in 1795, when Napoleon was hanging about Paris, and when Bourrienne looked on the vague dreams of his old schoolmate as only so much folly. In 1796, as soon as Napoleon had assured his position at the head of the army of Italy, anxious as ever to surround himself with known faces, he sent for Bourrienne to be his secretary. Bourrienne had been appointed in 1792 as secretary of the Legation at Stuttgart, and had, probably wisely, disobeyed the orders given him to return, thus escaping the dangers of the Revolution. He only came back to Paris in 1795, having thus become an *émigré*. He joined Napoleon in 1797, after the Austrians had been beaten out of Italy, and at once assumed the office of secretary which he held for so long. He had sufficient tact to forbear treating the haughty young General with any assumption of familiarity in public, and he was indefatigable enough to please even the never-resting Napoleon. Talent Bourrienne had in abundance; indeed he is careful to hint that at school if any one had been asked to predict greatness for any pupil, it was Bourrienne, not Napoleon, who would have been fixed on as the future star. He went with his General to Egypt, and returned with him to France. While Napoleon was making his formal entry into the Tuileries, Bourrienne was preparing the cabinet he was still to share with the Consul. In this cabinet — *our* cabinet as he is careful to call it — he worked with the First Consul till 1802.

During all this time the pair had lived on terms of equality and

friendship creditable to both. The secretary neither asked for nor received any salary: when he required money, he simply dipped into the cash-box of the First Consul. As the whole power of the State gradually passed into the hands of the Consul, the labors of the secretary became heavier. His successor broke down under a lighter load, and had to receive assistance; but, perhaps borne up by the absorbing interest of the work and the great influence given by his post, Bourrienne stuck to his place, and to all appearance might, except for himself, have come down to us as the companion of Napoleon during his whole life. He had enemies, and one of them¹ has not shrunk from describing their gratification at the disgrace of the trusted secretary. Any one in favor, or indeed in office, under Napoleon was the sure mark of calumny for all aspirants to place; yet Bourrienne might have weathered any temporary storm raised by unfounded reports as successfully as Meneval, who followed him. But Bourrienne's hands were not clean in money matters, and that was an unpardonable sin in any one who desired to be in real intimacy with Napoleon. He became involved in the affairs of the House of Coulon, which failed, as will be seen in the notes, at the time of his disgrace; and in October, 1802, he was called on to hand over his office to Meneval, who retained it till invalided after the Russian campaign.

As has been said, Bourrienne would naturally be the mark for many accusations, but the conclusive proof of his misconduct—at least for any one acquainted with Napoleon's objection and dislike to changes in office, whether from his strong belief in the effects of training, or his equally strong dislike of new faces round him—is that he was never again employed near his old comrade; indeed he really never saw the Emperor again at any private interview, except when granted the usual official reception in 1805, before leaving to take up his post at Hamburg, which he held till 1810. We know that his re-employment was urged by Josephine and several of his former companions. Savary himself says he tried his advocacy; but Napoleon was inexorable to those who, in his own phrase, had sacrificed to the golden calf.

Sent, as we have said, to Hamburg in 1805, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and to the Hanse towns, Bourrienne knew how to make his post an important one. He was at one of the great seats of the commerce which suffered so fearfully from the Continental system of the Emperor, and he was charged to watch over the German

¹ Boulay de la Meurthe.

press. How well he fulfilled this duty we learn from Metternich who writes in 1805: "I have sent an article to the newspaper editors in Berlin and to M. de Höfer at Hamburg. I do not know whether it has been accepted, for M. Bourrienne still exercises an authority so severe over these journals that they are always submitted to him before they appear, that he may erase or alter the articles which do not please him."

His position at Hamburg gave him great opportunities for both financial and political intrigues. In his *Memoirs*, as Meneval remarks, he or his editor is not ashamed to boast of being thanked by Louis XVIII. at St. Ouen for services rendered while he was the minister of Napoleon at Hamburg. He was recalled in 1810, when the Hanse towns were united, or, to use the phrase of the day, reunited to the Empire. He then hung about Paris, keeping on good terms with some of the ministers — Savary, not the most reputable of them, for example. In 1814 he was to be found at the office of Lavallette, the head of the posts, disguising, his enemies said, his delight at the bad news which was pouring in, by exaggerated expressions of devotion. He is accused of a close and suspicious connection with Talleyrand, and it is odd that when Talleyrand became head of the Provisional Government in 1814, Bourrienne of all persons should have been put at the head of the posts. Received in the most flattering manner by Louis XVIII., he was as astonished as poor Beugnot was in 1815, to find himself on 13th May suddenly ejected from office, having, however, had time to furnish post-horses to Maubreuil for the mysterious expedition said to have been at least known to Talleyrand, and intended certainly for the robbery of the Queen of Westphalia, and probably for the murder of Napoleon.

In the extraordinary scurry before the Bourbons scuttled out of Paris in 1814, Bourrienne was made *Préfet* of the Police for a few days, his tenure of that post being signalized by the abortive attempt to arrest Fouché, the only effect of which was to drive that wily minister into the arms of the Bonapartists.

He fled with the King, and was exempted from the amnesty proclaimed by Napoleon. On the return from Ghent he was made a Minister of State without portfolio, and also became one of the Council. The ruin of his finances drove him out of France, but he eventually died in a madhouse at Caen.

When the *Memoirs* first appeared in 1829 they made a great sensation. Till then in most writings Napoleon had been treated as either a demon or as a demi-god. The real facts of the case were not

suited to the tastes of either his enemies or his admirers. While the monarchs of Europe had been disputing among themselves about the division of the spoils to be obtained from France and from the unsettlement of the Continent, there had arisen an extraordinarily clever and unscrupulous man who, by alternately bribing and overthrowing the great monarchies, had soon made himself master of the mainland. His admirers were unwilling to admit the part played in his success by the jealousy of his foes of each other's share in the booty, and they delighted to invest him with every great quality which man could possess. His enemies were ready enough to allow his military talents, but they wished to attribute the first success of his not very deep policy to a marvellous duplicity, apparently considered by them the more wicked as possessed by a parvenu emperor, and far removed, in a moral point of view, from the statecraft so allowable in an ancient monarchy. But for Napoleon himself and his family and Court there was literally no limit to the really marvellous inventions of his enemies. He might enter every capital on the Continent, but there was some consolation in believing that he himself was a monster of wickedness, and his Court but the scene of one long-protracted orgy.

There was enough against the Emperor in the Memoirs to make them comfortable reading for his opponents, though very many of the old calumnies were disposed of in them. They contained indeed the nearest approximation to the truth which had yet appeared. Metternich, who must have been a good judge, as no man was better acquainted with what he himself calls the "age of Napoleon," says of the Memoirs: "If you want something to read, both interesting and amusing, get the *Mémoires de Bourrienne*. These are the only authentic Memoirs of Napoleon which have yet appeared. The style is not brilliant, but that only makes them the more trustworthy." Indeed, Metternich himself in his own Memoirs often follows a good deal in the line of Bourrienne: among many formal attacks, every now and then he lapses into half involuntary and indirect praise of his great antagonist, especially where he compares the men he had to deal with in after times with his former rapid and talented interlocutor. To some even among the Bonapartists, Bourrienne was not altogether distasteful. Lucien Bonaparte, remarking that the time in which Bourrienne treated with Napoleon as equal with equal did not last long enough for the secretary, says he has taken a little revenge in his Memoirs, just as a lover, after a break with his mistress, reveals all her defects. But Lucien considers that Bourrienne gives us a good enough idea of the young officer of the

artillery, of the great General, and of the First Consul. Of the Emperor, says Lucien, he was too much in retirement to be able to judge equally well. But Lucien was not a fair representative of the Bonapartists; indeed he had never really thought well of his brother or of his actions since Lucien, the former "Brutus" Bonaparte, had ceased to be the adviser of the Consul. It was well for Lucien himself to amass a fortune from the presents of a corrupt court, and to be made a Prince and Duke by the Pope, but he was too sincere a republican not to disapprove of the imperial system. The real Bonapartists were naturally and inevitably furious with the Memoirs. They were not true, they were not the work of Bourrienne, Bourrienne himself was a traitor, a purloiner of manuscripts, his memory was as bad as his principles, he was not even entitled to the *de* before his name. If the Memoirs were at all to be pardoned, it was because his share was only really a few notes wrung from him by large pecuniary offers at a time when he was pursued by his creditors, and when his brain was already affected.

The Bonapartist attack on the Memoirs was delivered in full form, in two volumes, *Bourrienne et ses Erreurs, Volontaires et Involontaires* (Paris, Heidelberg, 1830), edited by the Comte d'Aure, the Ordonnateur en Chef of the Egyptian expedition, and containing communications from Joseph Bonaparte, Gourgaud, Stein, etc.¹

Part of the system of attack was to call in question the authenticity of the Memoirs, and this was the more easy as Bourrienne, losing his fortune, died in 1831 in a state of imbecility. But this plan is not systematically followed, and the very reproaches addressed to the writer of the Memoirs often show that it was believed they were really written by Bourrienne. They undoubtedly contain plenty of faults. The editor (Villemarest, it is said), probably had a large share in the work, and Bourrienne must have forgotten or misplaced many dates and occurrences. In such a work, undertaken so many years after the events, it was inevitable that many errors should be made, and that many statements should be at least debatable. But on close investigation the work stands the attack in a way that would be impossible unless it had really been written by a person in the peculiar position occupied by Bourrienne. He has assuredly not exaggerated that position; he really, says Lucien Bonaparte, treated as equal with equal with Napoleon during a part of his career, and he certainly was the nearest friend and confidant that Napoleon ever had in his life.

¹ In the notes in this present edition these volumes are referred to in brief as "*Erreurs*."

Where he fails, or where the Bonapartist fire is most telling, is in the account of the Egyptian expedition. It may seem odd that he should have forgotten, even in some thirty years, details such as the way in which the sick were removed; but such matters were not in his province; and it would be easy to match similar omissions in other works, such as the accounts of the Crimea, and still more of the Peninsula. It is with his personal relations with Napoleon that we are most concerned, and it is in them that his account receives most corroboration.

It may be interesting to see what has been said of the Memoirs by other writers. We have quoted Metternich, and Lucien Bonaparte let us hear Meneval, his successor, who remained faithful to his master to the end: "Absolute confidence cannot be given to statements contained in Memoirs published under the name of a man who has not composed them. It is known that the editor of these Memoirs offered to M. de Bourrienne, who had then taken refuge in Holstein from his creditors, a sum said to be thirty thousand francs to obtain his signature to them, with some notes and addenda. M. de Bourrienne was already attacked by the disease from which he died a few years later in a *maison de santé* at Caen. Many literary men co-operated in the preparation of his Memoirs. In 1825 I met M. de Bourrienne in Paris. He told me it had been suggested to him to write against the Emperor. 'Notwithstanding the harm he has done me,' said he, 'I would never do so. Sooner may my hand be withered.' If M. de Bourrienne had prepared his Memoirs himself, he would not have stated that while he was the Emperor's minister at Hamburg he worked with the agents of the Comte de Lille (Louis XVIII.) at the preparation of proclamations in favor of that Prince, and that in 1814 he accepted the thanks of the King Louis XVIII., for doing so; he would not have said that Napoleon had confided to him in 1805, that he had never conceived the idea of an expedition into England, and that the plan of a landing, the preparations for which he gave such publicity to, was only a snare to amuse fools. The Emperor well knew that never was there a plan more seriously conceived or more positively settled. M. de Bourrienne would not have spoken of his private interviews with Napoleon, nor of the alleged confidences intrusted to him, while really Napoleon had no longer received him after the 20th October, 1802. When the Emperor, in 1805, forgetting his faults, named him Minister Plenipotentiary at Hamburg, he granted him the customary audience, but to this favor he did not add the return of his former friendship. Both before and afterwards he constantly

refused to receive him, and he did not correspond with him" (Meneval, ii. 378-79). And in another passage Meneval says: "Besides, it would be wrong to regard these Memoirs as the work of the man whose name they bear. The bitter resentment M. de Bourrienne had nourished for his disgrace, the enfeeblement of his faculties, and the poverty he was reduced to, rendered him accessible to the pecuniary offers made to him. He consented to give the authority of his name to Memoirs in whose composition he had only co-operated by incomplete, confused, and often inexact notes, materials which an editor was employed to put in order." And Meneval (iii. 29-30) goes on to quote what he himself had written in the *Spécificateur Militaire*, in which he makes much the same assertions, and especially objects to the account of conversations with the Emperor after 1802, except always the one audience on taking leave for Hamburg. Meneval also says that Napoleon, when he wished to obtain intelligence from Hamburg, did not correspond with Bourrienne, but deputed him, Meneval, to ask Bourrienne for what was wanted. But he corroborates Bourrienne on the subject of the efforts made, among others by Josephine, for his re-appointment.

Such are the statements of the Bonapartists pure; and the reader, as has been said, can judge for himself how far the attack is good. Bourrienne, or his editor, may well have confused the date of his interviews, but he will not be found much astray on many points. His account of the conversation of Josephine after the death of the Duc d'Enghien may be compared with what we know from Madame de Rémusat, who, by the way, would have been horrified if she had known that he considered her to resemble the Empress Josephine in character.

We now come to the views of Savary, the Duc de Rovigo, who avowedly remained on good terms with Bourrienne after his disgrace, though the friendship of Savary was not exactly a thing that most men would have much prided themselves on. "Bourrienne had a prodigious memory; he spoke and wrote in several languages, and his pen ran as quickly as one could speak. Nor were these the only advantages he possessed. He knew the routine of public business and public law. His activity and devotion made him indispensable to the First Consul. I knew the qualities which won for him the unlimited confidence of his chief, but I cannot speak with the same assurance of the faults which made him lose it. Bourrienne had many enemies, both on account of his character and of his place" (Savary, i. 418-19).

Marmont ought to be an impartial critic of the Memoirs. He

says, "Bourrienne . . . had a very great capacity, but he is a striking example of the great truth that our passions are always bad counsellors. By inspiring us with an immoderate ardor to reach a fixed end, they often make us miss it. Bourrienne had an immoderate love of money. With his talents and his position near Bonaparte at the first dawn of greatness, with the confidence and real good will which Bonaparte felt for him, in a few years he would have gained everything in fortune and in social position. But his eager impatience ruined his career at the moment when it might have developed and increased" (Marmont, i. 64). The criticism appears just. As to the *Memoirs*, Marmont says (ii. 224), "In general, these *Memoirs* are of great veracity and powerful interest so long as they treat of what the author has seen and heard; but when he speaks of others, his work is only an assemblage of gratuitous suppositions and of false facts put forward for special purposes."

The Comte Alexandre de Puymaigre, who arrived at Hamburg soon after Bourrienne had left it in 1810, says (page 135) of the part of the *Memoirs* which relates to Hamburg, "I must acknowledge that generally his assertions are well founded. This former companion of Napoleon has only forgotten to speak of the opinion that they had of him in this town."

"The truth is, that he was believed to have made much money there."

Thus we may take Bourrienne as a clever, able man, who would have risen to the highest honors under the Empire had not his short-sighted grasping after lucre driven him from office, and prevented him from ever regaining it under Napoleon.

In the present edition the translation has been carefully compared with the original French text. Where in the original text information is given which has now become mere matter of history, and where Bourrienne merely quotes the documents well enough known at this day, his possession of which forms part of the charges of his opponents, advantage has been taken to lighten the mass of the *Memoirs*. This has been done especially where they deal with what the writer did not himself see or hear, the part of the *Memoirs* which are of least value and of which Marmont's opinion has just been quoted. But in the personal and more valuable part of the *Memoirs*, where we have the actual knowledge of the secretary himself, the original text has been either fully retained, or some few passages previously omitted restored. Illustrative notes have been added from the *Memoirs* of the successor of Bourrienne, Monval,

Madame de Rémusat, the works of Colonel Jung on *Bonaparte et Son Temps*, and on *Lucien Bonaparte*, etc., and other books. Attention has also been paid to the attacks of the *Erreurs*, and wherever these criticisms are more than a mere expression of disagreement, their purport has been recorded with, where possible, some judgment of the evidence. Thus the reader will have before him the materials for deciding himself how far Bourrienne's statements are in agreement with the facts and with the accounts of other writers.

At the present time too much attention has been paid to the Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat. She, as also Madame Junot, was the wife of a man on whom the full shower of imperial favors did not descend, and, womanlike, she saw and thought only of the Court life of the great man who was never less great than in his Court. She is equally astonished and indignant that the Emperor, coming straight from long hours of work with his ministers and with his secretary, could not find soft words for the ladies of the Court, and that, a horrible thing in the eyes of a Frenchwoman, when a mistress threw herself into his arms, he first thought of what political knowledge he could obtain from her. Bourrienne, on the other hand, shows us the other and the really important side of Napoleon's character. He tells us of the long hours in the Cabinet, of the never-resting activity of the Consul, of Napoleon's dreams, no ignoble dreams and often realized, of great labors of peace as well as of war. He is a witness, and the more valuable as a reluctant one, to the marvellous powers of the man who, if not the greatest, was at least the one most fully endowed with every great quality of mind and body the world has ever seen.

R. W. P.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

THE desire of trading upon an illustrious name can alone have given birth to the multitude of publications under the titles of historical memoirs, secret memoirs, and other rhapsodies which have appeared respecting Napoleon. On looking into them it is difficult to determine whether the impudence of the writers or the simplicity of certain readers is most astonishing. Yet these rude and ill-digested compilations, filled with absurd anecdotes, fabricated speeches, fictitious crimes or virtues, and disfigured by numerous anachronisms, instead of being consigned to just contempt and speedy oblivion, have been pushed into notice by speculators, and have found zealous partisans and enthusiastic apologists.¹

For a time I entertained the idea of noticing, one by one, the numerous errors which have been written respecting Napoleon; but I have renounced a task which would have been too laborious to myself, and very tedious to the reader. I shall therefore only correct those which come within the plan of my work, and which are connected with those facts, to a more accurate knowledge of which than any other person can possess I may lay claim. There are men who imagine that nothing done by Napoleon will ever be forgotten; but must not the slow but inevitable influence of time be expected to operate with respect to him? The effect of that influence is, that the most important event of an epoch soon sinks, almost imperceptibly and almost disregarded, into the immense mass of historical facts. Time, in its progress, diminishes the probability as well as the interest of such an event, as it gradually wears away the most durable monuments.

I attach only a relative importance to what I am about to lay before the public. I shall give authentic documents. If all persons who have approached Napoleon, at any time and in any place, would candidly record what they saw and heard, without passion, the future historian would be rich in materials. It is my wish that he who may undertake the difficult task of writing the history of Napoleon shall

¹ This Introduction has been reprinted as bearing upon the character of the work, but refers very often to events of the day at the time of its first appearance.

find in my notes information useful to the perfection of his work. There he will at least find truth. I have not the ambition to wish that what I state should be taken as absolute authority; but I hope that it will always be consulted.

I have never before published anything respecting Napoleon. That malevolence which fastens itself upon men who have the misfortune to be somewhat separated from the crowd has, because there is always more profit in saying ill than good, attributed to me several works on Bonaparte; among others, *Les Mémoires secrets d'un Homme qui ne l'a pas quitté*, par M. B —, and *Mémoires secrets sur Napoleon Bonaparte*, par M. de B —, and *Le Précis Historique sur Napoléon*. The initial of my name has served to propagate this error. The incredible ignorance which runs through those memoirs the absurdities and inconceivable silliness with which they abound, do not permit a man of honor and common sense to allow such wretched rhapsodies to be imputed to him. I declared in 1815, and at later periods, in the French and foreign journals, that I had no hand in those publications, and I here formally repeat this declaration.

But it may be said to me, Why should we place more confidence in you than in those who have written before you?

My reply shall be plain. I enter the lists one of the last. I have read all that my predecessors have published. I am confident that all I state is true. I have no interest in deceiving, no disgrace to fear, no reward to expect. I neither wish to obscure nor embellish his glory. However great Napoleon may have been, was he not also liable to pay his tribute to the weakness of human nature? I speak of Napoleon such as I have seen him, known him, frequently admired and sometimes blamed him. I state what I saw, heard, wrote, and thought at the time, under each circumstance that occurred. I have not allowed myself to be carried away by the illusions of the imagination, nor to be influenced by friendship or hatred. I shall not insert a single reflection which did not occur to me at the very moment of the event which gave it birth. How many transactions and documents were there over which I could but lament!—how many measures, contrary to my views, to my principles, and to my character!—while the best intentions were incapable of overcoming difficulties which a most powerful and decided will rendered almost insurmountable.

I also wish the future historian to compare what I say with what others have related or may relate. But it will be necessary for him to attend to dates, circumstances, difference of situation, change of

temperament, and age, — for age has much influence over man. We do not think and act at fifty as at twenty-five. By exercising this caution he will be able to discover the truth, and to establish an opinion for posterity.

The reader must not expect to find in these Memoirs an uninterrupted series of all the events which marked the great career of Napoleon; nor details of all those battles, with the recital of which so many eminent men have usefully and ably occupied themselves. I shall say little about whatever I did not see or hear, and which is not supported by official documents.

Perhaps I shall succeed in confirming truths which have been doubted, and in correcting errors which have been adopted. If I sometimes differ from the observations and statements of Napoleon at St. Helena, I am far from supposing that those who undertook to be the medium of communication between him and the public have misrepresented what he said. I am well convinced that none of the writers of St. Helena can be taxed with the slightest deception; — disinterested zeal and nobleness of character are undoubted pledges of their veracity. It appears to me perfectly certain that Napoleon stated, dictated, or corrected all they have published. Their honor is unquestionable; no one can doubt it. That they wrote what he communicated must therefore be believed; but it cannot with equal confidence be credited that what he communicated was nothing but the truth. He seems often to have related as a *fact* what was really only an *idea*, — an idea, too, brought forth at St. Helena, the child of misfortune, and transported by his imagination to Europe in the time of his prosperity. His favorite phrase, which was every moment on his lips, must not be forgotten — “What will history say — what will posterity think?” This passion for leaving behind him a celebrated name is one which belongs to the constitution of the human mind; and with Napoleon its influence was excessive. In his first Italian campaign he wrote thus to General Clarke: “That ambition and the occupation of high offices were not sufficient for his satisfaction and happiness, which he had early placed in the opinion of Europe and the esteem of posterity.” He often observed to me that with him the opinion of posterity was the real immortality of the soul.

It may easily be conceived that Napoleon wished to give to the documents which he knew historians would consult a favorable color, and to direct, according to his own views, the judgments of posterity on his actions. But it is only by the impartial comparison of periods, positions, and age that a well-founded decision will be

given. About his fortieth year the physical constitution of Napoleon sustained considerable change; and it may be presumed that his moral qualities were affected by that change. It is particularly important not to lose sight of the premature decay of his health, which, perhaps, did not permit him always to possess the vigor of memory otherwise consistent enough with his age. The state of our organization often modifies our recollections, our feelings, our manner of viewing objects, and the impressions we receive. This will be taken into consideration by judicious and thinking men; and for them I write.

What M. de Las Cases states Napoleon to have said in May, 1816, on the manner of writing his history corroborates the opinion I have expressed. It proves that all the facts and observations he communicated or dictated were meant to serve as materials. We learn from the *Memorial* that M. de Las Cases wrote daily, and that the manuscript was read over by Napoleon, who often made corrections with his own hand. The idea of a journal pleased him greatly. He fancied it would be a work of which the world could afford no other example. But there are passages in which the order of events is deranged; in others facts are misrepresented and erroneous assertions are made, I apprehend, not altogether involuntarily.

I have paid particular attention to all that has been published by the noble participators of the imperial captivity. Nothing, however, could induce me to change a word in these Memoirs, because nothing could take from me my conviction of the truth of what I personally heard and saw. It will be found that Napoleon in his private conversations often confirms what I state; but we sometimes differ, and the public must judge between us. However, I must here make one observation.

When Napoleon dictated or related to his friends in St. Helena the facts which they have reported he was out of the world—he had played his part. Fortune, which, according to his notions, had conferred on him all his power and greatness, had recalled all her gifts before he sank into the tomb. His ruling passion would induce him to think that it was due to his glory to clear up certain facts which might prove an unfavorable escort if they accompanied him to posterity. This was his fixed idea. But is there not some ground for suspecting the fidelity of him who writes or dictates his own history? Why might he not impose on a few persons in St. Helena, when he was able to impose on France and Europe, respecting many acts which emanated from him during the long duration of his power? The life of Napoleon would be very unfaithfully written were the

author to adopt as true all his bulletins and proclamations, and all the declarations he made at St. Helena. Such a history would frequently be in contradiction to facts; and such only is that which might be entitled, *The History of Napoleon, written by Himself*.

I have said thus much because it is my wish that the principles which have guided me in the composition of these Memoirs may be understood. I am aware that they will not please every reader; that is a success to which I cannot pretend. Some merit, however, may be allowed me on account of the labor I have undergone. It has neither been of a slight nor an agreeable kind. I made it a rule to read everything that had been written respecting Napoleon, and I have had to decipher many of his autograph documents, though no longer so familiar with his scrawl as formerly. I say decipher, because a real cipher might often be much more readily understood than the handwriting of Napoleon. My own notes, too, which were often very hastily made, in the hand I wrote in my youth, have sometimes also much embarrassed me.

My long and intimate connection with Bonaparte from boyhood, my close relations with him when General, Consul, and Emperor, enabled me to see and appreciate all that was projected and all that was done during that considerable and momentous period of time. I not only had the opportunity of being present at the conception and the execution of the extraordinary deeds of one of the ablest men nature ever formed, but, notwithstanding an almost unceasing application to business, I found means to employ the few moments of leisure which Bonaparte left at my disposal in making notes, collecting documents, and in recording for history facts respecting which the truth could otherwise with difficulty be ascertained; and more particularly in collecting those ideas, often profound, brilliant and striking, but always remarkable, to which Bonaparte gave expression in the overflowing frankness of confidential intimacy.

The knowledge that I possessed much important information has exposed me to many inquiries, and wherever I have resided since my retirement from public affairs much of my time has been spent in replying to questions. The wish to be acquainted with the most minute details of the life of a man formed on an unexampled model is very natural; and the observation on my replies by those who heard them always was, "You should publish your Memoirs!"

I had certainly always in view the publication of my Memoirs; but, at the same time, I was firmly resolved not to publish them until a period should arrive in which I might tell the truth, and the whole truth. While Napoleon was in the possession of power I felt

it right to resist the urgent applications made to me on this subject by some persons of the highest distinction. Truth would then have sometimes appeared flattery, and sometimes, also, it might not have been without danger. Afterwards, when the progress of events removed Bonaparte to a far distant island in the midst of the ocean, silence was imposed on me by other considerations, — by considerations of propriety and feeling.

After the death of Bonaparte, at St. Helena, reasons of a different nature retarded the execution of my plan. The tranquillity of a secluded retreat was indispensable for preparing and putting in order the abundant materials in my possession. I found it also necessary to read a great number of works, in order to rectify important errors to which the want of authentic documents had induced the authors to give credit. This much-desired retreat was found. I had the good fortune to be introduced, through a friend, to the Duchesse de Brancas, and that lady invited me to pass some time on one of her estates in Hainault. Received with the most agreeable hospitality, I have there enjoyed that tranquillity which could alone have rendered the publication of these volumes practicable.

FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE.

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CHRONOLOGY OF BONAPARTE'S LIFE.

AGE.	DATE.	EVENT.
	1769. Aug. 15.	— Napoleon Bonaparte born at Ajaccio, in Corsica. Fourth child of Charles Bonaparte and of Lætitia, née Ramolino.
1.	1771. July 21.	— Napoleon Bonaparte baptized in the Cathedral of Ajaccio.
9.	1778. Dec. 15.	— Napoleon embarks for France with his father, his brother Joseph, and his uncle Fesch.
9.	1779. Jan. 1.	— Napoleon enters the College of Autun with Joseph.
9.	1779. April 25.	— Napoleon enters the Royal Military School of Brienne-le-Château.
15.	1784. Oct. 23.	— Napoleon enters the Royal Military School of Paris.
15.	1785. Feb. 24.	— Charles Bonaparte, father of Napoleon, dies from cancer in the stomach, aged thirty-eight years.
16.	1785. Sept. 1.	— Napoleon appointed Lieutenant en second in the Compagnie d'Autume of Bombardiers of the 5th Brigade of the 1st Battalion of the (Artillery) Regiment de la Fère, then quartered at Valence.
16.	1785. Oct. 29.	— Napoleon leaves the Military School of Paris.
16.	1785. Nov. 5 to Aug. 11, 1786.	— Napoleon at Valence with his regiment.
17.	1786. Aug. 15 to Sept. 20, 1786.	— Napoleon at Lyons with regiment.
17.	1786. Oct. 17 to Feb. 1, 1787.	— Napoleon at Douai with regiment.
17.	1787. Feb. 1 to Oct. 14, 1787.	— Napoleon on leave to Corsica.
18.	1787. Oct. 15 to Dec. 24, 1787.	— Napoleon quits Corsica, arrives in Paris, obtains fresh leave, and
18.	1787. Dec. 25 to May, 1788.	— Napoleon proceeds to Corsica and returns early in May.
18-19.	1788. May to April 4, 1789.	— Napoleon at Auxonne with regiment.

AGE.	DATE.	EVENT.
19-20.	1789. May 1 to Sept. 15, 1789.	Napoleon at Auxonne with regiment.
20-21.	1789. Sept. 16 to June 1, 1791.	Napoleon proceeds to Corsica; engages in revolutionary movements; returns on 13th February, 1791, having overstaid leave from 15th October, 1790; absence excused on account of contrary winds.
21-22.	1791. June 2 to Aug. 29, 1791.	Napoleon joins the 4th Regiment of Artillery at Valence as Lieutenant <i>en premier</i> .
22.	1791. Aug. 30.	Napoleon starts for Corsica on leave for three months; elected in April, 1792, as second Lieutenant-Colonel of 2d Battalion of Corsican Volunteers; engages in fresh revolutionary attempts; quits Corsica, 2d May, 1792, for France, where he has been dismissed for absence without leave.
22.	1791. Dec. 12.	Marie Louise, daughter of Emperor Francis, born.
22.	1792. June 20.	Attack of mob on Tuileries; King wears cap of liberty; Napoleon looking on.
22.	1792. Aug. 10.	Sack of Tuileries; slaughter of Swiss Guard; King suspended from his functions.
23.	1792. Aug. 30.	Napoleon re-instated; explaining his absence as serving with volunteers, and is promoted as Captain of 4th Class, with ante-date of 6th February, 1792.
23.	1792. Sept. 14 to June 11, 1793.	Napoleon in Corsica engaged in revolutionary attempts, till, having declared against Paoli, he and his family have to quit Corsica. Meanwhile France declared a Republic, 21st September, 1792; Louis XVI. guillotined 21st January, 1793.
23.	1793. June 13 to July 14, 1793.	Napoleon with his company at Nice.
23-24.	1793. July 14 to Oct. 9, 1793.	Napoleon with army of Carteaux in the south, acting against Marseilles and Toulon.
24.	1793. Oct. 9 to Dec. 19.	Napoleon placed in command of part of artillery of army of Carteaux before Toulon; made Chef de Bataillon (Major), 10th October; Toulon taken, 19th December.
24.	1793. Dec. 22.	Napoleon nominated provisionally General of Brigade; approved later; receives commission, 16th February, 1794.
24.	1793. Dec. 26 to April 1, 1794.	Napoleon appointed inspector of the coast from the Rhone to the Var, and on inspection duty.
24.	1794. April 1 to Aug. 5, 1794.	Napoleon with army of Italy under Dumerbion; preparing plans, etc. with the

AGE.	DATE.	EVENT.
24-25.	1794.	Aug. 6 to Aug. 20, 1794. — Napoleon in arrest after fall of Robespierre on suspicion of treachery.
25.	1794.	Sept. 14 to March 29, 1795. — Napoleon commanding artillery of an intended maritime expedition to Corsica.
25.	1795.	March 27 to May 10. — Napoleon ordered from the south to join the army in La Vendée to command its artillery; arrives in Paris, 10th May.
25-26.	1795.	June 13. — Napoleon ordered to join Hoche's army at Brest, to command a brigade of infantry; remains in Paris; 21st August, attached to Comité de Salut Public as one of four advisers; 15th September, struck off list of employed generals for disobedience of orders in not proceeding to the west.
26.	1795.	Oct. 5, 13th Vendémiaire (Jour des Sections). — Napoleon defends the Convention from the revolt of the Sections, and fires on the people, as second in command under Barras.
26.	1795.	Oct. 16. — Napoleon appointed provisionally General of Division.
26.	1795.	Oct. 20. — Napoleon appointed General of Division and Commander of the Army of the Interior (<i>i.e.</i> of Paris).
26.	1796.	March 2. — Napoleon appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy; 9th March, marries Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, widow of General Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, and leaves Paris for Italy on 11th March.
26.	1796.	— First Italian campaign of Napoleon against Austrians under Beaulieu, and Sardinians under Colli. Battle of Montenotte, 12th April; Millesimo, 13th April; Dego, 14th and 15th April; Mondovi, 21st April; Armistice of Cherasco with Sardinians, 28th April; Battle of Lodi, 9th May; Austrians beaten out of Lombardy and Mantua besieged.
26.	1796.	July and Aug. — First attempt of Austrians to relieve Mantua; battle of Lonato, 31st July; Lonato and Castiglione, 3d August; and, again, Castiglione, 5th and 6th August; Wurmser beaten off, and Mantua again invested.
27.	1796.	Sept. — Second attempt of Austrians to relieve Mantua; battles of Calliano, 4th September; Primolano, 7th September; Bassano, 8th September; St. Georges, 15th September; Wurmser driven into Mantua and invested there. Meanwhile Jourdan has been forced back across the Rhine by the Archduke Charles on 21st September; Moreau, after two celebrated retreats, recrosses the Rhine, 25th October.

- | AGE. | DATE. | EVENT. |
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| 26. | 1796. Nov. | — Third attempt of Austrians to relieve Mantua, battles of Caldiero, 11th November, and Arcola, 15th, 16th, and 17th November; Alvinzi driven off. |
| 27. | 1797. Jan. | — Fourth attempt to relieve Mantua; battles of Rivoli, 14th January, and Favorita, 16th January; Alvinzi again driven off. |
| 27. | 1797. Feb. 2. | — Wurmser surrenders Mantua with 18,000 men. |
| 27. | 1797. March 10. | — Napoleon commences his advance on the Archduke Charles; beats him at the Tagliamento, 16th March; 7th April, armistice of Judenburg; 18th April, Provisional treaty of Leoben with Austria, who cedes the Netherlands, and is to get the Venetian territory on the mainland; Hoche advances, crosses the Rhine same day, and Moreau on 20th April, till stopped by news of peace. |
| 28. | 1797. Sept. 4. | — <i>Coup d'état</i> of 18th Fructidor; majority of Directors, supported by the Jacobins and by Napoleon, put down Royalist movement and banish many deputies to Cayenne. |
| 28. | 1797. Oct. 17. | — Treaty of Campo-Formio between France and Austria to replace that of Leoben; Venice partitioned, and itself now falls to Austria. |
| 28. | 1798. Jan. 19. | — Congress of Rastadt formally opens, continues till 28th April, 1799. |
| 28. | 1798. | Egyptian expedition. Napoleon sails from Toulon, 19th May; takes Malta, 12th June; lands near Alexandria 1st July; Alexandria taken, 2d July; battle of the Chebreisse, 13th July; battle of the Pyramids, 21st July; Cairo entered, 23d July. |
| 28. | 1798. Aug. 1. | — Battle of the Nile. |
| 29. | 1799. March 3. | — Napoleon starts for Syria; 7th March, takes Jaffa; 18th March, invests St. Jean d'Acre; 16th April, Battle of Mount Tabor; 22d May, siege of Acre raised; Napoleon reaches Cairo, 14th June. |
| 29. | 1799. July 25. | — Battle of Aboukir; Turks defeated. Meanwhile the Austrians and Russians have driven the French out of Italy, Macdonald being beaten by Suwarrow on the Trebbia, 18th to 20th June, and Hoche being defeated and killed at Novi, 15th August; French in same position as when Napoleon took command in 1796. |
| 30. | 1799. August (22d August, Thiers; 24th August, Bourrienne; 10th September, Marmont). | — Napoleon sails from Egypt; lands at Frejus, 6th October. Meanwhile Masséna beats the Russians and Austrians, 25th and 26th September, at Zurich; Suwarrow forces his way over the Alps, but withdraws his army. |

AGE.	DATE.	EVENT.
30.	1799. Oct. 9 and 10, 18th and 19th Brumaire.	Napoleon seizes power. Provisionary Consulate formed — Napoleon, Siéyès, and Roger Ducos.
30.	1799. Dec. 25th.	Napoleon, First Consul; Cambacérès, Second Consul; Lebrun, Third Consul.
30.	1800. April 25.	Moreau commences his advance into Germany, and forces Austrians back on Ulm.
30.	1800. May and June.	Marengo campaign. 14th May, Napoleon commences passage of St. Bernard; 2d June, enters Milan; 4th June, Masséna surrenders Genoa to Austrians; 9th June, Lannes gains battle of Montebello; 14th June, battle of Marengo; Desaix killed (Kléber assassinated in Egypt same day); armistice signed by Napoleon with Melas, 15th June; Genoa and Italian fortresses surrendered to French; Moreau concludes armistice, 15th July, having reached middle of Bavaria.
31.	1800. Nov. 28.	Rupture of armistice with Austria; 3d December, Moreau gains battle of Hohenlinden.
31.	1800. Dec. 24 (3d Nivôse).	Affair of the Rue St. Nicaise; attempt to assassinate Napoleon by infernal machine.
31.	1801. Feb. 9.	Treaty of Luneville between France and Germany; Venice partitioned; left bank of Rhine and the Austrian Netherlands secured to France.
31.	1801. July 15.	<i>Concordat</i> with Rome; Roman Catholic religion restored in France.
32.	1801. Oct. 1.	Preliminaries of peace between France and England signed at London.
32.	1802. Jan. 26.	Napoleon Vice-President of Italian Republic.
32.	1802. March 27.	Treaty of Amiens; England restores all conquests except Ceylon and Trinidad; French to evacuate Naples and Rome; Malta to be restored to Knights.
32.	1802. May 19.	Legion of Honor instituted; carried out 14th July, 1814.
32.	1802. Aug. 4.	Napoleon First Consul for life.
33.	1803. Feb. 25.	Recess (or Reichs Deputation) of the German Empire; mediatization of the smaller and of the ecclesiastical States of Germany.
33.	1803. May.	War between France and England.
33.	1803. March 5.	Civil Code (later, Code Napoléon) decreed.
34.	1804. March 21.	Duc d'Enghien shot at Vincennes.
34.	1804. May 18.	Napoleon, Empereur des Français; crowned 2d December.
36.	1805. Ulm campaign; 25th September,	Napoleon crosses the Rhine; 14th October, battle of Elchingen; 20th October, Mack surrenders Ulm.

AGE.	DATE.	EVENT.
36.	1805. Oct. 21.	— Battle of Trafalgar.
36.	1805. Dec. 2.	— Russians and Austrians defeated at litz.
36.	1805. Dec. 26.	— Treaty of Presburg; Austria cedes her Venetian lands to Kingdom of Italy, and the Bavaria, which with Würtemberg, is recogniz Kingdom.
36.	1806. Feb. 15.	— Joseph Bonaparte enters Naples as King
36.	1806. June 5.	— Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.
36.	1806. July 1.	— Confederation of the Rhine formed; N protector; German Empire dissolved 6th Francis I. takes title of Francis II. of Austria.
37.	1806.	— Jena campaign with Prussia. Battle of Saalfeld October; battles of Jena and of Auerstadt, 14th ber; Berlin occupied, 25th October.
37.	1806. Nov. 21.	— Berlin decrees issued.
37.	1807. Feb. 8.	— Battle of Eylau with Russians, indecisive June, battle of Friedland, decisive.
37.	1807. July 7.	— Treaty of Tilsit. Prussia partitioned; provinces forming Duchy of Warsaw under provinces on left of Elbe, with Hesse Cassel into Kingdom of Westphalia for Jérôme parte.
37.	1807. Aug. and Sept.	— English expedition against Copen
38.	1807. Oct. 27.	— Secret treaty of Fontainebleau between and Spain for the partition of Portugal; Juno Lisbon, 30th November; Royal Family with Brazil.
38.	1808. March.	— French, under Murat, gradually occupy under pretence of march on Portugal; 2d May rejection at Madrid; 9th May, treaty of Bayonne; IV. of Spain cedes throne; Joseph Bonaparte ferred from Naples to Spain; replaced at Na Murat.
38.	1808. July 22.	— Dupont surrenders to Spaniards at Bayl leads to evacuation of Madrid by French.
39.	1808. Aug. 17.	— Wellesley defeats Laborde at Rolica, and on 21st at Vimiera; 30th August, Convention for evacuation of Portugal by Junot.
39.	1808. Sept. 27 to Oct. 14.	— Conferences at Erfurt between leon, Alexander, and German Sovereigns.
39.	1808. Nov. and Dec.	— Napoleon beats the Spanish enters Madrid; marches against Moore, 1 denly returns to France to prepare for Austri paign.

AGE.	DATE.	EVENT.
39.	1809. —	Campaign of Wagram. Austrians advance. 10th April: battle of Abensberg. 20th April: Eckmühl. 22d April: Napoleon occupies Vienna. 13th May: beaten back at Essling, 22d May; finally crosses Danube. 4th July, and defeats Austrians at Wagram. 6th July: Armistice of Znaim. 12th July.
40.	1809. Oct. 14. —	Treaty of Schoenbrunn or of Vienna: Austria cedes Istria, Carinthia, etc., to France, and Salzburg to Bavaria.
40.	1809. Dec. 15-16. —	Josephine divorced.
40.	1810. April 1 and 2. —	Marriage of Napoleon, aged 40, with Marie Louise, aged 18½.
40.	1810. July 3. —	Louis Bonaparte abdicates crown of Holland, which is annexed to French Empire on 9th July.
41.	1810. Dec. 13. —	Hanseatic towns and all northern coast of Germany annexed to French Empire.
41.	1811. March 20. —	The King of Rome, son of Napoleon, born.
42-43.	1812. June 23. —	War with Russia; Napoleon crosses the Niemen; 7th September, battle of Moskwa or Borodino; Napoleon enters Moscow, 14th September; commences his retreat, 19th October.
43.	1812. Oct. 22-23. —	Conspiracy of General Malet at Paris.
43.	1813. Nov. 26-28. —	Passage of the Beresina: 5th December, Napoleon leaves his army; arrives at Paris, 18th December.
43-44.	1813. —	Leipsic campaign. 2d May, Napoleon defeats Russians and Prussians at Lutzen; and again on 20th-21st May at Bautzen (21st June, battle of Vittoria. Joseph decisively defeated by Wellington); 26th June, interview of Napoleon and Metternich at Dresden: 10th August, midnight, Austria joins the allies; 26th-27th August, Napoleon defeats allies at Dresden, but Vandamme is routed at Kulm on 30th August, and on 16th-19th October, Napoleon is beaten at Leipsic; 30th October, Napoleon sweeps Bavarians from his path at Hanau.
44.	1814. Allies advance into France: 29th January, battle of Brienne; 1st February, battle of La Rothière.	
44.	1814. Feb. 5 to March 18. —	Conferences of Chatillon (sur Seine).
44.	1814. Feb. 11. —	Battle of Montmirail; 14th February, of Vauchamps; 18th February, of Montereau.
44.	1814. Feb. 23-24. —	Wellington crosses the Adour, and beats Soult at Orthes on 27th February.
44.	1814. March 7. —	Battle of Craon; 9th-10th March, Laon; 20th March, Arcis sur l'Aube.

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| 44. | 1814. March 21. | — Napoleon commences his march to throw himself on the communications of the allies; 25th March, allies commence their march on Paris; Battle of La Fère Champenoise, Marmont and Mortier beaten; 28th March, Napoleon turns back at St. Dizier to follow allies; 29th March, Empress and Court leave Paris. |
| 44. | 1814. March 30. | — Paris capitulates; Allied Sovereigns enter on 31st March. |
| 44. | 1814. April 2. | — Senate declare the dethronement of Napoleon, who abdicates, conditionally, on 4th April in favor of his son, and unconditionally on 6th April; Marmont's corps marches into the enemy's lines on 5th April; on 11th April Napoleon signs the treaty giving him Elba for life; 20th April, Napoleon takes leave of the Guard at Fontainebleau; 3d May, Louis XVIII. enters Paris; 4th May, Napoleon lands in Elba. |
| 44. | 1814. May 30th. | — First Treaty of Paris; France restricted to limits of 1792, with some slight additions, part of Savoy, etc. |
| 45. | 1814. October 3. | — Congress of Vienna meets for settlement of Europe; actually opens 3d November. |
| 45. | 1815. Feb. 26. | — Napoleon quits Elba; lands near Cannes, 1st March; 19th March, Louis XVIII. leaves Paris about midnight; 20th March, Napoleon enters Paris. |
| 45. | 1815. 16th June. | — Battle of Ligny and Quatre Bras; 18th June, Battle of Waterloo. |
| 45-46. | 1815. June 29. | — Napoleon leaves Malmaison for Rochefort; surrenders to English, 15th July; sails for St. Helena, 8th August; arrives at St. Helena, 15th October. |
| 46. | 1815. Nov. 20. | — Second treaty of Paris; France restricted to limits of 1790; losing Savoy, etc., pays an indemnity, and receives an army of occupation. |
| 51 yrs. 8 mths. | 1821. May 5. | — Napoleon dies 5.45 P.M.; buried 8th May. |
| | 1840. Oct. 15. | — Body of Napoleon disinterred; embarked in the <i>Belle Poule</i> , commanded by the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, on 16th October; placed in the Invalides 15th December, 1840. |

N O T E.

THE Editor of the 1836 edition has added to the Memoirs several chapters taken from or founded on other works of the time, so as to make a more complete history of the period. These materials have been mostly retained, but with the corrections which later publications have made necessary. A chapter has now been added to give a brief account of the part played by the chief historical personages during the Cent Jours, and another at the end to include the removal of the body of Napoleon from St. Helena to France.

Two special improvements have, it is hoped, been made in this edition. Great care has been taken to get names, dates, and figures rightly given, — points much neglected in most translations, though in some few cases, such as Davoust, the ordinary but not strictly correct spelling has been followed to suit the general reader. The number of references to other works which are given in the notes will, it is believed, be of use to any one wishing to continue the study of the history of Napoleon, and may preserve them from many of the errors too often committed. The present Editor has had the great advantage of having his work shared by Mr. Richard Bentley, who has brought his knowledge of the period to bear, and who has found, as only a busy man could do, the time to minutely enter into every fresh detail, with the ardor which soon seizes any one who long follows that enticing pursuit, — the special study of an historical period.

R. W. P.

JANUARY, 1885.



MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

1769 — 1783.

Authentic date of Bonaparte's birth — His family ruined by the Jesuits — His taste for military amusements — Sham siege at the College of Brienne — The porter's wife and Napoleon — My intimacy with Bonaparte at college — His love for the mathematics and his dislike of Latin — He defends Paoli and blames his father — He is ridiculed by his comrades — Ignorance of the monks — Distribution of prizes at Brienne — Madame de Montesson and the Duke of Orleans — Report of M. Kéralio on Bonaparte — He leaves Brienne.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769;¹ the original orthography of his name was Buonaparte, but he suppressed the *u* during his first campaign in Italy. His motives for so doing were

¹ The question as to the date of Napoleon's birth is fully gone into in Colonel's Iung's work, *Bonaparte et Son Temps* (tome i. pp. 39-52), from which the following summary is made. The first two children of Charles Bonaparte — a son born in 1765, and a daughter born 1767 — both died young. A third child, a son, was born on 7th January, 1768, at Corte; and a fourth child, also a son, was born on 15th August, 1769, at Ajaccio. There is no doubt as to these dates, or as to Joseph and Napoleon being the two sons so born; the question is, was Napoleon the second or first of these two? By the copy of an "Acte de Naissance" preserved in the French War Office the child born on 7th January, 1768 was baptized "*Nabulione*." In the archives of Ajaccio, a copy of a non-existing original record of baptism gives the name of the child then born as "*Joseph Nabulion*." By the official records of Corsica, *Napoleone* Bonaparte, born 15th August, 1769, was baptized 21st July, 1771. Colonel Iung inclines to the belief that Napoleon was born on 7th January, 1768, at Corte, and Joseph on 15th August, 1769. He suggests that when, in 1778, Charles Bonaparte obtained permission for one son to enter Brienne at the cost of the State, finding that the age of the child must be under ten years, and Napoleon, the son chosen to enter, being really over the age, he used the baptismal record of the second son for the first Napo-

merely to render the spelling conformable with the pronunciation, and to abridge his signature. He signed Buonaparte, even after the famous 13th Vendémiaire.

It has been affirmed that he was born in 1768, and that he represented himself to be a year younger than he really was. This is untrue. He always told me the 9th of August was his birthday, and as I was born on the 9th of July, 1769, our proximity of age served to strengthen our union and friendship when we were both at the Military College of Brienne.

The false and absurd charge of Bonaparte having misrepresented his age, is decidedly refuted by a note in the register of M. Berton, sub-principal of the College of Brienne, in which it is stated that M. Napoléon de Buonaparte, écuyer, born in the city of Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769, left the Royal Military College of Brienne on the 17th October, 1784.

The stories about his low extraction are alike devoid of foundation. His family was poor, and he was educated at the public expense, an advantage of which many honorable families availed themselves. A memorial addressed by his

leon. To support this theory he throws doubt on the copy preserved in Ajaccio, saying that the name *Joseph* is given in the French form at the time the French language was not used in Corsica. In 1794, when Joseph married, the witnesses brought to prove his age and place of birth, because the records could not be then got at, testified that Joseph, aged about 25, was born at Ajaccio, that is, at the place where the son was born on 15th August 1769. But nothing seems really proved, except that, whether by error or fraud, the Bonapartes were unfortunate in their dates, and were fond of giving the same name to child after child. Thus there were several Marie-Annes. In the marriage-contract of Napoleon with Josephine, his date of birth is given as 5th February, 1768, while she, really born on 23d July, 1763, is stated to have been born on 23d June, 1767, the ages of the pair being thus made to approximate, instead of a real difference of at least five years. Even in Napoleon's name the greatest uncertainty appears to have prevailed. It figures in the different documents as Nabulione, Napoleone, Napoléone, Napolione, and, on the Vendôme column, as "Neapolio. im Aug." It will be noticed that the document given by Bourienne and the statements of Napoleon to him really prove little or nothing, as if once the date of his birth had been altered to a wrong date, it would have been necessary to adhere to the alteration. But on the whole, allowing for all the confusion of the time and of his family affairs, it seems safest to adhere to the date of 15th August, 1769.

[Another reason for the change of date might be the wish to appear by birth a French citizen, Corsica not having been annexed to France until June, 1769. — See *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vol. vi. p. 265; also *Quarterly Review*, No. 23, and some succeeding numbers.]



LETITIA RAMOLINO.
MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

father, Charles Buonaparte, to the Minister of War states that his fortune had been reduced by the failure of some enterprise in which he had engaged, and by the injustice of the Jesuits, by whom he had been deprived of an inheritance. The object of this memorial was to solicit a sub-lieutenant's commission for Napoleon, who was then fourteen years of age, and to get Lucien entered a pupil of the Military College. The Minister wrote on the back of the memorial, "Give the usual answer, if there be a vacancy;" and on the margin are these words—"This gentleman has been informed that his request is inadmissible as long as his second son remains at the school of Brienne. Two brothers cannot be placed at the same time in the military schools." When Napoleon was fifteen he was sent to Paris until he should attain the requisite age for entering the army. Lucien was not received into the College of Brienne, at least not until his brother had quitted the Military School of Paris.

Bonaparte was undoubtedly a man of good family. I have seen an authentic account of his genealogy, which he obtained from Tuscany. A great deal has been said about the civil dissensions which forced his family to quit Italy and take refuge in Corsica. On this subject I shall say nothing.

Many and various accounts have been given of Bonaparte's youth.¹ He has been described in terms of enthusiastic

¹ The following interesting trait of Napoleon's childhood is derived from the *Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès*:—"He was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basketful of grapes, figs, and citrons, which had come from the garden of *his uncle the Canon*. None but those acquainted with the Bonaparte family can form any idea of the enormity of this offence. To eat fruit belonging to the *uncle the Canon* was infinitely more criminal than to eat grapes and figs which might be claimed by anybody else. An inquiry took place. Napoleon denied the fact, and was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he should be forgiven. He protested that he was innocent, but he was not believed. If I recollect rightly, his mother was at the time on a visit to M. de Marbeuf, or some other friend. The result of Napoleon's obstinacy was that he was kept three whole days upon bread and cheese, and that cheese was not *broccio*. However, he would not cry: he was dull, but not sulky. At length, on the fourth day of his punishment, a little friend of Marianne Bonaparte returned from the country, and on hearing of Napoleon's disgrace she confessed that she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he replied that though he suspected that she was guilty, yet out of consideration to her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he had said nothing. He was then only seven years of age" (vol. i. p. 9, edit. 1883).

praise and exaggerated condemnation. It is ever thus with individuals who by talent or favorable circumstances are raised above their fellow-creatures. Bonaparte himself laughed at all the stories which were got up for the purpose of embellishing or blackening his character in early life. An anonymous publication, entitled the *History of Napoleon Bonaparte, from his Birth to his Last Abdication*, contains perhaps the greatest collection of false and ridiculous details about his boyhood. Among other things, it is stated that he fortified a garden to protect himself from the attacks of his comrades, who, a few lines lower down, are described as treating him with *esteem* and *respect*. I remember the circumstances which, probably, gave rise to the fabrication inserted in the work just mentioned; they were as follows.

During the winter of 1783-84, so memorable for heavy falls of snow, Napoleon was greatly at a loss for those retired walks and outdoor recreations in which he used to take much delight. He had no alternative but to mingle with his comrades, and, for exercise, to walk with them up and down a spacious hall. Napoleon, weary of this monotonous promenade, told his comrades that he thought they might amuse themselves much better with the snow, in the great courtyard, if they would get shovels and make hornworks, dig trenches, raise parapets, cavaliers, etc. "This being done," said he, "we may divide ourselves into sections, form a siege, and I will undertake to direct the attacks." The proposal, which was received with enthusiasm, was immediately put into execution. This little sham war was carried on for the space of a fortnight, and did not cease until a quantity of gravel and small stones having got mixed with the snow of which we made our bullets, many of the combatants, besiegers as well as besieged, were seriously wounded. I well remember that I was one of the worst sufferers from this sort of grapeshot fire.

It is almost unnecessary to contradict the story about the ascent of the balloon. It is now very well known that the hero of that headlong adventure was not young Bonaparte, as has been alleged, but one of his comrades. Dudoit de

Chambon, who was somewhat eccentric. Of this his subsequent conduct afforded sufficient proofs.

Bonaparte's mind was directed to objects of a totally different kind. He turned his attention to political science. During some of his vacations he enjoyed the society of the Abbé Raynal, who used to converse with him on government, legislation, commercial relations, etc.

On festival days, when the inhabitants of Brienne were admitted to our amusements, posts were established for the maintenance of order. Nobody was permitted to enter the interior of the building without a card signed by the principal or vice-principal. The rank of officers or sub-officers was conferred according to merit; and Bonaparte one day had the command of a post, when the following little adventure occurred, which affords an instance of his decision of character.

The wife of the porter of the school,¹ who was very well known, because she used to sell milk, fruit, etc., to the pupils, presented herself one Saint Louis day for admittance to the representation of the Death of Cæsar, *corrected*, in which I was to perform the part of Brutus. As the woman had no ticket, and insisted on being admitted without one, some disturbance arose. The sergeant of the post reported the matter to the officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, who in an imperious tone of voice exclaimed: "Send away that woman, who comes here with her camp impudence." This was in 1782.

Bonaparte and I were eight years of age when our friendship commenced. It speedily became very intimate, for there was a certain sympathy of heart between us. I enjoyed this friendship and intimacy until 1784, when he was transferred from the Military College of Brienne to that of Paris. I was one among those of his youthful comrades who could best accommodate themselves to his stern character. His natural reserve, his disposition to meditate on the conquest of Corsica, and the impressions he had received in childhood respecting

¹ This woman, Hauté, was afterwards placed at Malmaison, with her husband. They both died as concierges of Malmaison. This shows that Napoleon had a memory. — *Bourrienne*.

the misfortunes of his country and his family, led him to seek retirement, and rendered his general demeanor, though in appearance only, somewhat unpleasing. Our equality of age brought us together in the classes of the mathematics and *belles lettres*. His ardent wish to acquire knowledge was remarkable from the very commencement of his studies. When he first came to the college he spoke only the Corsican dialect, and the Sieur Dupuis,¹ who was vice-principal before Father Berton, gave him instructions in the French language. In this he made such rapid progress that in a short time he commenced the first rudiments of Latin. But to this study he evinced such a repugnance that at the age of fifteen he was not out of the fourth class. There I left him very speedily; but I could never get before him in the mathematical class, in which he was undoubtedly the cleverest lad at the college. I used sometimes to help him with his Latin themes and versions in return for the aid he afforded me in the solution of problems, at which he evinced a degree of readiness and facility which perfectly astonished me.

When at Brienne, Bonaparte was remarkable for the dark color of his complexion (which, subsequently, the climate of France somewhat changed), for his piercing and scrutinizing glance,² and for the style of his conversation both with his masters and comrades. His conversation almost always bore the appearance of ill-humor, and he was certainly not very amiable. This I attribute to the misfortunes his family had

¹ He afterwards filled the post of librarian to Napoleon at Malmaison.

² The Duchesse d'Abrantès, speaking of the personal characteristics of Bonaparte in youth and manhood, says, "Saveria told me that Napoleon was never a pretty boy, as Joseph was, for example: his head always appeared too large for his body, a defect common to the Bonaparte family. When Napoleon grew up, the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in his eye, especially in the mild expression it assumed in his moments of kindness. His anger, to be sure, was frightful, and though I am no coward I never could look at him in his fits of rage without shuddering. Though his smile was captivating, yet the expression of his mouth when disdainful or angry could scarcely be seen without terror. But that forehead which seemed formed to bear the crowns of a whole world; those hands, of which the most coquettish women might have been vain, and whose white skin covered muscles of iron; in short, of all that personal beauty which distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no traces were discernible in the boy. Saveria spoke truly when she said, that of all the children of Signora Letitia, the Emperor was the one from whom future greatness was least to be prognosticated" (vol. i. p. 10, edit. 1822).

sustained and the impressions made on his mind by the conquest of his country.

The pupils were invited by turns to dine with Father Berton, the head of the school. One day, it being Bonaparte's turn to enjoy this indulgence, some of the professors who were at table designedly made some disrespectful remarks on Paoli, of whom they knew the young Corsican was an enthusiastic admirer. "Paoli," observed Bonaparte, "was a great man: he loved his country; and I will never forgive my father, who was his adjutant, for having concurred in the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortune, and have fallen with him."¹

Generally speaking, Bonaparte was not much liked by his comrades at Brienne. He was not social with them, and rarely took part in their amusements. His country's recent submission to France always caused in his mind a painful feeling, which estranged him from his schoolfellows. I, however, was almost his constant companion. During play hours he used to withdraw to the library, where he read with deep interest works of history, particularly Polybius and Plutarch. He was also fond of Arrianus, but did not care much for Quintus Curtius. I often went off to play with my comrades, and left him by himself in the library.

The temper of the young Corsican was not improved by the teasing he frequently experienced from his comrades, who were fond of ridiculing him about his Christian name Napoleon and his country. He often said to me, "I will do these French all the mischief I can"; and when I tried to pacify him he would say, "But you do not ridicule me; you like me."

Father Patrauld, our mathematical professor, was much attached to Bonaparte. He was justly proud of him as a pupil. The other professors, in whose classes he was not distinguished, took little notice of him. He had no taste for the study of languages, polite literature, or the arts. As there were no indications of his ever becoming a scholar, the pedants of the establishment were inclined to think him

¹ Joseph Bonaparte, in his *Notes on Bourrienne*, asserts that their father remained faithful to Paoli to the last (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 238).

stupid. His superior intelligence was, however, sufficiently perceptible, even through the reserve under which it was veiled. If the monks to whom the superintendence of the establishment was confided had understood the organization of his mind, if they had engaged more able mathematical professors, or if we had had any incitement to the study of chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, etc., I am convinced that Bonaparte would have pursued these sciences with all the genius and spirit of investigation which he displayed in a career, more brilliant it is true, but less useful to mankind. Unfortunately, the monks did not perceive this, and were too poor to pay for good masters. However, after Bonaparte left the college they found it necessary to engage two professors from Paris, otherwise the college would have fallen to nothing. These two new professors, MM. Durfort and Desponts, finished my education; and I regretted that they did not come sooner. The often-repeated assertion of Bonaparte having received a *careful education* at Brienne is therefore untrue. The monks were incapable of giving it him; and, for my own part, I must confess that the extended information of the present day is to me a painful contrast with the limited course of education I received at the Military College. It is only surprising that the establishment should have produced a single able man.

Though Bonaparte had no reason to be satisfied with the treatment he received from his comrades, yet he was above complaining of it; and when he had the supervision of any duty which they infringed, he would rather go to prison than denounce the criminals.

I was one day his accomplice in omitting to enforce a duty which we were appointed to supervise. He prevailed on me to accompany him to prison, where we remained three days. We suffered this sort of punishment several times, but with less severity.

In 1783 the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Montesson visited Brienne; and for upwards of a month, the magnificent château of the Comte de Brienne was a Versailles in miniature. The series of brilliant entertainments which were given

to the august travellers made them almost forget the royal magnificence they had left behind them.

The Prince and Madame de Montesson expressed a wish to preside at the distribution of the prizes of our college. Bonaparte and I won the prizes in the class of mathematics, which, as I have already observed, was the branch of study to which he confined his attention, and in which he excelled. When I was called up for the seventh time Madame de Montesson said to my mother, who had come from Sens to be present at the distribution, "Pray, madame, crown your son this time; my hands are a-weary."

There was an inspector of the military schools, whose business it was to make an annual report on each pupil, whether educated at the public expense or paid for by his family. I copied from the report of 1784 a note which was probably obtained surreptitiously from the War Office. I wanted to purchase the manuscript, but Louis Bonaparte bought it. I did not make a copy of the note which related to myself, because I should naturally have felt diffident in making any use of it. It would, however, have served to show how time and circumstances frequently reversed the distinctions which arise at school or college. Judging from the reports of the inspector of military schools, young Bonaparte was not, of all the pupils at Brienne in 1784, the one most calculated to excite prognostics of future greatness and glory.

The note to which I have just alluded, and which was written by M. Kéralio, then inspector of the military schools, describes Bonaparte in the following terms:—

Inspection of Military Schools.

1784.

REPORT MADE FOR HIS MAJESTY BY M. DE KÉRALIO.

M. de Buonoparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769, height 4 feet 10 inches 10 lines, is in the fourth class, has a good constitution, excellent health, character obedient, upright, grateful, conduct very regular; has been always distinguished by his application to mathematics. He knows history and geography very passably. He is not well up in ornamental studies or in Latin, in which he is only in the fourth class. He will be an excellent sailor. He deserves to be passed on to the Military School of Paris.

Father Berton, however, opposed Bonaparte's removal to Paris, because he had not passed through the fourth Latin class, and the regulations required that he should be in the third. I was informed by the vice-principal that a report relative to Napoleon was sent from the College of Brienne to that of Paris, in which he was described as being *domineering, imperious, and obstinate*.¹

I knew Bonaparte well; and I think M. de Kéralio's report of him was exceedingly just, except, perhaps, that he might have said he was *very well* as to his progress in history and geography, and *very backward* in Latin; but certainly nothing indicated the probability of his being an *excellent seaman*. He himself had no thought of the navy.²

In consequence of M. de Kéralio's report, Bonaparte was transferred to the Military College of Paris, along with MM. Montarby de Dampierre, de Castres, de Comminges, and Laugier de Bellecourt, who were all, like him, educated at the public expense, and all, at least, as favorably reported.

What could have induced Sir Walter Scott to say that

¹ Napoleon remained upwards of five years at Brienne, from April, 1779 to the latter end of 1784. In 1783 the Chevalier Kéralio, sub-inspector of the military schools, selected him to pass the year following to the military school at Paris, to which three of the best scholars were annually sent from each of the twelve provincial military schools of France. It is curious as well as satisfactory to know the opinion at this time entertained of him by those who were the best qualified to judge. His old master, Leguile, professor of history at Paris, boasted that, in a list of the different scholars, he had predicted his pupil's subsequent career. In fact, to the name of Bonaparte the following note is added: "*A Corsican by birth and character—he will do something great if circumstances favor him.*" Monge was his instructor in geometry, who also entertained a high opinion of him. M. Bauer, his German master, was the only one who saw nothing in him, and was surprised at being told he was undergoing his examination for the artillery. The latter

² Bourrienne is certainly wrong as to Bonaparte having no thought of the navy. In a letter of 1784 to the Minister of War his father says of Napoleon that, "following the advice of the Comte de Mathot, he has turned his studies towards the navy; and so well has he succeeded that he is a tender by M. de Kéralio for the school of Paris, and afterwards for the department of Toulon. The retirement of the former professor Kéralio has changed the fate of my son." It was only on the failure of his intention to get into the navy that his father, on 15th July, 1784, applied for permission for him to enter the artillery; Napoleon having a horror of the infantry, where he would do nothing. It was on the success of this application that he was allowed to enter the school of Paris (*Lang*, tome 1, pp. 91, 100). Oddly enough, in later years, on 30th August, 1792, having just succeeded in getting himself reinstated as captain after his absence, over-staying leave, he applied to pass into the Artillerie de la Marine. "The applicant was rejected; he simply

Bonaparte was the pride of the college, that our mathematical master was exceedingly fond of him, and that the other professors in the different sciences had equal reason to be satisfied with him? What I have above stated, together with the report of M. de Kéralio, bear evidence of his backwardness in almost every branch of education except mathematics. Neither was it, as Sir Walter affirms, his precocious progress in mathematics that occasioned him to be removed to Paris. He had attained the proper age, and the report of him was favorable, therefore he was very naturally included among the number of the five who were chosen in 1784.

In a biographical account of Bonaparte I have read the following anecdote:—When he was fourteen years of age he happened to be at a party where some one had pronounced a high eulogium on Turenne; and a lady in the company observed that he certainly was a great man, but that she should like him better if he had not burned the Palatinate. “What signifies that,” replied Bonaparte, “if it was necessary to the object he had in view?”

This is either an anachronism or a mere fabrication. Bonaparte was fourteen in the year 1783. He was then at Brienne, where certainly he did not go into company, and least of all the company of ladies.

CHAPTER II.

1784—1794.

Bonaparte enters the Military College of Paris—He urges me to embrace the military profession—His report on the state of the Military School of Paris—He obtains a commission—I set off for Vienna—Return to Paris, where I again meet Bonaparte—His singular plans for raising money—Louis XVI. with the red cap on his head—The 10th of August—My departure for Stuttgart—Bonaparte goes to Corsica—My name inscribed on the list of emigrants—Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon—Le Souper de Beaucaire—Napoleon's mission to Genoa—His arrest—His autobiographical justification—Duroc's first connection with Bonaparte.

BONAPARTE was fifteen years and two months old when he went to the Military College of Paris.¹ I accompanied him in a *carriole* as far as Nogent sur Seine, whence the coach was to start. We parted with regret, and we did not meet again till the year 1792.~ During these eight years we main-

¹ Madame Junot relates some interesting particulars connected with Napoleon's first residence in Paris. "My mother's first care," says she, "on arriving in Paris, was to inquire after Napoleon Bonaparte. He was at that time in the military school at Paris, having quitted Brienne in the September of the preceding year. My uncle Demetrius had met him just after he alighted from the coach which brought him to town; 'And truly,' said my uncle, 'he had the appearance of a fresh importation. I met him in the Palais Royal, where he was gaping and staring with wonder at everything he saw. He would have been an excellent subject for sharpers, if, indeed, he had anything worth taking!' My uncle invited him to dine at his house; for though my uncle was a bachelor, he did not choose to dine at a *traiteur* (the name *restaurateur* was not then introduced). He told my mother that Napoleon was very morose. 'I fear,' added he, 'that that young man has more self-conceit than is suitable to his condition. When he dined with me he began to declaim violently against the luxury of the young men of the military school. After a little he turned the conversation on Mania, and the present education of the young Maniotes, drawing a comparison between it and the ancient Spartan system of education. His observations on this head he told me he intended to embody in a memorial to be presented to the Minister of War. All this, depend upon it, will bring him under the displeasure of his comrades, and it will be lucky if he escape being run through.' A few days afterwards my mother saw Napoleon, and then his irritability was at its height. He would scarcely bear any observations, even if made in his favor, and I am convinced that it is to this uncontrollable irritability that he owed the reputation of having been ill-tempered in his boyhood, and splenetic in his youth. My father, who was

tained an active correspondence ; but so little did I anticipate the high destiny, which, after his elevation, it was affirmed the wonderful qualities of his boyhood plainly denoted, that I did not preserve one of the letters he wrote to me at that period, but tore them up as soon as they were answered.

I remember, however, that in a letter which I received from him about a year after his arrival in Paris he urged me to keep my promise of entering the army with him. Like him, I had passed through the studies necessary for the artillery service ; and in 1787 I went for three months to Metz, in order to unite practice with theory. A strange Ordinance, which I believe was issued in 1778 by M. de Ségur, required that a man should possess four quarterings of nobility before he could be qualified to serve his king and country as a military officer. My mother went to Paris, taking with her the letters patent of her husband, who died six weeks after my birth. She proved that in the year 1640 Louis XIII. had, by letters patent, restored the titles of one Fauvelet de Villemont, who in 1586 had kept several provinces of Burgundy subject to the king's authority at the peril of his life and the loss of his property ; and that his family had occupied the first place in the magistracy since the fourteenth century. All was correct, but it was observed that the letters of nobility had not been registered by the Parliament, and to repair

acquainted with almost all the heads of the military school, obtained leave for him sometimes to come out for recreation. On account of an accident (a sprain, if I recollect rightly) Napoleon once spent a whole week at our house. To this day, whenever I pass the *Quai Conti* I cannot help looking up at a *mansarde* at the left angle of the house on the third floor. That was Napoleon's chamber when he paid us a visit, and a neat little room it was. My brother used to occupy the one next to it. The two young men were nearly of the same age : my brother perhaps had the advantage of a year or fifteen months. My mother had recommended him to cultivate the friendship of young Bonaparte ; but my brother complained how unpleasant it was to find only cold politeness where he expected affection. This repulsiveness on the part of Napoleon was almost offensive, and must have been sensibly felt by my brother, who was not only remarkable for the mildness of his temper and the amenity and graces of his manner, but whose society was courted in the most distinguished circles of Paris on account of his accomplishments. He perceived in Bonaparte a kind of acerbity and bitter irony, of which he long endeavored to discover the cause. 'I believe,' said Albert one day to my mother, 'that the poor young man feels keenly his dependent situation.' " (*Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès*, vol. i. p. 18, edit. 1883).

this little omission, the sum of twelve thousand francs was demanded. This my mother refused to pay, and there the matter rested.

On his arrival at the Military School of Paris, Bonaparte found the establishment on so brilliant and expensive a footing that he immediately addressed a memorial on the subject to the Vice-Principal Berton of Brienne.¹ He showed that the plan of education was really pernicious, and far from being calculated to fulfil the object which every wise government must have in view. The result of the system, he said, was to inspire the pupils, who were all the sons of poor gentlemen, with a love of ostentation, or rather, with sentiments of vanity and self-sufficiency; so that, instead of returning happy to the bosom of their families, they were likely to be ashamed of their parents, and to despise their humble homes. Instead of the numerous attendant by whom they were surrounded, their dinners of two courses, and their horses and grooms, he suggested that they should perform little necessary services for themselves, such as brushing their clothes, and cleaning their boots and shoes; that they should eat the coarse bread made for soldiers, &c. Temperance and activity, he added, would render them robust, enable them to bear the severity of different seasons and climates, to brave the fatigues of war, and to inspire the respect and obedience of the soldiers under their command. Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen, and time showed that he never deviated from these principles. The establishment of the military school at Fontainebleau is a decided proof of this.

As Napoleon was an active observer of everything passing around him, and pronounced his opinion openly and decidedly, ~~he did not remain long~~ at the Military School of Paris. His superiors, who were anxious to get rid of him, accelerated the

¹ A second memoir prepared by him to the same effect was intended for the Minister of War, but Father Berton wisely advised silence to the young cadet (*Jung*, tome i. p. 122). Although believing in the necessity of show and of magnificence in public life, Napoleon remained true to these principles. While lavishing wealth on his ministers and marshals, "In your private life," said he, "be economical and even parsimonious."

period of his examination, and he obtained the first vacant sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery.

I left Brienne in 1787, and as I could not enter the artillery, I proceeded in the following year to Vienna, with a letter of recommendation to M. de Montmorin, soliciting employment in the French Embassy at the Court of Austria.

I remained two months at Vienna, where I had the honor of twice seeing the Emperor Joseph. The impression made upon me by his kind reception, his dignified and elegant manners, and graceful conversation, will never be obliterated from my recollection. After M. de Noailles had initiated me in the first steps of diplomacy, he advised me to go to one of the German universities to study the law of nations and foreign languages. I accordingly repaired to Leipsic, about the time when the French Revolution broke out.

I spent some time at Leipsic, where I applied myself to the study of the law of nations, and the German and English languages. I afterwards travelled through Prussia and Poland, and passed a part of the winter of 1791 and 1792 at Warsaw, where I was most graciously received by Princess Tyszwicz, niece of Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland, and the sister of Prince Poniatowski. The Princess was very well informed, and was a great admirer of French literature. At her invitation I passed several evenings in company with the King in a circle small enough to approach to something like intimacy. I remember that his Majesty frequently asked me to read the *Moniteur*; the speeches to which he listened with the greatest pleasure were those of the Girondists. The Princess Tyszwicz wished to print at Warsaw, at her own expense, a translation I had executed of Kotzebue's *Menschenhass und rage*, to which I gave the title of *L'Inconnu*.¹

I arrived at Vienna on the 26th of March, 1792, when I was informed of the serious illness of the Emperor, Leopold II., who died on the following day. In private companies, and at public places, I heard vague suspicions expressed of his having been poisoned; but the public, who were admitted to the palace to see the body lie in state, were soon convinced of

¹ A play known on the English stage as *The Stranger*.

the falsehood of these reports. I went twice to see the mournful spectacle, and I never heard a word which was calculated to confirm the odious suspicion, though the spacious hall in which the remains of the Emperor were exposed was constantly thronged with people.

In the month of April, 1792, I returned to Paris, where I again met Bonaparte,¹ and our college intimacy was fully renewed. I was not very well off, and adversity was hanging heavily on him; his resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty three who have little money and less occupation. Bonaparte was always poorer than I. Every day we conceived some new project or other. We were on the lookout for some profitable speculation. At one time he wanted me to join him in renting several houses, then building in the Rue Montholon, to underlet them afterwards. We found the demands of the landlords extravagant—everything failed. At the same time he was soliciting employment at the War Office, and I at the office of Foreign Affairs. I was for the moment the luckier of the two.

While we were spending our time in a somewhat vagabond way,² the 20th of June arrived. We met by appointment at a restaurateur's in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men. They were all in rags, ludicrously armed with weapons of every description, and were proceeding hastily towards the Tuileries, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. It was a collection

¹ Bonaparte is said, on very doubtful authority, to have spent five or six weeks in London in 1791 or 1792, and to have "lodged in a house in George Street, Strand." His chief occupation appeared to be taking pedestrian exercise in the streets of London—hence his marvellous knowledge of the great metropolis which used to astonish any Englishman of distinction who were not aware of this visit. He occasionally took his cup of chocolate at the 'Northumberland,' occupying himself in reading, and preserving a provoking taciturnity to the gentlemen in the room, though his manner was stern, his deportment was that of a gentleman. The story of his visit is probably as apocryphal as that of his offering his services to the English Government when the English forces were blockading the coast of Cornica.

² It was before the 20th of June that in our frequent excursions around Paris we went to St. Cyr to see his sister Marianne (Eliza), Marquis

of all that was most vile and abject in the purlieus of Paris. "Let us follow the mob," said Bonaparte. We got the start of them, and took up our station on the terrace of the banks of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes which took place; and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. When the King showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob had put on his head, he could no longer repress his indignation. "*Che coglione!*" he loudly exclaimed. "Why have they let in all that rabble! They should sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon; the rest would then set off fast enough."

When we sat down to dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I was the richer of the two, he spoke of nothing but the scene we had witnessed. He discussed with great good sense the causes and consequences of this unrepressed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would ensue. He was not mistaken. The 10th of August soon arrived. I was then at Stuttgart, where I was appointed Secretary of Legation.

At St. Helena Bonaparte said, "On the news of the attack of the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, I hurried to Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, who then kept a furniture warehouse at the Carrousel." This is partly correct. My brother was connected with what was termed an *entreprise d'encan national*, where persons intending to quit France received an advance of money, on depositing any effects which they wished to dispose of, and which were sold for them immediately. Bonaparte had some time previously pledged his watch in this way.

After the fatal 10th of August Bonaparte went to Corsica, and did not return till 1793. Sir Walter Scott says that after that time he never saw Corsica again. This is a mistake, as will be shown when I speak of his return from Egypt.¹

¹ Sir Walter appears to have collected his information for the *Life of Napoleon* only from those libels and vulgar stories which gratified his calumnious spirit and national hatred. His work is written with excessive negligence, which, added to its numerous errors, shows how much respect he

Having been appointed Secretary of Legation to Stuttgart I set off for that place on the second of August, and I did not again see my ardent young friend until 1795. He told me that my departure accelerated his for Corsica. We separated as may be supposed, with but faint hopes of ever meeting again.

By a decree of the 28th of March, 1793, all French agents abroad were ordered to return to France, within three months under pain of being regarded as emigrants. What I had witnessed before my departure for Stuttgart, the excitement in which I had left the public mind, and the well-known consequences of events of this kind, made me fear that I should be compelled to be either an accomplice or a victim in the disastrous scenes which were passing at home. My disobedience of the law placed my name on the list of emigrants.

It has been said of me, in a biographical publication, that "it was as remarkable as it was fortunate for Bourrienne that on his return, he got his name erased from the list of emigrants of the department of the Yonne, on which it had been inscribed during his first journey to Germany. This circumstance has been interpreted in several different ways, which are not all equally favorable to M. de Bourrienne."

I do not understand what favorable interpretations can be put upon a statement entirely false. General Bonaparte repeatedly applied for the erasure of my name, from the month of April, 1797, when I rejoined him at Leoben, to the period of the signature of the treaty of Campo-Formio; but without success. He desired his brother Louis, Berthier, Bernadotte, and others, when he sent them to the Directory to urge my erasure; but in vain. He complained of this inattention to his wishes to Bottot, when he came to Passeriano after the 18th Fructidor. Bottot, who was secretary to Bonaparte, was astonished that I was not erased, and he made fine

must have entertained for his readers. It would appear that his object was to make it the inverse of his novels, where everything is borrowed from history. I have been assured that Marshal Macdonald having offered to introduce Scott to some generals who could have furnished him with the most accurate information respecting military events, the glory of which they had shared, Sir Walter replied, "I thank you, but I shall collect my information from unprofessional reports." — *Bourrienne.*

promises of what he would do. On his return to France he wrote to Bonaparte: "Bourrienne is erased." But this was untrue. I was not erased until November, 1797, upon the reiterated solicitations of General Bonaparte.

It was during my absence from France that Bonaparte, in the rank of *chef de bataillon*, performed his first campaign, and contributed so materially to the recapture of Toulon. Of this period of his life I have no personal knowledge, and therefore I shall not speak of it as an eyewitness. I shall merely relate some facts which fill up the interval between 1793 and 1795, and which I have collected from papers which he himself delivered to me. Among these papers is a little production, entitled *Le Souper de Beaucaire*, the copies of which he bought up at considerable expense, and destroyed upon his attaining the Consulate. This little pamphlet contains principles very opposite to those he wished to see established in 1800, a period when extravagant ideas of liberty were no longer the fashion, and when Bonaparte entered upon a system totally the reverse of those republican principles professed in *Le Souper de Beaucaire*.¹ It may be remarked,

¹ This is not, as Sir Walter says, a dialogue between Marat and a Federalist, but a conversation between a military officer, a native of Nismes, a native of Marseilles, and a manufacturer from Montpellier. The latter, though he takes a share in the conversation, does not say much. *Le Souper de Beaucaire* is given at full length in the French edition of these *Memoirs*, tome i. pp. 319-347; and by *Iung*, tome ii. p. 354, with the following remarks: "The first edition of *Le Souper de Beaucaire* was issued at the cost of the Public Treasury, in August, 1793. Sabin Tournal, its editor, also then edited the *Courrier d'Avignon*. The second edition only appeared twenty-eight years afterwards, in 1821, preceded by an introduction by Frederick Royou (Paris: Brasseur Ainé, printer, Terrey, publisher, in octavo). This pamphlet did not make any sensation at the time it appeared. It was only when Napoleon became Commandant of the Army of Italy that M. Loubet, secretary and corrector of the press for M. Tournal, attached some value to the manuscript, and showed it to several persons. Louis Bonaparte, later, ordered several copies from M. Aurel." The pamphlet, dated 29th July, 1793, is in the form of a dialogue between an officer of the army, a citizen of Nismes, a manufacturer of Montpellier, and a citizen of Marseilles. Marseilles was then in a state of insurrection against the Convention. Its forces had seized Avignon, but had been driven out by the army of Carteaux, which was about to attack Marseilles itself. In the dialogue the officer gives most excellent military advice to the representative of Marseilles on the impossibility of their resisting the old soldiers of Carteaux. The Marseilles citizen argues but feebly, and is alarmed at the officer's representations; while his threat to call in the Spaniards turns the other speakers against him. Even Colonel Iung says, tome ii. p. 372, "In these concise judgments is felt the decision of the master and of the man of war. . . . These marvellous qualities consequently struck the members of the Conven-

that in all that has come to us from St. Helena, not a word is said of this youthful production. Its character sufficiently explains this silence. In all Bonaparte's writings posterity will probably trace the profound politician rather than the enthusiastic revolutionist.

Some documents relative to Bonaparte's suspension and arrest, by order of the representatives Albitte and Salicetti, serve to place in their true light circumstances which have hitherto been misrepresented. I shall enter into some detail of this event, because I have seen it stated that this circumstance of Bonaparte's life has been perverted and misrepresented by every person who has hitherto written about him; and the writer who makes this remark, himself describes the affair incorrectly and vaguely. Others have attributed Bonaparte's misfortune to a military discussion on war, and his connection with Robespierre the younger.¹

It has, moreover, been said that Albitte and Salicetti explained to the Committee of Public Safety the impossibility of their resuming the military operations unaided by the talent of General Bonaparte. This is mere flattery. The facts are these.

On the 13th of July, 1794 (25th Messidor, year II.), the representatives of the people with the army of Italy ordered that General Bonaparte should proceed to Genoa, there, conjointly with the French *chargé d'affaires*, to confer on certain subjects with the Genoese Government. This mission, together with a list of secret instructions, directing him to examine the fortresses of Genoa and the neighboring country, show the confidence which Bonaparte, who was then only twenty-five, inspired in men who were deeply interested in making a prudent choice of their agents.

tion, who made much of Bonaparte, authorized him to have it published at the public expense, and made him many promises." Launfrey, vol. i. pp. 30, 31, says of this pamphlet, "Common enough ideas, expressed in a style only remarkable for its 'Italianisms,' but becoming singularly firm and precise every time the author expresses his military views. Under an apparent roughness, we find in it a rare circumspection, leaving no hold on the writer, even if events change."

¹ It will presently be seen that all this is erroneous, and that Sir Walter commits another mistake when he says that Bonaparte's connection with Robespierre was attended with fatal consequences to him, and that his justification consisted in acknowledging that his friends were not to be

Bonaparte set off for Genoa, and fulfilled his mission. The 9th Thermidor arrived, and the deputies, called Terrorists, were superseded by Albitte and Salicetti. In the disorder which then prevailed they were either ignorant of the orders given to General Bonaparte, or persons envious of the rising glory of the young general of artillery inspired Albitte and Salicetti with suspicions prejudicial to him. Be this as it may, the two representatives drew up a resolution, ordering that General Bonaparte should be arrested, suspended from his rank, and arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety; and, extraordinary as it may appear, this resolution was founded on that very journey to Genoa which Bonaparte executed by the direction of the representatives of the people.¹

¹ Madame Junot throws some light on this persecution of Bonaparte by Salicetti. "One motive (I do not mean to say the only one)," remarks this lady, "of the animosity shown by Salicetti to Bonaparte, in the affair of Loano, was that they were at one time suitors to the same lady. I am not sure whether it was in Corsica or in Paris, but I know for a fact that Bonaparte, in spite of his youth, or perhaps I should rather say on account of his youth, was the favored lover. It was the opinion of my brother, who was secretary to Salicetti, that Bonaparte owed his life to a circumstance which is not very well known. The fact is, that Salicetti received a letter from Bonaparte, the contents of which appeared to make a deep impression on him. Bonaparte's papers had been delivered into Salicetti's hands, who, after an attentive perusal of them, laid them aside with evident dissatisfaction. He then took them up again, and read them a second time. Salicetti declined my brother's assistance in the examination of the papers, and after a second examination, which was probably as unsatisfactory as the first, he seated himself with a very abstracted air. It would appear that he had seen among the papers some document which concerned himself. Another curious fact is, that the man who had the care of the papers after they were sealed up was an inferior clerk entirely under the control of Salicetti; and my brother, whose business it was to have charge of the papers, was directed not to touch them. He has often spoken to me of this circumstance, and I mention it here as one of importance to the history of the time. Nothing that relates to a man like Napoleon can be considered useless or trivial.

"What, after all, was the result of this strange business which might have cost Bonaparte his head? — for, had he been taken to Paris and tried by the Committee of Public Safety, there is little doubt that the friend of Robespierre the younger would have been condemned by Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois. The result was the acquittal of the accused. This result is the more extraordinary, since it would appear that at that time Salicetti stood in fear of the young general. A compliment is even paid to Bonaparte in the decree, by which he was provisionally restored to liberty. That liberation was said to be granted on the consideration that General Bonaparte might be useful to the Republic. This was foresight; but subsequently, when measures were taken which rendered Bonaparte no longer an object of fear, his name was erased from the list of general officers, and it is a curious fact that Cambacérès, who was destined to be his colleague in the Consulate, was one of the persons who signed the act of erasure" (*Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès*, vol. i. p. 69, edit. 1883).

Bonaparte said at St. Helena that he was a short time imprisoned by order of the representative Laporte; but the order for his arrest was signed by Albitte, Salicetti, and Laporte.¹ Laporte was not probably the most influential of the three, for Bonaparte did not address his remonstrance to him. He was a fortnight under arrest.

Had the circumstance occurred three weeks earlier, and had Bonaparte been arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety previous to the 9th Thermidor, there is every probability that his career would have been at an end; and we should have seen perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty-five, the man who, during the twenty-five succeeding years, was destined to astonish the world by his vast conceptions, his gigantic projects, his great military genius, his extraordinary good fortune, his faults, reverses, and final misfortunes.

It is worth while to remark that in the post Thermidorian resolution just alluded to no mention is made of Bonaparte's association with Robespierre the younger. The severity with which he was treated is the more astonishing, since his mission to Genoa was the alleged cause of it. Was there any other charge against him, or had calumny triumphed over the services he had rendered to his country? I have frequently conversed with him on the subject of this adventure, and he invariably assured me that he had nothing to reproach himself with, and that his defence, which I shall subjoin, contained the pure expression of his sentiments, and the exact truth.

In the following note, which he addressed to Albitte and Salicetti, he makes no mention of Laporte. The copy which I possess is in the handwriting of Junot, with corrections in the General's hand. It exhibits all the characteristics of Napoleon's writing: his short sentences, his abrupt rather than concise style, sometimes his elevated ideas, and always his plain good sense.

¹ Albitte and Laporte were the representatives sent from the Convention to the army of the Alps, and Salicetti to the army of Italy.

TO THE REPRESENTATIVES ALBITTE AND SALICETTI.

You have suspended me from my duties, put me under arrest, and declared me to be suspected.

Thus I am disgraced before being judged, or indeed judged before being heard.

In a revolutionary state there are two classes, the suspected and the patriots.

When the first are accused, general measures are adopted towards them for the sake of security.

The oppression of the second class is a blow to public liberty. The magistrate cannot condemn until after the fullest evidence and a succession of facts. This leaves nothing to arbitrary decision.

To declare a patriot suspected is to deprive him of all that he most highly values — confidence and esteem.

In what class am I placed?

Since the commencement of the Revolution, have I not always been attached to its principles?

Have I not always been contending either with domestic enemies or foreign foes?

I sacrificed my home, abandoned my property, and lost everything for the Republic.

I have since served with some distinction at Toulon, and earned a part of the laurels of the army of Italy at the taking of Saorgio, Oneille, and Tanaro.

On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy, my conduct was that of a man accustomed to look only to principles.

My claim to the title of patriot, therefore, cannot be disputed.

Why, then, am I declared suspected without being heard, and arrested eight days after I heard the news of the tyrant's death?

I am declared suspected, and my papers are placed under seal.

The reverse of this course ought to have been adopted. My papers should first have been sealed; then I should have been called on for my explanation; and, lastly, declared suspected, if there was reason for coming to such a decision.

It is wished that I should go to Paris with an order which declares me suspected. It will naturally be presumed that the representatives did not draw up this decree without accurate information, and I shall be judged with the bias which a man of that class merits.

Though a patriot and an innocent and calumniated man, yet whatever measures may be adopted by the Committee I cannot complain.

If three men declare that I have committed a crime, I cannot complain of the jury who condemn me.

Salicetti, you know me; and I ask whether you have observed anything in my conduct for the last five years which can afford ground of suspicion?

Albitte, you do not know me ; but you have received proof of no fact against me ; you have not heard me, and you know how artfully the tongue of calumny sometimes works.

Must I then be confounded with the enemies of my country ? and ought the patriots inconsiderately to sacrifice a general who has not been useless to the Republic ? Ought the representatives to reduce the Government to the necessity of being unjust and impolitic ?

Hear me ; destroy the oppression that overwhelms me, and restore me to the esteem of the patriots.

An hour after, if my enemies wish for my life, let them take it. I have often given proofs how little I value it. Nothing but the thought that I may yet be useful to my country makes me bear the burden of existence with courage.

It appears that this defence, which is remarkable for its energetic simplicity, produced an effect on Albitte and Salicetti. Inquiries more accurate, and probably more favorable to the General, were instituted ; and on the 3d Fructidor (20th August, 1794) the representatives of the people drew up a decree stating that, after a careful examination of General Bonaparte's papers, and of the orders he had received relative to his mission to Genoa, they saw nothing to justify any suspicion of his conduct ; and that, moreover, taking into consideration the advantage that might accrue to the Republic from the military talents of the said General Bonaparte, it was resolved that he should be provisionally set at liberty.¹

Salicetti afterwards became the friend and confidant of young Bonaparte ; but their intimacy did not continue after his elevation.

¹ With reference to the arrest of Bonaparte (which lasted thirteen days) see *Bourrienne et ses Erreurs*, tome i. pp. 16-28, and *Jung*, tome ii. pp. 443-457. Both, in opposition to Bourrienne, attribute the arrest to his connection with the younger Robespierre. Apparently Albitte and Salicetti were not acquainted with the secret plan of campaign prepared by the younger Robespierre and by Bonaparte, or with the real instructions given for the mission to Genoa. Jealousy between the representatives in the staff of the army of the Alps and those with the army of Italy, with which Napoleon was, also played a part in the affair. Jung looks on Salicetti as acting as the protector of the Bonapartes ; but Napoleon does not seem to have regarded him in that light ; see the letter given in *Junot*, vol. i. p. 106, where in 1795 he takes credit for not returning the ill done to him ; see also the same volume, p. 89. Salicetti eventually became Minister of Police to Joseph, when King of Naples, in 1806 ; but when he applied to return to France, Napoleon said to Mathieu Dumas, " Let him know that I am not powerful enough to protect the wretches who voted for the death of Louis XVI. from the contempt and indignation of the public " (*Dumas*, tome iii. p. 316). At the same time Napoleon disavowed Salicetti as worse than the *leggeroni*.

What is to be thought of the motives for Bonaparte's arrest and provisional liberation, when his innocence and the error that had been committed were acknowledged? The importance of the General's military talents, though no mention is made about the impossibility of dispensing with them, is a pretence for restoring him to that liberty of which he had been unjustly deprived.

It was not at Toulon, as has been stated, that Bonaparte took Duroc¹ into the artillery, and made him his *aide de camp*. The acquaintance was formed at a subsequent period,

Italy. Duroc's cold character and unexcursive mind suited Napoleon, whose confidence he enjoyed until his death, and who entrusted him with missions perhaps above his abilities. At St. Helena, Bonaparte often declared that he was much attached to Duroc. I believe this to be true; but I know that the attachment was not returned. The ingratitude of princes is proverbial. May it not happen that courtiers are also sometimes ungrateful? ²

¹ Michel Duroc (1773-1813), at first only *aide de camp* to Napoleon, was several times entrusted with special diplomatic missions (for example, to Berlin, etc.). On the formation of the Empire he became Grand Maréchal du Palais, and Duc de Frioul. He always remained in close connection with Napoleon until he was killed in 1813. As he is often mentioned in contemporary memoirs under his abbreviated title of *Marshal*, he has sometimes been erroneously included in the number of the Marshals of the Empire—a military rank he never attained to.

² It is only just to Duroc to add that this charge does not seem borne out by the impressions of those more capable than Bourrienne of judging in the matter.

CHAPTER III.

1794 — 1795.

Proposal to send Bonaparte to La Vendée — He is struck off the list of general officers — Salicetti — Joseph's marriage with Mademoiselle Clary — Bonaparte's wish to go to Turkey — Note explaining the plan of his proposed expedition — Madame Bourrienne's character of Bonaparte, and account of her husband's arrest — Constitution of the year III. — The 13th Vendémiaire — Bonaparte appointed second in command of the army of the interior — Eulogium of Bonaparte by Barras, and its consequences — St. Helena manuscript

GENERAL BONAPARTE returned to Paris, where I also arrived from Germany shortly after him. Our intimacy was resumed, and he gave me an account of all that had passed in the campaign of the south. He frequently alluded to the persecutions he had suffered, and he delivered to me the packet of papers noticed in the last chapter, desiring me to communicate their contents to my friends. He was very anxious, he said, to do away with the supposition that he was capable of betraying his country, and, under the pretence of a mission to Genoa, becoming a spy on the interests of France. He loved to talk over his military achievements at Toulon and in Italy. He spoke of his first successes with that feeling of pleasure and gratification which they were naturally calculated to excite in him.

The Government wished to send him to La Vendée, with the rank of brigadier-general of infantry. Bonaparte rejected this proposition on two grounds. He thought the scene of action unworthy of his talents, and he regarded his projected removal from the artillery to the infantry as a sort of insult. This last was his most powerful objection, and was the only one he urged officially. In consequence of his refusal to accept the appointment offered him, the Committee of Public

Safety decreed that he should be struck off the list of general officers.¹

Deeply mortified at this unexpected stroke, Bonaparte

¹ This statement as to the proposed transfer of Bonaparte to the infantry, his disobedience to the order, and his consequent dismissal, is fiercely attacked in the *Erreurs*, tome i. chap. iv. It is, however, correct in some points; but the real truths about Bonaparte's life at this time seem so little known that it may be well to explain the whole matter. On the 27th of March, 1795 Bonaparte, already removed from his employment in the south, was ordered to proceed to the army of the west, to command its artillery as brigadier-general. He went as far as Paris, and then lingered there, partly on medical certificate. While in Paris he applied, as Bourrienne says, to go to Turkey to organize its artillery. His application, instead of being neglected, as Bourrienne says, was favorably received, two members of the Comité de Salut Public putting on its margin most favorable reports of him; one, Jean Debry, even saying that he was too distinguished an officer to be sent to a distance at such a time. Far from being looked on as the half-crazy fellow Bourrienne considered him at that time, Bonaparte was appointed, on the 21st of August, 1795, one of four generals attached as military advisers to the Committee for the preparation of warlike operations, his own department being a most important one. He himself at the time tells Joseph that he is attached to the topographical bureau of the Comité de Salut Public, for the direction of the armies in the *place of Carnot*. It is apparently this significant appointment to which Madame Junot, wrongly dating it, alludes as "no great thing" (*Junot*, vol. i. p. 143). Another officer was therefore substituted for him as commander of Hoche's artillery, a fact made use of in the *Erreurs* (p. 31) to deny his having been dismissed. But a general reclassification of the generals was being made. The artillery generals were in excess of their establishment, and Bonaparte, as junior in age, was ordered on the 13th June to join Hoche's army at Brest to command a brigade of infantry. All his efforts to get the order cancelled failed, and as he did not obey it he was struck off the list of *employed* general officers on the 15th of September, 1795, the order of the Comité de Salut Public being signed by Cambacérès, Berlier, Merlin, and Boissy. His application to go to Turkey still, however, remained; and it is a curious thing that, on the very day he was struck off the list, the commission which had replaced the Minister of War recommended to the Comité de Salut Public that he and his two *aides de camp*, Junot and Livrat, with other officers under him, should be sent to Constantinople. So late as the 29th of September, twelve days later, this matter was being considered, the only question being as to any departmental objections to the other officers selected by him, a point which was just being settled. But on the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October, 1795), or rather on the night before, only nineteen days after his removal, he was appointed second in command to Barras, a career in France was opened to him, and Turkey was no longer thought of.

Thiers (vol. iv. p. 326) and most writers, contemporary and otherwise, say that Aubry gave the order for his removal from the list. Aubry, himself a brigadier-general of artillery, did not belong to the Comité de Salut Public at the time Bonaparte was removed from the south; and he had left the Comité early in August, that is, before the order striking Bonaparte off was given. Aubry was, however, on the Comité in June, 1795, and signed the order, which probably may have originated from him, for the transfer of Bonaparte to the infantry. It will be seen that, in the ordinary military sense of the term, Napoleon was only in Paris *without employment* from the 15th of September to the 4th or 5th of October, 1795; all the rest of the time in Paris he had a command which he did not choose to take up. The distress under which Napoleon is said to have labored in pecuniary matters was probably shared by most officers at that time; see *Erreurs*, tome i. p. 32. This period is fully described in *Junot*, tome ii. p. 475, and tome iii. pp. 1-93.

retired into private life, and found himself doomed to inactivity very uncongenial with his ardent character. He lodged in the Rue du Mail, in an hotel near the Place des Victoires, and we recommenced the sort of life we had led in 1792, before his departure for Corsica. It was not without a struggle that he determined to await patiently the removal of the prejudices which were cherished against him by those in power; and he hoped that, in the perpetual changes which were taking place, those men might be superseded by others more favorable to him. He frequently dined and spent the evening with me and my elder brother; and his pleasant conversation and manners made the hours pass away agreeably. I called on him almost every morning, and he met at his lodgings several persons who were distinguished at the time; among others Salicetti, with whom he used to maintain very animated conversations, and who would frequently solicit a private interview with him. On one occasion Salicetti paid him three thousand francs, in assignats, as the price of his carriage, which his straitened circumstances obliged him to dispose of.¹ I could easily perceive that our young friend either was or wished to be initiated in some political intrigue; and I moreover suspected that Salicetti had bound him by an oath not to disclose the plans that were hatching. He became pensive, melancholy, and anxious; and he at

¹ Of Napoleon's poverty at this time Madame Junot says, "On the day of Bonaparte's return to Paris, after the misfortunes of which he accused Salicetti, of being the cause, he was in very destitute circumstances. His family, who were banished from Corsica, found an asylum at Marseilles; and they could not now do for him what they would have done had they been in the country whence they derived their pecuniary resources. From time to time they received remittances of money, and I suspect they came from his elder brother Joseph, who had then recently married Mademoiselle Clary. With all his economy these supplies were insufficient. Bonaparte was therefore in absolute distress. Junot often used to speak of the six months they passed together in Paris at this time. When they took an evening stroll on the Boulevard, which used to be the resort of young men, mounted on horses, and displaying all the luxury which they were permitted to show at that time, Bonaparte would declaim against fate, and express his contempt for the dandies with their whiskers and their *oreilles de chien*, who, as he rode past, were eulogizing in ecstasy the manner in which Madame Bonaparte sang *paole pafumée, paole panachée*. 'And it is on such beings as these that he would say, 'that Fortune confers her favors. Grand Dieu! how tempting is human nature!'" (*Memoirs of the Duchesse d' Abrantès*, p. 80, edit. 1883.)

looked with impatience for Salicetti's daily visit.¹ Sometimes, withdrawing his mind from political affairs, he would envy the happiness of his brother Joseph, who had just then married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a rich and respectable merchant of Marseilles. He would often say, 'That Joseph is a lucky rogue.'

Meanwhile time passed away, and none of his projects succeeded — none of his applications were listened to. He was vexed by the injustice with which he was treated, and tormented by the desire of entering upon some active pursuit. He could not endure the thought of remaining buried in the crowd. He determined to quit France; and the favorite idea, which he never afterwards relinquished, that the East was a fine field for glory, inspired him with the wish to proceed to Constantinople, and to enter the service of the Grand Seignior. What romantic plans, what stupendous projects he conceived! He asked me whether I would go with him? I replied in the negative. I looked upon him as a half-crazy young fellow, who was driven to extravagant enterprises and desperate resolutions by his restless activity of mind, joined to the irritating treatment he had experienced, and, perhaps, it may be added, his want of money. He did not blame me for my refusal to accompany him; and he told me that Junot, Marmont, and some other young officers whom he had known at Toulon, would be willing to follow his fortunes.

He drew up a note, which commenced with the words *Note for . . .* It was addressed to no one, and was merely a plan. Some days after he wrote out another, which, however, did not differ very materially from the first, and which he addressed to Aubert and Coni. I made him a fair copy of it, and it was regularly forwarded. It was as follows: —

NOTE.

At a moment when the Empress of Russia has strengthened her union with the Emperor of Germany (Austria), it is the interest of France to do everything in her power to increase the military power of Turkey.

¹ Salicetti was implicated in the insurrection of the 20th May, 1795, 1st Prairial, year III., and was obliged to fly to Venice.

That power possesses a numerous and brave militia, but is very backward in the scientific part of the art of war.

The organization and the service of the artillery, which, in our modern tactics, so powerfully facilitate the gaining of battles, and on which, almost exclusively, depend the attack and defence of fortresses, are especially the points in which France excels, and in which the Turks are most deficient.

They have several times applied to us for artillery officers, and we have sent them some; but the officers thus sent have not been sufficiently powerful, either in numbers or talent, to produce any important result.

General Bonaparte, who, from his youth, has served in the artillery, of which he was entrusted with the command at the siege of Toulon, and in the two campaigns of Italy, offers his services to proceed to Turkey, with a mission from the (French) Government.

He proposes to take along with him six or seven officers, of different kinds, and who may be, altogether, perfect masters of the military art.

He will have the satisfaction of being useful to his country in this new career, if he succeed in rendering the Turkish power more formidable, by completing the defence of their principal fortresses, and constructing new ones.

This note shows the error of the often-repeated assertion, that he proposed entering the service of the Turks against Austria. He makes no mention of such a thing: and the two countries were not at war.¹

No answer was returned to this note. Turkey remained unaided, and Bonaparte unoccupied. I must confess that for the failure of this project, at least, I was not sorry. I should have regretted to see a young man of great promise, and one for whom I cherished a sincere friendship, devote himself to so uncertain a fate. Napoleon has less than any man provoked the events which have favored him; no one has more yielded to circumstances from which he was so skilful to derive advantages. If, however, a clerk of the War Office had but written on the note "*Granted*," that little word would probably have changed the fate of Europe.

Bonaparte remained in Paris, forming schemes for the grat-

¹ The Scottish biographer makes Bonaparte say that it would be strange if a little Corsican should become King of Jerusalem. I never heard anything drop from him which supports the probability of such a remark, and certainly there is nothing in his note to warrant the inference of his having made it. — *Bourrienne*.

lication of his ambition, and his desire of making a figure in the world ; but obstacles opposed all he attempted.

Women are better judges of character than men. Madame de Bourrienne, knowing the intimacy which subsisted between us, preserved some notes which she made upon Bonaparte, and the circumstances which struck her as most remarkable, during our early connection with him. My wife did not entertain so favorable an opinion of him as I did ; the warm friendship I cherished for him probably blinded me to his faults. I subjoin Madame de Bourrienne's notes word for word.

On the day after our second return from Germany, which was in May, 1795, we met Bonaparte in the Palais Royal, near a shop kept by a man named Girardin. Bonaparte embraced Bourrienne as a friend whom he loved and was glad to see. We went that evening to the Théâtre Français. The performance consisted of a tragedy, and *Le Sourd ou l'Auberge pleine*. During the latter piece the audience was convulsed with laughter. The part of Dasnières was represented by Baptiste the younger, and it was never played better. The bursts of laughter were so loud and frequent that the actor was several times obliged to stop in the midst of his part. Bonaparte alone (and it struck me as being very extraordinary) was silent, and coldly insensible to the humor which was so irresistibly diverting to every one else. I remarked at this period that his character was reserved, and frequently gloomy. His smile was hypocritical, and often misplaced ; and I recollect that a few days after our return he gave us one of those specimens of savage hilarity which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us that, being before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services that day. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us with a sort of savage exultation. The moment for the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. He was stationed beside the General, and during an interval when the firing from the town was very heavy, Bonaparte called out to him, "Take care, there is a shell coming!" The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness.

At this time we saw him almost every day. He frequently came to

dine with us. As there was a scarcity of bread, and sometimes only two ounces per head daily were distributed in the section, it was customary to request one's guests to bring their own bread, as it could not be procured for money. Bonaparte and his brother Louis (a mild, agreeable young man, who was the General's *aide de camp*) used to bring with them their ration bread, which was black, and mixed with bran. I was sorry to observe that all this bad bread fell to the share of the poor *aide de camp*, for we provided the General with a finer kind, which was made clandestinely by a pastrycook, from flour which we contrived to smuggle from Sens, where my husband had some farms. Had we been denounced, the affair might have cost us our heads.

We spent six weeks in Paris, and we went frequently with Bonaparte to the theatres, and to the fine concerts given by Garat in the Rue St. Marc. These were the first brilliant entertainments that took place after the death of Robespierre. There was always something original in Bonaparte's behavior, for he often slipped away from us without saying a word; and when we were supposing he had left the theatre, we would suddenly discover him in the second or third tier, sitting alone in a box, and looking rather sulky.

Before our departure for Sens, where my husband's family reside, and which was fixed upon for the place of my first accouchement, we looked out for more agreeable apartments than we had in the Rue Grenier St. Lazare, which we only had temporarily. Bonaparte used to assist us in our researches. At last we took the first floor of a handsome new house, No. 19 Rue des Marais. Bonaparte, who wished to stop in Paris, went to look at a house opposite to ours. He had thoughts of taking it for himself, his uncle Fesch (afterwards Cardinal Fesch) and a gentleman named Patrauld, formerly one of his masters at the Military School. One day he said, "With that house over there, my friends in it, and a cabriolet, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world."

We soon after left town for Sens. The house was not taken by him, for other and greater affairs were preparing. During the interval between our departure and the fatal day of Vendémiaire, several letters passed between him and his school companion. These letters were of the most amiable and affectionate description. They have been stolen. On our return, in November of the same year, everything was changed. The college friend was now a great personage. He had got the command of Paris in return for his share in the events of Vendémiaire. Instead of a small house in the Rue des Marais, he occupied a splendid hôtel in the Rue des Capucines; the modest cabriolet was converted into a superb equipage, and the man himself was no longer the same. But the friends of his youth were still received when they made their morning calls. They were invited to grand *déjeuners*, which were sometimes attended by ladies; and, among others, by the beautiful Madame Tallien and her friend the amiable Madame de Beauharnais, to whom Bonaparte had

begun to pay attention. He cared little for his friends, and ceased to address them in the style of familiar equality.

After the 13th of Vendémiaire M. de Bourrienne saw Bonaparte only at distant periods. In the month of February, 1796 my husband was arrested, at seven in the morning, by a party of men, armed with muskets, on the charge of being a returned emigrant. He was torn from his wife and his child, only six months old, being barely allowed time to dress himself. I followed him. They conveyed him to the guardhouse of the Section, and thence I know not whither; and finally, in the evening, they placed him in the lockup-house of the préfecture of the police, which, I believe, is now called the central bureau. There he passed two nights and a day, among men of the lowest description, some of whom were even malefactors. I and his friends ran about everywhere, trying to find somebody to rescue him, and among the rest, Bonaparte was applied to. It was with great difficulty he could be seen. Accompanied by one of my husband's friends, I waited for the Commandant of Paris until midnight, but he *did not come home*. Next morning I returned at an early hour, and found him. I stated what had happened to my husband, whose life was then at stake. He appeared to feel very little for the situation of his friend, but, however, determined to write to Merlin, the Minister of Justice. I carried the letter according to its address, and met the Minister as he was coming downstairs, on his way to the Directory. Being in grand costume, he wore a Henri IV. hat, surmounted with a multitude of plumes, a dress which formed a singular contrast with his person. He opened the letter; and whether it was that he cared as little for the General as for the cause of M. de Bourrienne's arrest, he replied that the matter was no longer in his hands, and that it was now under the cognizance of the public administrators of the law. The Minister then stepped into his carriage and the writer was conducted to several offices in his hôtel. She passed through them with a broken heart, for she met with none but harsh men, who told her that the prisoner deserved death. From them she learned that on the following day he would be brought before the judge of the peace for his Section, who would decide whether there was ground for putting him on his trial. In fact, this proceeding took place next day. He was conveyed to the house of the judge of the peace for the Section of Bondy, Rue Grange-aux-Belles, whose name was Lemaire. His countenance was mild; and though his manner was cold, he had none of the harshness and ferocity common to the Government agents of that time. His examination of the charge was long, and he several times shook his head. The moment of decision had arrived, and everything seemed to indicate that the termination would be to place the prisoner under accusation. At seven o'clock he desired me to be called. I hastened to him, and beheld a most heartrending scene. Bourrienne was suffering under a hemorrhage, which had continued since two o'clock, and had interrupted the examination. The judge of the peace, who looked sad, sat with his head resting on his hand. I threw

myself at his feet, and implored his clemency. The wife and the two daughters of the judge visited this scene of sorrow, and assisted me in softening him. He was a worthy and feeling man, a good husband and parent, and it was evident that he struggled between compassion and duty. He kept referring to the laws on the subject, and, after long researches, said to me, "To-morrow is *Décadi*, and no proceedings can take place on that day. Find, madame, two responsible persons, who will answer for the appearance of your husband, and I will permit him to go home with you, accompanied by two guardians." Next day two friends were found, one of whom was M. Desmaisons, counsellor of the court, who became bail for M. de Bourrienne. He continued under these guardians six months, until a law compelled the persons who were inscribed on the fatal list to remove to the distance of ten leagues from Paris. One of the guardians was a man of straw; the other was a knight of St. Louis. The former was left in the antechamber; the latter made, every evening, one of our party at cards. The family of M. de Bourrienne have always felt the warmest gratitude to the judge of the peace and his family. That worthy man saved the life of M. de Bourrienne, who, when he returned from Egypt and had it in his power to do him some service, hastened to his house; but the good judge was no more!

The letters mentioned in the narrative were at this time stolen from me by the police officers.

Every one was now eager to pay court to a man who had risen from the crowd in consequence of the part he had acted at an extraordinary crisis, and who was spoken of as the future General of the Army of Italy. It was expected that he would be gratified, as he really was, by the restoration of some letters which contained the expression of his former very modest wishes, called to recollection his unpleasant situation, his limited ambition, his pretended aversion for public employment, and finally exhibited his intimate relations with those who were, without hesitation, characterized as emigrants, to be afterwards made the victims of confiscation and death.

The 13th of Vendémiaire (5th October, 1795) was approaching. The National Convention had been painfully delivered of a new constitution, called, from the epoch of its birth, "the Constitution of Year III." It was adopted on the 22d August, 1795. The provident legislators did not forget themselves. They stipulated that two-thirds of their body should form part of the new legislature. The

party opposed to the Convention hoped, on the contrary, that, by a general election, a majority would be obtained for its opinion. That opinion was against the continuation of power in the hands of men who had already so greatly abused it. The same opinion was also entertained by a great part of the most influential Sections of Paris, both as to the possession of property and talent. These Sections declared that, in accepting the new constitution, they rejected the decree of the 30th of August, which required the reëlection of two-thirds. The Convention, therefore, found itself menaced in what it held most dear—its power,—and accordingly resorted to measures of defence. A declaration was put forth, stating that the Convention, if attacked, would remove to Chalons-sur-Marne; and the commanders of the armed force were called upon to defend that body.

The 5th of October, the day on which the Sections of Paris attacked the Convention, is certainly one which ought to be marked in the wonderful destiny of Bonaparte. With the events of that day were linked, as cause and effect, many great political convulsions of Europe. The blood which flowed ripened the seeds of the youthful General's ambition. It must be admitted that the history of past ages presents few periods full of such extraordinary events as the years included between 1795 and 1815. The man whose name serves, in some measure, as a recapitulation of all these great events was entitled to believe himself immortal.

Living retired at Sens since the month of July, I only learned what had occasioned the insurrection of the Sections from public report and the journals. I cannot, therefore, say what part Bonaparte may have taken in the intrigues which preceded that day. He was officially characterized only as secondary actor in the scene. The account of the affair which was published announces that Barras was, on that very day, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and Bonaparte second in command. Bonaparte drew up that account. The whole of the manuscript was in his handwriting, and it exhibits all the peculiarity of his style and orthography. He sent me a copy.

Those who read the bulletin of the 13th Vendémiaire, cannot fail to observe the care which Bonaparte took to cast the reproach of shedding the first blood on the men he calls rebels. He made a great point of representing his adversaries as the aggressors. It is certain he long regretted that day. He often told me that he would give years of his life to blot it out from the page of his history. He was convinced that the people of Paris were dreadfully irritated against him, and he would have been glad if Barras had never made that speech in the Convention, with the part of which, complimentary to himself, he was at the time so well pleased. Barras said, "It is to his able and prompt dispositions that we are indebted for the defence of this assembly, around which he had posted the troops with so much skill." This is perfectly true, but it is not always agreeable that every truth should be told. Being out of Paris, and a total stranger to this affair, I know not how far he was indebted for his success to chance, or to his own exertions, in the part assigned to him by the miserable Government which then oppressed France. He represented himself only as secondary actor in this sanguinary scene in which Barras made him his associate. He sent to me, as already mentioned, an account of the transaction, written entirely in his own hand, and distinguished by all the peculiarities of his style and orthography.¹

"On the 13th," says Bonaparte, "at five o'clock in the morning, the representative of the people, Barras, was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and General Bonaparte was nominated second in command.

"The artillery for service on the frontier was still at the camp of Sablons, guarded solely by 150 men; the remainder was at Marly with 200 men. The depot of Meudon was left unprotected. There were at the Feuillans only a few four-pounders without artillerymen, and but 80,000 cartridges. The victualling depots were dispersed throughout Paris. In

¹ Joseph Bonaparte, in a note on this passage, insinuates that the account of the 13th Vendémiaire was never sent to Sens, but was abstracted by Bourrienne, with other documents, from Napoleon's cabinet (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 239).

many Sections the drums beat to arms; the Section of the Théâtre Français had advanced posts even as far as the Pont Neuf, which it had barricaded.

“General Barras ordered the artillery to move immediately from the camp of Sablons to the Tuileries, and selected the artillerymen from the battalions of the 89th regiment, and from the *gendarmerie*, and placed them at the Palace; sent to Meudon 200 men of the police legion whom he brought from Versailles, 50 cavalry, and two companies of veterans; he ordered the property which was at Marly to be conveyed to Meudon; caused cartridges to be brought there, and established a workshop at that place for the manufacture of more. He secured means for the subsistence of the army and of the Convention for many days, independently of the depots which were in the Sections.

“General Verdier, who commanded at the Palais National, exhibited great coolness; he was required not to suffer a shot to be fired till the last extremity. In the meantime reports reached him from all quarters acquainting him that the Sections were assembled in arms, and had formed their columns. He accordingly arrayed his troops so as to defend the Convention, and his artillery was in readiness to repulse the rebels. His cannon was planted at the Feuillans to fire down the Rue Honoré. Eight-pounders were pointed at every opening, and in the event of any mishap, General Verdier had cannon in reserve to fire in flank upon the column which should have forced a passage. He left in the Carrousel three howitzers (eight-pounders) to batter down the houses from which the Convention might be fired upon. At four o'clock the rebel columns marched out from every street to unite their forces. It was necessary to take advantage of this critical moment to attack the insurgents, even had they been regular troops. But the blood about to flow was French; it was therefore for these misguided people, already guilty of rebellion, to imbrue their hands in the blood of their countrymen by striking the first blow.

“At a quarter before five o'clock the insurgents had formed. The attack was commenced by them on all sides.

They were everywhere routed. French blood was spilled: the crime, as well as the disgrace, fell this day upon the Sections.

“Among the dead were everywhere to be recognized emigrants, landowners, and nobles; the prisoners consisted for the most part of the *chouans* of Charette.

“Nevertheless the Sections did not consider themselves beaten: they took refuge in the church of St. Roch, in the theatre of the Republic, and in the Palais Égalité; and everywhere they were heard furiously exciting the inhabitants to arms. To spare the blood which would have been shed the next day it was necessary that no time should be given them to rally, but to follow them with vigor, though without incurring fresh hazards. The General ordered Montchoisy, who commanded a reserve at the Place de la Révolution, to form a column with two twelve-pounders, to march by the Boulevard in order to turn the Place Vendôme, to form a junction with the picket stationed at headquarters, and to return in the same order of column.

“General Brune, with two howitzers, deployed in the streets of St. Nicaise and St. Honoré. General Cartaux sent two hundred men and a four-pounder of his division by the Rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre to debouch in the square of the Palais Égalité. General Bonaparte, who had his horse killed under him, repaired to the Feuillans.

“The columns began to move. St. Roch and the theatre of the Republic were taken by assault, when the rebels abandoned them, and retreated to the upper part of the Rue de la Loi, and barricaded themselves on all sides. Patrols were sent thither, and several cannon-shots were fired during the night, in order to prevent them from throwing up defences, which object was effectually accomplished.

“At daybreak, the General having learned that some students from the St. Geneviève side of the river were marching with two pieces of cannon to succor the rebels, sent a detachment of dragoons in pursuit of them, who seized the cannon and conducted them to the Tuileries. The enfeebled Sections, however, still showed a front. They had barricaded the Sec-

tion of Grenelle, and placed their cannon in the principal streets. At nine o'clock General Beruyer hastened to form his division in battle array in the Place Vendôme, marched with two eight-pounders to the Rue des Vieux-Augustins, and pointed them in the direction of the Section Le Pelletier. General Vachet, with a corps of *tirailleurs*, marched on his right, ready to advance to the Place Victoire. General Brune marched to the Perron, and planted two howitzers at the upper end of the Rue Vivienne. General Duvigier, with his column of six hundred men, and two twelve-pounders, advanced to the streets of St. Roch and Montmartre. The Sections lost courage with the apprehension of seeing their retreat cut off, and evacuated the post at the sight of our soldiers, forgetting the honor of the French name which they had to support. The Section of Brutus still caused some uneasiness. The wife of a representative had been arrested there. General Duvigier was ordered to proceed along the Boulevard as far as the Rue Poissonnière. General Beruyer took up a position at the Place Victoire, and General Bonaparte occupied the Pont-au-Change.

"The Section of Brutus was surrounded, and the troops advanced upon the Place de Grève, where the crowd poured in from the Isle St. Louis, from the Théâtre Français, and from the Palace. Everywhere the patriots had regained their courage, while the poniards of the emigrants, armed against us, had disappeared. The people universally admitted their error.

"The next day the two Sections of Le Pelletier and the Théâtre Français were disarmed."

The result of this petty civil war brought Bonaparte forward; but the party he defeated at that period never pardoned him for the past, and that which he supported dreaded him in the future. Five years after he will be found reviving the principles which he combated on the 5th of October, 1795. On being appointed, on the motion of Barras, Lieutenant-General of the Army of the Interior, he established his headquarters in the Rue Neuve des Capucines. The statement in the *Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène*, that after the 13th Brumaire he

remained unemployed at Paris, is therefore obviously erroneous. So far from this, he was incessantly occupied with the policy of the nation, and with his own fortunes. Bonaparte was in constant, almost daily, communication with every one then in power, and knew how to profit by all he saw or heard.

To avoid returning to this *Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène*, which at the period of its appearance attracted more attention than it deserved, and which was very generally attributed to Bonaparte, I shall here say a few words respecting it. I shall briefly repeat what I said in a note when my opinion was asked, under high authority, by a minister of Louis XVIII.

No reader intimately acquainted with public affairs can be deceived by the pretended authenticity of this pamphlet. What does it contain? Facts perverted and heaped together without method, and related in an obscure, affected, and ridiculously sententious style. Besides what appears in it, but which is badly placed there, it is impossible not to remark the omission of what should necessarily be there, were Napoleon the author. It is full of absurd and of insignificant gossip, of thoughts Napoleon never had, expressions unknown to him, and affectations far removed from his character. With some elevated ideas, more than one style and an equivocal spirit can be seen in it. Professed coincidences are put close to unpardonable anachronisms, and to the most absurd revelations. It contains neither his thoughts, his style, his actions, nor his life. Some truths are mixed up with an inconceivable mass of falsehoods. Some forms of expression used by Bonaparte are occasionally met with, but they are awkwardly introduced, and often with bad taste.¹

¹ *Manuscrit venu de Sainte Hélène d'une manière inconnue*, London, Murray; Bruxelles, De Mat, 20 Avril, 1817. This work merits a note. Metternich (vol. i. pp. 312-13) says, "At the time when it appeared the manuscript of St. Helena made a great impression upon Europe. This pamphlet was generally regarded as a precursor of the memoirs which Napoleon was thought to be writing in his place of exile. The report soon spread that the work was conceived and executed by Madame de Staël. Madame de Staël, for her part, attributed it to Benjamin Constant, from whom she was at this time separated by some disagreement. Afterwards it came to be known that the author was the Marquis Lullin de Châteauneuf, a man in society, whom no one had suspected of being able to hold a pen." Jomini (tome i. p. 6, note) says, "It will be remarked that in the course of this work [his *Life of Napoleon*] the author has used some fifty pages of the pretended

It has been reported that the pamphlet was written by M. Bertrand, formerly an officer of the army of the Vistula, and a relation of the Comte de Siméon, peer of France.

Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène. Far from wishing to commit a plagiarism, he considers he ought to render this homage to a clever and original work, several false points of view in which, however, he has combated. It would have been easy for him to rewrite these pages in other terms, but they appeared to him to be so well suited to the character of Napoleon, that he has preferred to preserve them." In the will of Napoleon occurs (*see end of this work*): "I disavow the *Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène*, and the other works under the title of *Maxims*, *Sentences*, etc., which they have been pleased to publish during the last six years. Such rules are not those which have guided my life." This manuscript must not be confused with the *Memorial of Saint Helena*.

CHAPTER IV.

1795—1797.

On my return to Paris I meet Bonaparte — His interview with Josephine — Bonaparte's marriage, and departure from Paris ten days after — Portrait and character of Josephine — Bonaparte's dislike of national property — Letter to Josephine — Letter of General Colli, and Bonaparte's reply — Bonaparte refuses to serve with Kellerman — Marmont's letters — Bonaparte's order to me to join the army — My departure from Sens for Italy — Insurrection of the Venetian States.

AFTER the 13th Vendémiaire I returned to Paris from Sens. During the short time I stopped there, I saw Bonaparte less frequently than formerly. I had, however, no reason to attribute this to anything but the pressure of public business with which he was now occupied. When I did meet him it was most commonly at breakfast or dinner. One day he called my attention to a young lady who sat opposite to him, and asked what I thought of her. The way in which I answered his question appeared to give him much pleasure. He then talked a great deal to me about her, her family, and her amiable qualities; he told me that he should probably marry her, as he was convinced that the union would make him happy. I also gathered from his conversation that his marriage with the young widow would probably assist him in gaining the objects of his ambition. His constantly increasing influence with her had already brought him into contact with the most influential persons of that epoch. He remained in Paris only ten days after his marriage, which took place on the 9th of March, 1796.¹ It was a union in which great harmony pre-

¹ Bonaparte's first interview with Josephine, and the circumstance which gave rise to it, are thus described in the *Memoires de Constant*: —

“Eugene was not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age when he ventured to introduce himself to General Bonaparte, for the purpose of soliciting his father's sword, of which he understood the General had become pos-

vailed, notwithstanding occasional slight disagreements. Bonaparte never, to my knowledge, caused annoyance to his wife. Madame Bonaparte possessed personal graces and many good qualities.¹ I am convinced that all who were acquainted with her must have felt bound to speak well of her; so few, indeed, did she ever give cause for complaint. In the

feeling of affection for his father's memory, and the natural manner in which it was evinced, increased the interest of Bonaparte in his young visitor. Madame de Beauharnais, on learning the kind reception which the General had given her son, thought it her duty to call and thank him. Bonaparte was much pleased with Josephine on this first interview, and he returned her visit. The acquaintance thus commenced speedily led to their marriage."

This anecdote is related in nearly the same terms in *A Voice from St. Helena*. The story seems unlikely, however, as there was no disarmament after the 13th Vendémiaire, and Josephine, as a friend of Barras, would have been safe from any domiciliary visit; moreover, Bonaparte himself, at St. Helena, says that he first met Josephine at Barras's (see Lung's *Bonaparte* tome iii. p. 116).

¹ "Neither of his wives had ever anything to complain of from Napoleon's personal manners" (*Metternich*, vol. i. p. 279).

Madame de Rémusat, who, to paraphrase Thiers' saying on Bourrienne himself, is a trustworthy witness, for if she received benefits from Napoleon, they did not weigh on her, says, "However, Napoleon had some affection for his first wife; and, in fact, if he has at any time been touched, no doubt it has been only for her and by her" (tome i. p. 113). "Bonaparte was young when he first knew Madame de Beauharnais. In the circle where he met her she had a great superiority by the name she bore and by the extreme elegance of her manners. . . . In marrying Madame de Beauharnais, Bonaparte believed he was allying himself to a very grand lady; thus this was one more conquest" (p. 114). But in speaking of Josephine's complaints to Napoleon of his love affairs, Madame de Rémusat says, "Her husband sometimes answered by violences, the excess of which I do not dare to detail, until the moment when, his new fancy having suddenly passed, he felt his tenderness for his wife again renewed. Then he was touched by her sufferings, replaced his insults by caresses which were hardly more measured than his violences, and, as she was gentle and untenacious, she fell back into her feeling of security" (p. 206).

Miot de Melito, who was a follower of Joseph Bonaparte, says, "No woman has united so much kindness to so much natural grace, or has done more good with more pleasure than she did. She honored me with her friendship, and the remembrance of the benevolence she has shown me, to the last moment of her too short existence, will never be effaced from my heart" (tome i. pp. 101-2).

Meneval, the successor of Bourrienne in his place of secretary to Napoleon, and who remained attached to the Emperor until the end, says of Josephine (tome i. p. 227), "Josephine was irresistibly attractive. Her beauty was not regular, but she had *La grâce, plus belle encore que la beauté*, according to the good La Fontaine. She had the soft abandonment, the supple and elegant movements, and the graceful carelessness of the creoles.¹ Her temper was always the same. She was gentle and kind, affable and indulgent with every one, without difference of persons. She had neither a superior mind

¹ The reader must remember that the term "creole" does not imply any taint of black blood, but only that the person, of European family, has been born in the West Indies.

time of her power she did not lose any of her friends, because she forgot none of them. Benevolence was natural to her, but she was not always prudent in it, especially in her private life. Hence protection was often extended to persons who did not deserve it. Her taste for splendor and expense was excessive, and her proneness to luxury became a habit which seemed even to her indulged without any motive. What comes have I not witnessed when the moment for paying the tradesmen's bills arrived! She always kept back one-half of their claims, the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches, and many tears did she shed which might have been easily spared.

When fortune placed a crown on her head, she told me of the event, extraordinary as it was, had been predicted. I am certain that she put faith in fortune-tellers. I often expressed to her my astonishment that she should cherish such a be-

lieve, nor much learning, but her exquisite politeness, her full acquaintance with the court, and with their unobtrusive artifices, made her a know-at need the best thing to say or to do."

When Talleyrand was asked about her, " *Avant elle de l'esprit ?* " He answered, " *Elle s'en passait supérieurement bien* " (*History of Her and His*, p. 77).

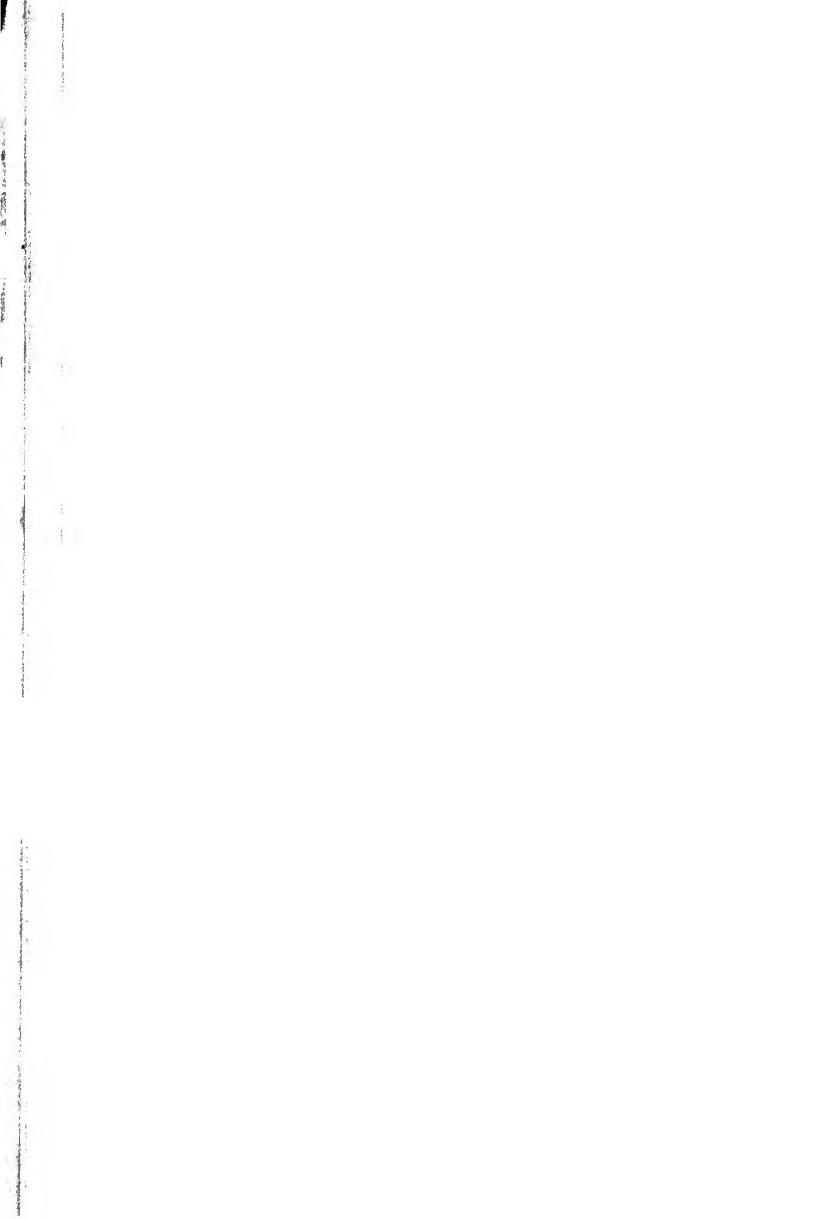
Perhaps Napoleon's feeling for Josephine may be best judged by one trait. After the divorce, Josephine's affairs, as usual with her, became embarrassed. The Comte Mollien, chosen for his conciliatory manner, was sent by the Emperor to see Josephine, and regulate matters. On his return Napoleon learnt that Josephine had shed tears. " Napoleon interrupted the Minister to say to him that he had specially ordered him not to make weep " (*Mémoires*, tome iii. p. 237).

It may be well also to have an unfavorable portrait of her. " Josephine says Lucien Bonaparte, " was not ill-natured, or rather, it has been constantly said that she was very kind; but that was when her acts of kindness cost her nothing. She had knowledge enough of the ' grand monde ' which she had been introduced by her first husband a short time before the Revolution of 1789. She had very little mind, and could not be called beautiful, but there were some creole reminiscences in the supple undulating lines of her figure, which was rather below the ordinary height. Her face had a natural freshness, but that was sufficiently remedied for candlelight by the care of her toilette. Yet all her person was not devoid of some remains of ' attracto-partage ' of her first youth, which the painter Gérard, that restorer of the damaged beauty of faded women, has agreeably reproduced in the portraits which remain to us of the wife of the First Consul." I go on to say that he hardly noticed her in 1796, so inferior was she to other beauties of the Court of Barras, of which the wife of Talleyrand was the real Calypso (*Lucien Bonaparte*, by Ludwig, tome i. pp. 145-26).

For a corroboration of this story of Josephine's kindness, see *id.* the vol. ii. pp. 59-60, where one of her *procès-verbaux*, finding that instead of a pet he had given her his tailor's bill to be presented to Napoleon, is found receiving her assurances that she and Napoleon have read the petition.



JOSÉPHINE.
EMPERESS OF FRANCE.



and she readily laughed at her own credulity; but notwithstanding never abandoned it. The event had given importance to the prophecy; but the foresight of the prophetess, said to be an old negress, was not the less a matter of doubt.

Not long before the 13th of Vendémiaire, that day which opened for Bonaparte his immense career, he addressed a letter to me at Sens, in which, after some of his usually friendly expressions, he said, "Look out a small piece of land in your beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will purchase it as soon as I can scrape together the money. I wish to retire there; but recollect that I will have nothing to do with national property."

Bonaparte left Paris on the 21st of March 1796, while I was still with my guardians. He no sooner joined the French army than General Colli, then in command of the Piedmontese army, transmitted to him the following letter, which, with its answer, I think sufficiently interesting to deserve preservation:—

GENERAL—I suppose that you are ignorant of the arrest of one of my officers, named Moulin, the bearer of a flag of truce, who has been detained for some days past at Murseco, contrary to the laws of war, and notwithstanding an immediate demand for his liberation being made by General Count Vital. His being a French emigrant cannot take from him the rights of a flag of truce, and I again claim him in that character. The courtesy and generosity which I have always experienced from the generals of your nation induces me to hope that I shall not make this application in vain; and it is with regret that I mention that your chief of brigade, Barthélemy, who ordered the unjust arrest of my flag of truce, having yesterday by the chance of war fallen into my hands, that officer will be dealt with according to the treatment which M. Moulin may receive.

I most sincerely wish that nothing may occur to change the noble and humane conduct which the two nations have hitherto been accustomed to observe towards each other. I have the honor, etc.,

(Signed) COLLI.

CEVA, 17th April, 1796.

Bonaparte replied as follows, —

GENERAL—An emigrant is a parricide whom no character can render sacred. The feelings of honor, and the respect due to the French people, were forgotten when M. Moulin was sent with a flag of truce. You know the laws of war, and I therefore do not give credit to the reprisals with

which you threaten the chief of brigade, Barthélemy. In a case of the laws of war, you authorize such an act of violence. If the punishment taken from you shall be immediately made known to me, I will take the most deplorable vengeance, for I entertain not the slightest doubt of your nation, that esteem which is due to brave soldiers.

The Executive Directory, to whom these letters were transmitted, approved of the arrest of M. Moreau, and ordered that he should be securely guarded, and not brought to trial, in consequence of the character with which he had been invested.

About the middle of the year 1796 the Directory proposed to appoint General Kellerman, who commanded the army of the Alps, second in command of the army of Italy.

On the 24th of May, 1796, Bonaparte wrote to Carnot respecting this plan, which was far from being agreeable to him. He said, "Whether I shall be employed here or anywhere else is indifferent to me: to serve the country, and to hold from posterity a page in our history, is all my ambition. If you join Kellerman and me in command of the army, we will undo everything. General Kellerman has more experience than I, and knows how to make war better than I do, but both together, we shall make it badly. I will not willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first soldier in Europe."

Numbers of letters from Bonaparte to his wife have been published. I cannot deny their authenticity, nor is it my wish to do so. I will, however, subjoin one which appears to me to differ a little from the rest. It is less remarkable for exaggerated expressions of love, and a still more audacious and affected style, than most of the correspondence here alluded to. Bonaparte is announcing the victory of Arcola to Josephine.

Verona, the 20th, moon 1.

At length, my adored Josephine, I have again Death no longer before me, and glory and honour are still in my breast. The enemy is beaten at Arcola. To-morrow we will repeat the blood of Valtenago, who abandoned Rivoli. In eight days Mantua will be ours, and then thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent

¹ There is no other date, but the text of the letter is not complete.

affection. I shall proceed to Milan as soon as I can: I am a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. I will send you their letters as soon as I am joined by my household, which is now somewhat dispersed.

We have made five thousand prisoners, and killed at least six thousand of the enemy. Adieu, my adorable Josephine. Think of me often. When you cease to love your Achilles, when your heart grows cool towards him, you will be very cruel, very unjust. But I am sure you will always continue my faithful mistress, as I shall ever remain your fond lover (*tendre amie*). Death alone can break the union which sympathy, love, and sentiment have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses.

It is impossible for me to avoid occasionally placing myself in the foreground in the course of these Memoirs. I owe it to myself to answer, though indirectly, to certain charges which, on various occasions, have been made against me. Some of the documents which I am about to insert belong, perhaps, less to the history of the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy than to that of his secretary; but I must confess I wish to show that I was not an intruder, nor yet pursuing, as an obscure intriguer, the path of fortune. I was influenced much more by friendship than by ambition when I took a part on the scene where the rising glory of the future Emperor already shed a lustre on all who were attached to his destiny. It will be seen by the following letters with what confidence I was then honored; but these letters, dictated by friendship, and not written for history, speak also of our military achievements; and whatever brings to recollection the events of that heroic period must still be interesting to many.

HEADQUARTERS AT MILAN,
20th Prairial, year IV. (8th June, 1796).

The General-in-Chief has ordered me, my dear Bourrienne, to make known to you the pleasure he experienced on hearing of you, and his ardent desire that you should join us. Take your departure, then, my dear Bourrienne, and arrive quickly. You may be certain of obtaining the testimonies of affection which are your due from all who know you; and we much regret that you were not with us to have a share in our success. The campaign which we have just concluded will be celebrated in the records of history. With less than 30,000 men, in a state of almost complete destitution, it is a fine thing to have, in the course of less than two months, beaten, eight different times, an army of from 65 to 70,000

men, obliged the King of Sardinia to make a humiliating peace, and driven the Austrians from Italy. The last victory, of which you have doubtless had an account, the passage of the Mincio, has closed our labors. There now remain for us the siege of Mantua and the capture of Milan; but these obstacles will not detain us long. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne; I repeat General Bonaparte's request that you should repair hither, and the testimony of his desire to see you. Receive, &c.

(Signed) MARMONT.

Chief of Brigade (Artillery), and Aide-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief.

I was obliged to remain at Sens, soliciting my name from the emigrant list, which I did not obtain, however, till 1797, and to put an end to a charge made against me of having fabricated a certificate of residence. Meanwhile I applied myself to study, and preferred repose to the agitation of camps. For these reasons I did not then accept this friendly invitation, notwithstanding that I was very desirous of seeing my young college friend in the midst of his astonishing triumphs. Ten months after, I received another letter from Marmont, in the following terms:

HEADQUARTERS, GORIZIA,

2d Germinal, year V. (2d March, 1797.)

The General-in-Chief, my dear Bourrienne, has ordered me to express to you his wish for your prompt arrival here. We have all along anxiously desired to see you, and look forward with great pleasure to the moment when we shall meet. I join with the General, my dear Bourrienne, in urging you to join the army without loss of time. You will increase a united family, happy to receive you into its bosom. I enclose an order written by the General, which will serve you as a passport. Take the post route and arrive as soon as you can. We are on the point of penetrating into Germany. The language is changing already, and in four days we shall hear no more Italian. Prince Charles has been well beaten, and we are pursuing him. If this campaign be fortunate, we may sign a peace, which is so necessary for Europe, in Vienna. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne; reckon for something the zeal of one who is much attached to you.

(Signed) MARMONT.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY
OF ITALY.

Headquarters, Gorizia, 2d Germinal, year V.

The citizen Bourrienne is to arrive at Gorizia on the 10th of March.

The odious manner in which I was then harassed, I know not why, on the part of the Government respecting my certificate of residence, rendered my stay in France not very agreeable. I was even threatened with being put on my trial for having produced a certificate of residence which was alleged to be signed by nine false witnesses. This time, therefore, I resolved without hesitation to set out for the army. General Bonaparte's order, which I registered at the municipality of Sens, answered for a passport, which otherwise would probably have been refused me. I have always felt a strong sense of gratitude for his conduct towards me on this occasion.

Notwithstanding the haste I made to leave Sens, the necessary formalities and precautions detained me some days, and at the moment I was about to depart I received the following letter : —

HEADQUARTERS, JUDENBOURG,
19th Germinal, year V. (8 April, 1797).

The General-in-Chief again orders me, my dear Bourrienne, to urge you to come to him quickly. We are in the midst of success and triumphs. The German campaign begins even more brilliantly than did the Italian. You may judge, therefore, what a promise it holds out to us. Come, my dear Bourrienne, immediately — yield to our solicitations — share our pains and pleasures, and you will add to our enjoyments.

I have directed the courier to pass through Sens, that he may deliver this letter to you, and bring me back your answer.

(Signed) MARMONT.

To the above letter this order was subjoined : —

The citizen Fauvelet de Bourrienne is ordered to leave Sens, and repair immediately by post to the headquarters of the army of Italy.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

I arrived at the Venetian territory at the moment when the insurrection against the French was on the point of breaking out. Thousands of peasants were instigated to rise under the pretext of appeasing the troubles of Bergamo and Brescia. I passed through Verona on the 16th of April, the eve of the signature of the preliminaries of Leoben and of the

revolt of Verona. Easter Sunday was the day which the ministers of Jesus Christ selected for preaching "that it was lawful, and even meritorious, to kill Jacobins." *Death to Frenchmen! — Death to Jacobins!* as they called all the French, were their rallying cries. At the time I had not the slightest idea of this state of things, for I had left Sens only on the 11th of April. After stopping two hours at Verona, I proceeded on my journey without being aware of the massacre which threatened that city. When about a league from the town I was, however, stopped by a party of insurgents on their way thither, consisting, as I estimated, of about two thousand men. They only desired me to cry *El viva Santo Marco*, an order with which I speedily complied, and passed on. What would have become of me had I been in Verona on the Monday? On that day the bells were rung, while the French were butchered in the hospitals. Every one met in the streets was put to death. The priests headed the assassins, and more than four hundred Frenchmen were thus sacrificed. The forts held out against the Venetians, though they attacked them with fury; but repossession of the town was not obtained until after ten days. On the very day of the insurrection of Verona some Frenchmen were assassinated between that city and Vicenza, through which I passed on the day before without danger; and scarcely had I passed through Padua, when I learned that others had been massacred there. Thus the assassinations travelled as rapidly as the post.

I shall say a few words respecting the revolt of the Venetian States, which, in consequence of the difference of political opinions, has been viewed in very contradictory lights.

The last days of Venice were approaching, and a storm had been brewing for more than a year. About the beginning of April, 1797, the threatening symptoms of a general insurrection appeared. The quarrel commenced when the Austrians entered Peschiera, and some pretext was also afforded by the reception given to *Monsieur*, afterwards Louis XVIII. It was certain that Venice had made military preparations during the siege of Mantua in 1796. The interests of the

outweighed the political considerations in our favor. On the 7th of June, 1796, General Bonaparte wrote thus to the Executive Directory:—

The Senate of Venice lately sent two judges of their Council here to ascertain definitively how things stand. I repeated my complaints. I spoke to them about the reception given to Monsieur. Should it be your plan to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have *expressly prepared* this sort of rupture for you. If your intentions be *more decided*, I think this ground of quarrel ought to be kept up. Let me know what you mean to do, and wait till the favorable moment, which I shall seize according to circumstances; for we must not have to do with all the world at once.

The Directory answered that the moment was not favorable; that it was first necessary to take Mantua, and give Wurmser a sound beating. However, towards the end of the year 1796 the Directory began to give more credit to the sincerity of the professions of neutrality made on the part of Venice. It was resolved, therefore, to be content with obtaining money and supplies for the army, and to refrain from violating the neutrality. The Directory had not then in reserve, like Bonaparte, the idea of making the dismemberment of Venice serve as a compensation for such of the Austrian possessions as the French Republic might retain.

In 1797 the expected favorable moment had arrived. The knell of Venice was rung; and Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory on the 30th of April: "I am convinced that the only course to be now taken is to destroy this ferocious and sanguinary Government." On the third of May, writing from Palma Nuova, he says: "I see nothing that can be done but to obliterate the Venetian name from the face of the globe."

Towards the end of March, 1797, the Government of Venice was in a desperate state. Ottolini, the Podesta of Bergamo, an instrument of tyranny in the hands of the State inquisitors, then harrassed the people of Bergamo and Brescia, who, after the reduction of Mantua, wished to be separated from Venice. He drew up, to be sent to the Senate, a long report respecting the plans of separation, founded on infor-

mation given him by a Roman advocate, named Marcellin Serpini, who pretended to have gleaned the facts he communicated in conversation with officers of the French army. The plan of the patriotic party was, to unite the Venetian territories on the mainland with Lombardy, and to form of the whole one republic. The conduct of Ottolini exasperated the party inimical to Venice, and augmented the prevailing discontent. Having disguised his valet as a peasant, he sent him off to Venice with the report he had drawn up on Serpini's communications, and other information; but this report never reached the inquisitors. The valet was arrested, his despatches taken, and Ottolini fled from Bergamo. This gave a beginning to the general rising of the Venetian States. In fact, the force of circumstances alone brought on the insurrection of those territories against their old insular government. General La Hoz, who commanded the Lombard legion, was the active protector of the revolution, which certainly had its origin more in the progress of the prevailing principles of liberty than in the crooked policy of the Senate of Venice. Bonaparte, indeed, in his despatches to the Directory, stated that the Senate had instigated the insurrection; but that was not quite correct, and he could not wholly believe his own assertion.

Pending the vacillation of the Venetian Senate, Vienna was exciting the population of its States on the mainland to rise against the French. The Venetian Government had always exhibited an extreme aversion to the French Revolution, which had been violently condemned at Venice. Hatred of the French had been constantly excited and encouraged, and religious fanaticism had inflamed many persons of consequence in the country. From the end of 1796 the Venetian Senate secretly continued its armaments, and the whole conduct of that Government announced intentions which have been called perfidious, but the only object of which was to defeat intentions still more perfidious. The Senate was the irreconcilable enemy of the French Republic. Excitement

complained that they were not permitted to arm against the French. The Austrian generals industriously circulated the most sinister reports respecting the armies of the Sabrem-et-Meuse and the Rhine, and the position of the French troops in the Tyrol. These impostures, printed in bulletins, were well calculated to instigate the Italians, and especially the Venetians, to rise in mass to exterminate the French, when the victorious army should penetrate into the Hereditary States.

The pursuit of the Archduke Charles into the heart of Austria encouraged the hopes which the Venetian Senate had conceived, that it would be easy to annihilate the feeble remnant of the French army, as the troops were scattered through the States of Venice on the mainland. Wherever the Senate had the ascendancy, insurrection was secretly fomented; wherever the influence of the patriots prevailed, ardent efforts were made to unite the Venetian *terra firma* to the Lombard Republic.

Bonaparte skilfully took advantage of the disturbance, and the massacres consequent on them, to adopt towards the Senate the tone of an offended conqueror. He published a declaration that the Venetian Government was the most treacherous imaginable. The weakness and cruel hypocrisy of the Senate facilitated the plan he had conceived of making a peace for France at the expense of the Venetian Republic. On returning from Leoben, a conqueror and pacificator, he, without ceremony, took possession of Venice, changed the established government, and, master of all the Venetian territory, found himself, in the negotiations of Campo Formio, able to dispose of it as he pleased, as a compensation for the cessions which had been exacted from Austria. After the 19th of May he wrote to the Directory that one of the objects of his treaty with Venice was to avoid bringing upon us the odium of violating the preliminaries relative to the Venetian territory, and, at the same time, to afford pretexts and to facilitate their execution.

At Campo Formio the fate of this republic was decided. It disappeared from the number of States without effort or

noise. The silence of its fall astonished imagination by historical recollections from the brilliant maritime glory. Its power, however, which had undermined, existed no longer except in the present recollections. What resistance could it have opposed to a man destined to change the face of all Europe ?

CHAPTER V.

1797.

Signature of the preliminaries of peace — Fall of Venice — My arrival and reception at Leoben — Bonaparte wishes to pursue his success — The Directory opposes him — He wishes to advance on Vienna — Movement of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse — Bonaparte's dissatisfaction — Arrival at Milan — We take up our residence at Montebello — Napoleon's judgment respecting Dandolo and Melzi.

I JOINED Bonaparte at Leoben on the 19th of April, the day after the signature of the preliminaries of peace. These preliminaries resembled in no respect the definitive treaty of Campo Formio. The still incomplete fall of the State of Venice did not at that time present an available prey for partition. All was arranged afterwards. Woe to the small States that come in immediate contact with two colossal empires waging war!

Here terminated my connection with Bonaparte as a comrade and equal, and those relations with him commenced in which I saw him suddenly great, powerful, and surrounded with homage and glory. I no longer addressed him as I had been accustomed to do. I appreciated too well his personal importance. His position placed too great a social distance between him and me not to make me feel the necessity of fashioning my demeanor accordingly. I made with pleasure, and without regret, the easy sacrifice of the style of familiar companionship and other little privileges. He said, in a loud voice, when I entered the *salon* where he was surrounded by the officers who formed his brilliant staff, "I am glad to see you, at last" — "*Te voilà donc enfin ;*" but as soon as we were alone he made me understand that he was pleased with my reserve, and thanked me for it. I was immediately placed

dangers which menaced the French, and of those which I had escaped, etc. "Care thou¹ nothing about it," said he "those rascals shall pay for it. Their republic has had its day, and is done." This republic was, however, still existing, wealthy and powerful. These words brought to my recollection what I had read in a work by one Gabriel Naudé, who wrote during the reign of Louis XIII. for Cardinal de Bagin; "Do you see Constantinople, which flatters itself with being the seat of a double empire; and Venice, which glories in her stability of a thousand years? *Their day will come.*"

In the first conversation which Bonaparte had with me, I thought I could perceive that he was not very well satisfied with the preliminaries. He would have liked to advance with his army to Vienna. He did not conceal this from me. Before he offered peace to Prince Charles, he wrote to the Directory that he intended to pursue his success, but that for this purpose he reckoned on the co-operation of the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine. The Directory replied that he must not reckon on a diversion in Germany, and that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were not to pass that river. A resolution so unexpected — a declaration so contrary to what he had constantly solicited, compelled him to terminate his triumphs, and renounce his favorite project of planting the standard of the Republic on the ramparts of Vienna, or at least of levying contributions on the suburbs of that capital.

A law of the 23d of August, 1794, forbade the use of any other names than those in the register of births. I wished to conform to this law, which very foolishly interfered with old habits. My eldest brother was living, and I therefore designated myself Fauvelet the younger. This annoyed General Bonaparte. "Such change of name is absolute nonsense," said he. "I have known you for twenty years by the name of Bourrienne. Sign as you still are named, and see what the advocates with their laws will do."

On the 20th of April, as Bonaparte was returning to Italy, he was obliged to stop on an Island of the Taglia

mento, while a torrent passed by, which had been occasioned by a violent storm. A courier appeared on the right bank of the river. He reached the island. Bonaparte read in the despatches of the Directory that the armies of the Saar, the Moselle, the Meuse and the Rhine were in motion; that they were preparing to cross the Rhine, and had commenced hostilities on the very day of the signing of the preliminaries. This information arrived seven days after the Directory had written to him that "he must not reckon on the coöperation of the armies of Germany." It is impossible to describe the general's vexation on reading these despatches. He had signed the preliminaries only because the Government had represented the coöperation of the armies of the Rhine as impracticable at that moment, and shortly afterwards he was informed that the coöperation was about to take place! The agitation of his mind was so great that he for a moment conceived the idea of crossing to the left bank of the Rhine, and breaking off the negotiations under some pretext or other. He persisted for some time in this resolution, which, however, Berthier and some other generals successfully opposed. He exclaimed, "What a difference would there have been in the preliminaries, if, indeed, there had been any!"

His chagrin, I might almost say his despair, increased when, some days after his entry into the Venetian States, he received a letter from Moreau, dated the 23d of April, in which that general informed him that, having passed the Rhine on the 20th with brilliant success, and taken fifteen thousand prisoners, it would not be long before he joined him. Who, in fact, can say what would have happened for the vacillating and distrustful policy of the Directory, which always encouraged low intrigues, and participated in the jealousy excited by the renown of the young conqueror? Because the Directory dreaded his ambition they sacrificed the glory of our arms and the honor of the nation; for it cannot be doubted that, had the passage of the Rhine been urgently demanded by Bonaparte, taken place some days sooner, he would have been able, without incurring any risk

to dictate imperiously the condition of peace on the spot; or, if Austria were obstinate, to have gone on to Vienna and signed it there. Still occupied with this idea, he wrote to the Directory on the 8th of May: "Since I have received intelligence of the passage of the Rhine by Hoche and Moreau, I much regret that it did not take place fifty days sooner; or, at least, that Moreau did not say that he was in a situation to effect it." (He had been informed to the contrary.) What, after this, becomes of the unjust reproach against Bonaparte of having, through jealousy of Moreau, deprived France of the advantages which a prolonged campaign would have procured her? Bonaparte was too devoted to the glory of France to sacrifice it to jealousy of the glory of any individual.

In traversing the Venetian States, to return to Milan, he often spoke to me of Venice. He always assured me that he was originally entirely unconnected with the insurrection, which had agitated that country; that common sense would show, as his project was to advance into the basin of the Danube, he had no interest in having his rear disturbed by revolts, and his communications interrupted or cut off. "Such an idea," said he, "would be absurd, and could never enter into the mind of a man to whom even his enemies cannot deny a certain degree of tact." He acknowledged that he was not vexed that matter had turned out as they had done, because he had already taken advantage of these circumstances in the preliminaries and hoped to profit still more from them in the definitive peace ("When I arrive at Milan," said he, "I will occupy myself with Venice.") It is therefore quite evident to me that in reality the General in Chief had nothing to do with the Venetian insurrection; that subsequently he was not displeased with them; and that, later still, he derived great advantage from them.

We arrived at Milan on the 6th of May, by way of Leybach, Trieste, Palma-Nuova, Padua, Verona, and Mantua. Bonaparte soon took up his residence at Montebello, a very fine château, three leagues from Milan, with a view over the rich and magnificent plains of Lombardy. At Montebello were

terminated at Passeriano.) The Marquis de Gallo, the Austrian plenipotentiary, resided half a league from Montebello.

During his residence at Montebello the General-in-Chief made an excursion to the Lake of Como and to the Lago Maggiore. He visited the Borromean Islands in succession, and occupied himself on his return with the organization of the towns of Venice, Genoa, and Milan.) He sought for men and found none. "Good God," said he, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two, Dandolo and Melzi."

He appreciated them properly. Dandolo was one of the men who, in these revolutionary times, reflected the greatest honor upon Italy. After being a member of the great council of the Cisalpine Republic, he exercised the functions of *Proveditore-General* in Dalmatia. It is only necessary to mention the name of Dandolo to the Dalmatians to learn from the grateful inhabitants how just and vigorous his administration was. The services of Melzi are known. He was Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals of the Italian monarchy, and was created Duke of Lodi.¹

In those who have seen the world the truth of Napoleon's reproaches excites little astonishment. In a country which, according to biographies and newspapers, abounds with extraordinary men, a woman of much talent² said, "What has most surprised me, since the elevation of my husband has afforded me the opportunity of knowing many persons, and particularly those employed in important affairs, is the universal mediocrity which exists. It surpasses all that the imagination can conceive, and it is observable in all ranks, from the clerk to the minister. Without this experience I never could have believed my species to be so contemptible."

Who does not remember Oxenstiern's remark to his son, who trembled at going so young to the congress of Munster: "Go, my son. You will see by what sort of men the world is governed."

¹ Francesco, Comte de Melzi d'Eryl (1753-1816), Vice-President of the Italian Republic, 1802; Chancellor of the Kingdom of Italy, 1805; Duc de Lodi, 1807.

² Madame Roland.

CHAPTER VI.

1797.

Napoleon's correspondence — Release of French prisoners at Olmutz — Negotiations with Austria — Bonaparte's dissatisfaction — Letter of complaint from Bonaparte to the Executive Directory — Note respecting the affairs of Venice and the Club of Clichy, written by Bonaparte and circulated in the army — Intercepted letter of the Emperor Francis.

DURING the time when the preliminaries of Leoben suspended military operations, Napoleon was not anxious to reply immediately to all letters. He took a fancy to do, not exactly as Cardinal Dubois did, when he threw into the fire the letters he had received, saying, "There! my correspondents are answered," but something of the same kind. To satisfy himself that people wrote too much, and lost, in trifling and useless answers, valuable time, he told me to open only the letters which came by extraordinary couriers, and to leave all the rest for three weeks in the basket. At the end of that time it was unnecessary to reply to four-fifths of these communications. Some were themselves answers; some were acknowledgments of letters received; others contained requests for favors already granted, but of which intelligence had not been received. Many were filled with complaints respecting provisions, pay, or clothing, and orders had been issued upon all these points before the letters were written. Some generals demanded reinforcements, money, promotion, etc. By not opening their letters Bonaparte was spared the unpleasant office of refusing. When the General-in-Chief compared the very small number of letters which it was necessary to answer with the large number which time alone had answered, he laughed heartily at his whimsical idea. Would not this mode of proceeding be preferable to that of causing letters to be opened by any one who may be employed and

plying to them by a circular to which it is only necessary to attach a date ?

During the negotiations which followed the treaty of Leoben, the Directory ordered General Bonaparte to demand the liberty of MM. de La Fayette, Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, detained at Olmütz since 1792 as prisoners of state. The General-in-Chief executed this commission with as much pleasure as zeal, but he often met with difficulties which appeared to be insurmountable. It has been very incorrectly stated that these prisoners obtained their liberty by one of the articles of the preliminaries of Leoben. I wrote a great deal on this subject to the dictation of General Bonaparte, and I joined him only on the day after the signature of these preliminaries. It was not till the end of May of the year 1797 that the liberation of these captives was demanded, and they did not obtain their freedom till the end of August. There was no article in the treaty, public or secret, which had reference to them. Neither was it at his own suggestion that Bonaparte demanded the enlargement of the prisoners, but by order of the Directory. To explain why they did not go to France immediately after their liberation from Olmütz, it is necessary to recollect that the events of the 18th Fructidor occurred between the period when the first steps were taken to procure their liberty and the date of their deliverance. It required all Bonaparte's ascendancy and vigor of character to enable him to succeed in his object at the end of three months.

We had arrived at the month of July, and the negotiations were tediously protracted. It was impossible to attribute the embarrassment which was constantly occurring to anything but the artful policy of Austria. Other affairs occupied Bonaparte. The news from Paris engrossed all his attention. He saw with extreme displeasure the manner in which the influential orators of the councils, and pamphlets written in the same spirit as they spoke, criticised him, his army, his victories, the affairs of Venice, and the national glory. He was quite indignant at the suspicions which it was sought to create respecting his conduct and ulterior views.

The following excerpts, attributed to the pen of Dumouriez or Rivarol, are specimens of some of the comments of the time:—

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS IN *Le Spectateur du Nord* OF 1797,

General Bonaparte is, without contradiction, the most brilliant warrior who has appeared at the head of the armies of the French Republic. His glory is incompatible with democratic equality, and the services he has rendered are too great to be recompensed except by hatred and ingratitude. He is very young, and consequently has to pursue a long career of accusations and of persecutions.

. . . Whatever may be the crowning event of his military career, Bonaparte is still a great man. All his glory is due to him self alone, because he alone has developed a character and a genius of which no one else has furnished an example.

EXTRACT OF LETTER OF 18TH APRIL, 1797 IN *Le Spectateur du Nord*.

Regard, for instance, this wretched war. Uncertain in Champagne, it becomes daring under Dumouriez, unbridled under the brigands who fought the Vendéens, methodic under Pichegru, vulgar under Jourdan, skilled under Moreau, rash under Bonaparte. Each general has put the seal of his genius on his career, and has given life or death to his army. From the commencement of his career Bonaparte has developed an ardent character which is irritated by obstacle, and a quickness which forestalls every determination of the enemy. It is with heavier and heavier blows that he strikes. He throws his army on the enemy like an unloosed torrent. He is all action, and he does everything. See him fight, negotiate, decree, punish, all is the matter of a moment. He compromises with Turin as with Rome. He makes Moscow as he burns Binasco. He never hesitates to cut the Gordian knot as always his method.

Bonaparte could not endure to have his conduct predicated; and enraged at seeing his campaign depreciated, his glory and that of his army disparaged,¹ and intrigues formed against him in the Club of Cllichy, he wrote the following letter to the Directory:—

¹ The extraordinary folly of the opposition to the Directory in throwing Bonaparte on to the side of the Directory, will be seen by reading the speech of Dumolard, so often referred to by Bourrienne (*Ann.* 3, vol. 3, pp. 116-117), and by the attempts of Mathieu Dumas to remove the impression that the opposition slighted the fortunate General. (See *Dumas*, *l'ame* 31, p. 90, see

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY,

I have just received, Citizens-Directors, a copy of the motion of Dumolard (23d June, 1797).

This motion, printed by order of the Assembly, it is evident, is directed against me. I was entitled, after having five times concluded peace, and given a death-blow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live tranquilly under the protection of the first magistrates of the Republic. At present I find myself ill-treated, persecuted, and disparaged, by every shameful means which their policy brings to the aid of persecution. I would have been indifferent to all except that species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the Republic endeavor to overwhelm me. After having deserved well of my country by my last act, I am not bound to hear myself accused in a manner as absurd as atrocious. I have not expected that a manifesto, signed by emigrants, paid by England, should obtain more credit with the Council of Five Hundred than the evidence of eighty thousand men — than mine! What! we were assassinated by traitors — upwards of four hundred men perished; and the first magistrates of the Republic make it a crime to have believed the statement for a moment. Upwards of four hundred Frenchmen were dragged through the streets. They were assassinated before the eyes of the governor of the fort. They were pierced with a thousand blows of stilettoes, such as I sent you — and the representatives of the French people cause it to be printed, that if they believed this fact for an instant, they were excusable. I know well there are societies where it is said, “Is this blood, then, so pure?”

If only base men, who are dead to the feeling of patriotism and national glory, had spoken of me thus, I would not have complained. I would have disregarded it; but I have a right to complain of the degradation to which the first magistrates of the Republic reduce those who have aggrandized, and carried the French name to so high a pitch of glory. Citizens-Directors, I reiterate the demand I made for my dismissal; I wish to live in tranquillity, if the poniards of Clichy will allow me to live. You have employed me in negotiations. I am not very fit to conduct them.

About the same time he drew up the following note respecting the affairs of Venice, which was printed without the author's name, and circulated through the whole army: —

NOTE.

Bonaparte, pausing before the gates of Turin, Parma, Rome, and Vienna, offering peace when he was sure of obtaining nothing but fresh triumphs — Bonaparte, whose every operation exhibits respect for religion, morality, and old age; who, instead of heaping, as he might have done, dishonor upon the Venetians, and humbling their republic to the

earth, loaded her with acts of kindness, and took such great interest in her glory — is this the same Bonaparte who is accused of destroying the ancient Government of Venice, and democratizing Genoa, and even of interfering in the affairs of the prudent and worthy people of the Swiss Cantons? Bonaparte had passed the Tagliamento, and entered Germany, when insurrections broke out in the Venetian States; these insurrections were, therefore, opposed to Bonaparte's project; surely, then, he could not favor them. When he was in the heart of Germany the Venetians massacred more than four hundred French troops, drove their quarters out of Verona, assassinated the unfortunate Laugier, and presented the spectacle of a fanatical party in arms. He returned to Italy; and on his arrival, as the winds cease their agitation at the presence of Neptune, the whole of Italy, which was in commotion, which was in arms, was restored to order.

However, the deputies from Bonaparte drew up different articles conformable to the situation of the country, and in order to prevent, not a revolution in the Government, for the Government was defunct, and had died a natural death, but a crisis, and to save the city from convulsion, anarchy, and pillage. Bonaparte spared a division of his army to save Venice from pillage and massacre. All the battalions were in the streets of Venice, the disturbers were put down, and the pillage discontinued. Property and trade were preserved, when General Baraguey d'Hilliers entered Venice with his division. Bonaparte, as usual, spared blood, and was the protector of Venice. Whilst the French troops remained they conducted themselves peaceably, and only interfered to support the provisional Government.

Bonaparte could not say to the deputies of Venice, who came to ask his protection and assistance against the populace, who wished to plunder them, "I cannot meddle with your affairs." He could not say this, for Venice, and all its territories, had really formed the theatre of war; and, being in the rear of the army of Italy, the Republic of Venice was really under the jurisdiction of that army. The rights of war confer upon a general the powers of supreme police over the countries which are the seat of war. As the great Frederick said, "There are no neutrals where there is war." Ignorant advocates and babblers have asked, in the Club of Clichy, why we occupy the territory of Venice. These declaimers should learn war, and they would know that the Adige, the Brenta, and the Tagliamento, where we have been fighting for two years, are within the Venetian States. But, gentlemen of Clichy, we are at no loss to perceive your meaning. You reproach the army of Italy for having surmounted all difficulties — for subduing all Italy — for having twice passed the Alps — for having marched on Vienna, and obliged Austria to acknowledge the Republic that you, men of Clichy, would destroy. You accuse Bonaparte, I see clearly, for having brought about peace. But I know you, and I speak in the name of eighty thousand soldiers. The time is gone when base advocates and wretched declaimers could

induce soldiers to revolt. If, however, you compel them, the soldiers of the army of Italy will soon appear at the Barrier of Clichy, with their General. But woe unto you if they do!

Bonaparte having arrived at Palma-Nuova, issued a manifesto on the 2d of May, 1797. Arrived at Mestre, where he posted his troops, the Government sent three deputies to him, with a decree of the Great Council, without Bonaparte having solicited it and without his having thought of making any change in the Government of that country. The governor of Venice was an old man, ninety-nine years of age, confined by illness to his apartment. Every one felt the necessity of renovating this Government of twelve hundred years' existence, and to simplify its machinery, in order to preserve its independence, honor, and glory. It was necessary to deliberate, first, on the manner of renovating the Government; secondly, on the means of atoning for the massacre of the French, of the iniquity of which every one was sensible.

Bonaparte, after having received the deputation at Mestre, told them that in order to obtain satisfaction for the assassination of his brethren in arms, he wished the Great Council to arrest the inquisitors. He afterwards granted them an armistice, and appointed Milan as the place of conference. The deputies arrived at Milan on the . . . A negotiation commenced to re-establish harmony between the Governments. However, anarchy, with all its horrors, afflicted the city of Venice. Ten thousand Slavonians threatened to pillage the shops. Bonaparte acquiesced in the proposition submitted by the deputies, who promised to verify the loss which had been sustained by pillage.

Bonaparte also addressed a manifesto to the Doge, which appeared in all the public papers. It contained fifteen articles of complaint, and was followed by a decree ordering the French Minister to leave Venice, the Venetian agents to leave Lombardy, and the Lion of St. Mark to be pulled down in all the Continental territories of Venice.

(The General-in-Chief now openly manifested his resolution of marching on Paris,) and this disposition, which was well known in the army, was soon communicated to Vienna. At this period a (letter from the Emperor Francis II. to his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was intercepted by Bonaparte.) I translated the letter, which (proved to him that Francis II. was acquainted with his project.) He likewise saw with pleasure the assurances which the Emperor gave his brother of his love of peace, as well as the wavering of the imperial resolves, and the incertitude respecting the fate of

the Italian princes, which the Emperor easily perceived to depend on Bonaparte. The Emperor's letter was as follows, —

MY DEAR BROTHER — I punctually received your third letter, containing a description of your unhappy and delicate situation. You may be assured that I perceive it as clearly as you do yourself; and I pity you the more because, in truth, I do not know what advice to give you. You are, like me, the victim of the former inactivity of the princes of Italy, who ought, at once, to have acted with all their united forces, while I still possessed Mantua. If Bonaparte's project be, as I learn, to establish republics in Italy, this is likely to end in spreading republicanism over the whole country. I have already commenced negotiations for peace, and the preliminaries are ratified. If the French observe them as strictly as I do, and will do, then your situation will be improved; but already the French are beginning to disregard them. The principal problem which remains to be solved is, whether the French Directory approve of Bonaparte's proceedings, and whether the latter, as appears by some papers distributed through his army, is not disposed to revolt against his country, which also seems to be probable, from his severe conduct towards Switzerland, notwithstanding the assurances of the Directory, that he had been ordered to leave the country untouched. If this should be the case, new and innumerable difficulties may arise. Under these circumstances I can, at present, advise nothing; for, as to myself, it is only time and the circumstances of the moment which can point out how I am to act.

There is nothing new here. We are all well: but the heat is extraordinary. Always retain your friendship and love for me. Make my compliments to your wife, and believe me ever

Your best Friend and Brother,

FRANCIS.

HETZENDORF, *July 20, 1797.*

CHAPTER VII.

1797.

Unfounded reports — Carnot — Capitulation of Mantua — General Clarke — The Directory yields to Bonaparte — Berthier — Arrival of Eugène Beauharnais at Milan — Comte Delaunay d'Entraigues — His interview with Bonaparte — Seizure of his papers — Copy of one describing a conversation between him and Comte de Montgaillard — The Emperor Francis — The Prince de Condé and General Pichegru.

WHILE Bonaparte was expressing his opinion on his campaigns and the injustice with which they had been criticised, it was generally believed that Carnot dictated to him from a closet in the Luxembourg all the plans of his operations, and that Berthier was at his right hand, without whom, notwithstanding Carnot's plans, which were often mere romances, he would have been greatly embarrassed. This twofold misrepresentation was very current for some time; and, notwithstanding it was contrary to the evidence of facts, it met with much credence, particularly abroad. There was, however, no foundation for the opinion. Let us render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's due. Bonaparte was a creator in the art of war, and no imitator. That no man was superior to him in that art is incontestable. At the commencement of the glorious campaign in Italy the Directory certainly sent out instructions to him; but he always followed his own plans, and continually wrote back that all would be lost if movements conceived at a distance from the scene of action were to be blindly executed. He also offered to resign. At length the Directory perceived the impossibility of prescribing operations of war according to the view of persons in Paris; and when I became the secretary of the General-in-Chief I saw a despatch of the Directory, dated May, 1796, committing the whole plan of the campaign to his judgment; and assuredly

originate with him. Carnot was obliged to yield to his firmness. When the Directory, towards the end of 1796, felt disposed to treat for peace, General Clarke, appointed to conclude the armistice, was authorized, in case Mantua should not be taken before the negotiation was brought to a close, to propose leaving the blockade *in statu quo*. Had such a condition been adopted it would doubtless have been stipulated that the Emperor of Austria should be allowed to provision the garrison and inhabitants of the city day by day. Bonaparte, convinced that an armistice without Mantua would by no means conduce to peace, earnestly opposed such a condition. He carried his point; Mantua capitulated, and the result is well known. Yet he was not blind to the hazards of war; while preparing, during the blockade, an assault on Mantua, he wrote thus to the Directory: "A bold stroke of this nature depends absolutely for success on a dog or a goose." This was about a question of surprise.

Bonaparte was exceedingly sensitive to the rumors which reached him respecting Carnot and Berthier. He one day said to me: "What gross stupidity is this? It is very well to say to a general, 'Depart for Italy, gain battles, and sign a peace at Vienna;' but the execution—that is not so easy. I never attached any value to the plans which the Directory sent me. Too many circumstances occur on the spot to modify them. The movement of a single corps of the enemy's army may confound a whole plan arranged by the fire-side. Only fools can believe such stuff. As for Berthier, since you have been with me, you see what he is—he is a blockhead. Yet it is he who does all; it is he who gathers a great part of the glory of the army of Italy." I told him that this erroneous opinion could not last long; that each person would be allowed his merit, and that at least posterity would judge rightly. This observation seemed to please him.

Berthier was a man full of honor, courage, and probity, and exceedingly regular in the performance of his duties. Bonaparte's attachment to him arose more from habit than liking. Berthier did not concede with affability, and refused



BEAUHARNAIS.
VICEROY OF ITALY.

Eugène

did not, however, create him many enemies, but, at the same time, did not make him many friends. In consequence of our frequent intercourse he had contracted the friendly practice of speaking to me in the second person singular; but he never wrote to me in that style. He was perfectly acquainted with the disposition of all the corps, and could name their commanders and their respective forces. Day or night he was always at hand, and made out with clearness all the secondary orders which resulted from the dispositions of the General-in-Chief. In fact, he was an excellent head of the staff of an army; but that is all the praise that can be given, and indeed he wished for no greater. He had such entire confidence in Bonaparte, and looked up to him with so much admiration, that he never would have presumed to oppose his plans or give any advice. Berthier's talent was very limited, and of a special nature; his character was one of extreme weakness. Bonaparte's friendship for him and the frequency of his name in the bulletins and official despatches have unduly elevated his reputation. Bonaparte, giving his opinion to the Directory respecting the generals employed in his army, said, "Berthier has talents, activity, courage, character—all in his favor." This was in 1796. He then made an eagle of him; at St. Helena he called him a goose. He should neither have raised him so high nor sunk him so low. Berthier neither merited the one nor the other. Bonaparte was a man of habit; he was much attached to all the people about him, and did not like new faces. Berthier loved him. He carried out his orders well, and that enabled him to pass off with his small portion of talent.

It was about this time that young Beauharnais came to Milan. He was seventeen years old. He had lived in Paris with his mother since the departure of Bonaparte. On his arrival he immediately entered the service as *aide de camp* to the General-in-Chief, who felt for him an affection which was justified by his good qualities.

Comte Delaunay d'Entraigues, well known in the French Revolution,¹ held a diplomatic post at Venice when that city

¹ Thiers' *French Revolution*, v. 113; Jung, iii. 195; Miot de Melito, i. 170.

was threatened by the French. Aware of his being considered the agent of all the machinations then existing against France, and especially against the army of Italy, he endeavored to escape; but the city being surrounded, he was seized, together with all his papers. The apparently frank manners of the Count pleased Bonaparte, who treated him with indulgence. His papers were restored, with the exception of three relating to political subjects. He afterward fled to Switzerland, and ungratefully represented himself as having been oppressed by Bonaparte. His false statements have induced many writers to make of him an heroic victim. He was assassinated by his own servant in 1802.

I kept a copy of one of his most interesting papers. It has been much spoken of, and Fauche-Borel has, I believe, denied its authenticity and the truth of its contents. The manner in which it fell into the hands of the General-in-Chief, the importance attached to it by d'Entragues, the differences I have observed between the manuscript I copied and versions which I have since read, and the knowledge of its authenticity, having myself transcribed it from the handwriting of the Count, who in my presence vouched for the truth of the facts it details—all the circumstances induce me to insert it here, and compel me to doubt that it was, as Fauche-Borel asserted, a fabrication.

This manuscript is entitled, *My Conversation with Comte de Montgaillard, on the 4th of December, 1796, from Six in the Afternoon till Midnight, in the presence of the Abbé Dumontel.*

[On my copy are written the words, "Extracts from this conversation, made by me, from the original." I omitted what I thought unimportant, and transcribed only the most interesting passages. Montgaillard spoke of his escape, of his flight to England, of his return to France at his second departure, and finally of his arrival at Bale in August, 1796.

The Prince de Condé soon afterwards, he said, called me to Mulheim, and knowing the connections I had had in France, proposed that I should

I immediately went to Neufchatel, taking with me four or five hundred louis. I cast my eyes on Fauche-Borel, the King's printer at Neufchatel, and also yours and mine, as the instrument by which to make the first overture, and I selected as his colleague M. Courant, a native of Neufchatel. I persuaded them to undertake the business: I supplied them with instructions and passports. They were foreigners: so I furnished them with all the necessary documents to enable them to travel in France as foreign merchants and purchasers of national property. I went to Bâle to wait for news from them.

On the 13th of August Fauche and Courant set out for the headquarters at Altkirch. They remained there eight days without finding an opportunity to speak to Pichegru, who was surrounded by representatives and generals. Pichegru observed them, and seeing them continually wheresoever he went, he conjectured that they had something to say to him, and he called out in a loud voice, while passing them, "*I am going to Huningen.*" Fauche contrived to throw himself in his way at the end of a corridor. Pichegru observed him, and fixed his eyes upon him, and although it rained in torrents, he said aloud, "*I am going to dine at the château of Madame Salomon.*" This château was three leagues from Huningen, and Madame Salomon was Pichegru's mistress.

Fauche set off directly to the château, and begged to speak with General Pichegru. He told the general that, being in the possession of some of J. J. Rousseau's manuscripts, he wished to publish them and dedicate them to him. "Very good," said Pichegru; "but I should like to read them first; for Rousseau professed principles of liberty in which I do not concur, and with which I should not like to have my name connected."—"But," said Fauche, "I have something else to speak to you about."—"What is it, and on whose behalf?"—"On behalf of the Prince de Condé."—"Be silent, then, and follow me."

He conducted Fauche alone into a retired cabinet, and said to him, "Explain yourself; what does Monseigneur le Prince de Condé wish to communicate to me?" Fauche was embarrassed, and stammered out something unintelligible. "Compose yourself," said Pichegru; "my sentiments are the same as the Prince de Condé's. What does he desire of me?" Fauche, encouraged by these words, replied, "The Prince wishes to join you. He counts on you, and wishes to connect himself with you."

"These are vague and unmeaning words," observed Pichegru. "All this amounts to nothing. Go back, and ask for written instructions, and return in three days to my headquarters at Altkirch. You will find me alone precisely at six o'clock in the evening."

Fauche immediately departed, arrived at Bâle, and informed me of all that had passed. I spent the night in writing a letter to General Pichegru. (The Prince de Condé, who was invested with all the powers of Louis XVIII., except that of granting the *ordonnance-bleue*, had, by a note in his own handwriting, deputed to me all his powers, to enable me to maintain a negotiation with General Pichegru.)

I therefore wrote to the general, stating, in the outline, everything that was calculated to awaken in him that noble sentiment of pride which is the instinct of great minds; and after pointing out to him the vast good it was in his power to effect, I spoke of the gratitude of the King, and the benefit he would confer on his country by restoring royalty. I told him that his Majesty would make him a marshal of France, and governor of Alsace, as no one could better govern the province than he who had so valiantly defended it. I added that he would have the *residence royale*, the Château de Chambord, with its park, and twelve pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians, a million of ready money, 200,000 livres per annum, and an hôtel in Paris; that the town of Arbois, Pichegru's native place, should bear his name, and be exempt from all taxation for twenty-five years; that a pension of 200,000 livres would be granted to him, with half reversion to his wife, and 50,000 livres to his heirs for ever, until the extinction of his family. Such were the offers, made in the name of the King, to General Pichegru. (Then followed the boon to be granted to the officers and soldiers, an amnesty to the people, &c.) I added that the Prince de Condé desired that he would proclaim the King in the camps, surrender the city of Huningen to him, and go on for the purpose of marching on Paris.

Pichegru, having read my letter with great attention, said to Fauche, "This is all very well; but who is this M. de Montgaillard who talks of being thus authorized? I neither know him nor his signature. Is he the author?"—"Yes," replied Fauche. "But," said Pichegru, "I must, before making any negotiation on my part, be assured that the Prince de Condé, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, approves of all that has been written in his name by M. de Montgaillard. Return directly to M. de Montgaillard, and tell him to communicate my answer to the Prince."

Fauche immediately departed, leaving M. Coustant with Pichegru. He arrived at Bâle at nine o'clock in the evening. I set off directly for Mülheim, the Prince de Condé's headquarter, and arrived there at half past twelve. The Prince was in bed, but I awoke him. He made me sit down by his bedside, and our conference then commenced.

After having informed the Prince of the state of affairs, all that remained was to prevail on him to write to General Pichegru to confirm the truth of what had been stated in his name. This matter, which appeared so simple, and so little liable to objection, occupied the whole night. The Prince, as brave a man as can possibly be, inherited nothing from the great Condé but his undaunted courage. In other respects he is the most insignificant of men; without resources of mind, or resources of character; surrounded by men of mediocrity, and even baseness, and though he knows them well, he suffers himself to be deceived by them.

It required nine hours of hard exertion on my part to get him to write to General Pichegru a letter of eight lines. At 11 o'clock he had written

in his handwriting. 2d. He objected to dating it. 3d. He was unwilling to call him *General*, lest he should recognize the republic by giving that title. 4th. He did not like to address it, or affix his seal to it.

At length he consented to all, and wrote to Pichegru that he might place full confidence in the letters of the Comte de Montgaillard. When all this was settled, after great difficulty, the Prince next hesitated about sending the letter; but at length he yielded. I set off for Bâle, and despatched Fauche to Altkirch, to General Pichegru.

The general, after reading the letter of eight lines, and recognizing the handwriting and signature, immediately returned it to Fauche, saying, “I have seen the signature: that is enough for me. The word of the Prince is a pledge with which every Frenchman ought to be satisfied. Take back his letter.” He then inquired what was the Prince’s wish. Fauche explained that he wished — 1st. That Pichegru should proclaim the King to his troops, and hoist the white flag. 2d. That he should deliver up Huningen to the Prince. Pichegru objected to this. “I will never take part in such a plot,” said he; “I have no wish to make the third volume of La Fayette and Dumouriez. I know my resources; they are as certain as they are vast. Their roots are not only in my army, but in Paris, in the Convention, in the departments, and in the armies of those generals, my colleagues, who think as I do. I wish to do nothing by halves. There must be a complete end of the present state of things. France cannot continue a Republic. She must have a king, and that king must be Louis XVIII. But we must not commence the counter-revolution until we are certain of effecting it. ‘Surely and rightly’ is my motto. The Prince’s plan leads to nothing. He would be driven from Huningen in four days, and in fifteen I should be lost. My army is composed both of good men and bad. We must distinguish between them, and, by a bold stroke, assure the former of the impossibility of drawing back, and that their only safety lies in success. For this purpose I propose to pass the Rhine, at any place and any time that may be thought necessary. In the advance I will place those officers on whom I can depend, and who are of my way of thinking. I will separate the bad, and place them in situations where they can do no harm, and their position shall be such as to prevent them from uniting. That done, as soon as I shall be on the other side of the Rhine, I will proclaim the King, and hoist the white flag. Condé’s corps and the Emperor’s army will then join us. I will immediately repass the Rhine, and re-enter France. The fortresses will be surrendered, and will be held in the King’s name by the Imperial troops. Having joined Condé’s army, I immediately advance. All my means now develop themselves on every side. We march upon Paris, and in a fortnight will be there. But it is necessary that you should know that you must give the French soldier wine and a crown in his hand if you would have him cry *Vive le Roi!* Nothing must be wanting at the first moment. My army must be well paid as far as the fourth or fifth march in the French territory. There, go and

tell all this to the Prince, show my handwriting, and bring me back his answer."

During these conferences Pichegru was surrounded by four representatives of the people, at the head of whom was Merlin de Thionville, the most insolent and the most ferocious of inquisitors. These men, having the orders of the Committee, pressed Pichegru to pass the Rhine and go and besiege Manheim, where Merlin had an understanding with the inhabitants. Thus, if on the one hand the Committee by its orders made Pichegru wish to hasten the execution of his plan, on the other he had not a moment to lose; for to delay obeying the orders of the four representatives was to render himself suspected. Every consideration, therefore, called upon the Prince to decide, and decide promptly. Good sense required him also to do another thing, namely, to examine without prejudice what sort of man Pichegru was, to consider the nature of the sacrifice he made, and what were his propositions. Europe acknowledged his talents, and he had placed the Prince in a condition to judge of his good faith. Besides, his conduct and his plan afforded fresh proofs of his sincerity. By passing the Rhine and placing himself between the armies of Condé and Wurmser, he rendered desertion impossible; and, if success did not attend his attempt, his own acts forced him to become an emigrant. He left in the power of his fierce enemies his wife, his father, his children. Everything bore testimony to his honesty; the talents he had shown were a pledge for his genius, his genius for his resources; and the sacrifices he would have to make in case of failure proved that he was confident of success.

What stupid conceit was it for any one to suppose himself better able to command Pichegru's army than Pichegru himself! — to pretend to be better acquainted with the frontier provinces than Pichegru, who commanded them, and had placed his friends in them as commanders of the towns! This self-conceit, however, ruined the monarchy at this time, as well as at so many others. The Prince de Condé, after reading the plan, rejected it *in toto*. To render it successful it was necessary to make the Austrians parties to it. This Pichegru exacted, but the Prince of Condé would not hear a word of it, wishing to have confined to himself the glory of effecting the counter-revolution. He replied to Pichegru by a few observations, and concluded his answer by returning to his first plan — that Pichegru should proclaim the King without passing the Rhine, and should give up Huningen; that then the army of Condé by itself, and without the aid of the Austrians, would join him. In that case he could promise 100,000 crowns in louis, which he had at Bâle, and 1,400,000 livres, which he had in good bills payable at sight.

No argument or entreaty had any effect on the Prince de Condé. The idea of communicating his plan to Wurmser and sharing his glory with him rendered him blind and deaf to every consideration. However, it was necessary to report to Pichegru the observations of the Prince de Condé, and Courant, was commissioned to do so.

This document appeared so interesting to me that while Bonaparte was sleeping I was employed in copying it. Notwithstanding posterior and reiterated denials of its truth, I believe it to be perfectly correct.

Napoleon had ordered plans of his most famous battles to be engraved, and had paid in advance for them. The work was not done quickly enough for him. He got angry, and one day said to his geographer, Bacler d'Albe, whom he liked well enough, "Ah! do hurry yourself, and think all this is only the business of a moment. If you make further delay you will sell nothing; everything is soon forgotten!"

We were now in July, and the negotiations were carried on with a tardiness which showed that something was kept in reserve on both sides. Bonaparte at this time was anything but disposed to sign a peace, which he always hoped to be able to make at Vienna, after a campaign in Germany, seconded by the armies of the Rhine and the Sambre-et-Meuse. The minority of the Directory recommended peace on the basis of the preliminaries, but the majority wished for more honorable and advantageous terms; while Austria, relying on troubles breaking out in France, was in no haste to conclude a treaty. In these circumstances Bonaparte drew up a letter to be sent to the Emperor of Austria, in which he set forth the moderation of France; but stated that, in consequence of the many delays, nearly all hope of peace had vanished. He advised the Emperor not to rely on difficulties arising in France, and doubted, if war should continue and the Emperor be successful in the next campaign, that he would obtain a more advantageous peace than was now at his option. This letter was never sent to the Emperor, but was communicated as the draft of a proposed despatch to the Directory. The Emperor Francis, however, wrote an autograph letter to the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy, which will be noticed when I come to the period of its reception. It is certain that Bonaparte at this time wished for war. He was aware that the Cabinet of Vienna was playing with him, and that the Austrian Ministers expected some political convulsion in Paris, which they hoped would be favorable to the Bourbons. He

therefore asked for reinforcements. His army consisted of 35,900 men, and he desired it to be raised to 60,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry ready for the field.

General Desaix, profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, came in the end of July to visit the scene of the army of Italy's triumphs. His conversations with Bonaparte respecting the army of the Rhine were far from giving him confidence in his military situation in Italy, or assurance of support from that army in the event of hostilities commencing beyond the mountains. It was at this period that their intimacy began. Bonaparte conceived for Desaix the greatest esteem and the sincerest friendship.¹ When Desaix was named temporary commander of the force called the army of England, during the absence of General Bonaparte, the latter wrote to the Directory that they could not have chosen a more distinguished officer than Desaix; these sentiments he never belied. The early death of Desaix alone could break their union, which, I doubt not, would eventually have had great influence on the political and military career of General Bonaparte.

All the world knows the part which the General in Chief of the army of Italy took at the famous crisis of the 18th Fructidor; his proclamation, his addresses to the army, and his celebrated order of the day. Bonaparte went much into detail on this subject at St. Helena; and I shall now proceed to state what I knew at the time respecting that memorable event, which was in preparation in the month of June.

¹ Desaix, discontented with the conduct of affairs in Germany, seceded from the army of the Rhine, to which he belonged, to join that of Napoleon. He was sent to Italy to organize the part of the Egyptian expedition starting from Civita Vecchia. He took with him his two *chefs de corps*, Rapp and Savary (later Duc de Rovigo), both of whom, on his death, were given the same post with Bonaparte.

CHAPTER VIII.

1797.

The royalists of the interior—Bonaparte's intention of marching on Paris with 25,000 men—His animosity against the emigrants and the Clichy Club—His choice between the two parties of the Directory—Augereau's order of the day against the word *Monsieur*—Bonaparte wishes to be made one of the five Directors—He supports the majority of the Directory—La Vallette, Augereau, and Bernadotte sent to Paris—Interesting correspondence relative to the 18th Fructidor.

BONAPARTE had long observed the struggle which was going on between the partisans of royalty and the Republic. He was told that royalism was everywhere on the increase. All the generals who returned from Paris to the army complained of the spirit of reaction they had noticed. Bonaparte was constantly urged by his private correspondents to take one side or the other, or to act for himself. He was irritated by the audacity of the enemies of the Republic, and he saw plainly that the majority of the councils had an evident ill-will towards him. The orators of the Club of Clichy missed no opportunity of wounding his self-love in speeches and pamphlets. They spared no insults, disparaged his success, and bitterly censured his conduct in Italy, particularly with respect to Venice. Thus his services were recompensed by hatred or ingratitude. About this time he received a pamphlet, which referred to the judgments pronounced upon him by the German journals, and more particularly by the *Spectator of the North*, which he always made me translate.

Bonaparte was touched to the quick by the comparison made between him and Moreau, and by the wish to represent him as foolhardy ("savante sous Moreau, fouguese sous Buonaparte"). In the term of "brigands," applied to the

He was tired of the way in which Moreau's system of war was called "savante." But what grieved him still more was to see sitting in the councils of the nation Frenchmen who were detractors and enemies of the national glory.

He urged the Directory to arrest the emigrants, to destroy the influence of foreigners, to recall the armies, to suppress the journals sold to England, such as the *Quotidienne*, the *Mémorial*, and the *Thé*, which he accused of being more sanguinary than Marat ever was. In case of there being no means of putting a stop to assassinations and the influence of Louis XVIII., he offered to resign.

His resolution of passing the Alps with 25,000 men and marching by Lyons on Paris was known in the capital, and discussions arose respecting the consequences of this passage of another Rubicon. On the 17th of August, 1797, Carnot wrote to him: "People attribute to you a thousand absurd projects. They cannot believe that a man who has performed so many great exploits can be content to live as a private citizen." This observation applied to Bonaparte's reiterated request to be permitted to retire from the service on account of the state of his health, which, he said, disabled him from mounting his horse, and to the need which he constantly urged of having two years' rest.

The General-in-Chief was justly of opinion that the tardiness of the negotiations and the difficulties which incessantly arose were founded on the expectation of an event which would change the government of France, and render the chances of peace more favorable to Austria. He still urgently recommended the arrest of the emigrants, the stopping of the presses of the royalist journals, which he said were sold to England and Austria, and the suppression of the Clichy Club. This Club was held at the residence of Gérard Desoddières, in the Rue de Clichy. Aubry was one of its warmest partisans, and he was the avowed enemy of the revolutionary cause which Bonaparte advocated at this period. Aubry's conduct at this time, together with the part he had taken in provoking Bonaparte's dismissal in 1795, inspired the General with an implacable hatred of him.

Bonaparte despised the Directory, which he accused of weakness, indecision, pusillanimity, wasteful expenditure, of many errors, and perseverance in a system degrading to the national glory.¹ He knew that the Clichy party demanded his dismissal and arrest. He was given to understand that Dumolard was one of the most decided against him, and that, finally, the royalist party was on the point of triumphing.

Before deciding for one party or the other, Bonaparte first thought of himself. He did not imagine that he had yet achieved enough to venture on possessing himself of that power which certainly he might easily have obtained. He therefore contented himself with joining the party which was, for the moment, supported by public opinion. I know he was determined to march upon Paris with 25,000 men

¹ The Directory merited these accusations. The following sketches of two of their official sittings present a singular contrast:—

"At the time that the Directory was first installed in the Luxembourg (27th October, 1795)," says M. Bailleul, "there was hardly a single article of furniture in it. In a small room, round a little broken table, one of the legs of which had given way from age, on which table they had deposited a quire of letter-paper, and a writing-desk *à calmet*, which luckily they had had the precaution to bring with them from the Committee of Public Safety, seated on four rush-bottomed chairs, in front of some logs of wood ill-lighted, the whole borrowed from the porter Dupont; who would believe that it was in this deplorable condition that the members of the new Government, after having examined all the difficulties, nay, let me add, all the horrors of their situation, resolved to confront all obstacles, and that they would either deliver France from the abyss in which she was plunged or perish in the attempt? They drew up on a sheet of letter-paper the act by which they declared themselves constituted, and immediately forwarded it to the Legislative Bodies."

And the Comte de La Vallette, writing to M. Cuvillier Fleury, says: "I saw our five kings, dressed in the robes of Francis I., his hat, his pantaloons, and his lace: the face of La Réveillère looked like a cork upon two pins, with the black and greasy hair of Clodion. M. de Talleyrand, in pantaloons of the color of wine dregs, sat in a folding chair at the feet of the Director Barras, in the Court of the Petit Luxembourg, and gravely presented to his *sorcereux* an ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, while the French were eating his master's dinner, from the soup to the cheese. At the right hand there were fifty musicians and singers of the Opera, Lainé, Lays, Regnault, and the actresses, now all dead of old age, roaring a patriotic cantata to the music of Mehul. Facing them, on another elevation, there were two hundred young and beautiful women, with their arms and bosoms bare, all in ecstacy at the majesty of our Pentarchy and the happiness of the Republic. They also wore tight flesh-colored pantaloons, with rings on their toes. That was a sight that never will be seen again. A fortnight after this magnificent *fête*, thousands of families wept over their banished fathers, forty-eight departments were deprived of their representatives, and forty editors of newspapers were forced to go and drink the waters of the Elbe, the Synamary, or the Ohio! It would be a curious disquisition to seek to discover what really were at that time the Republic and Liberty."

had affairs taken a turn unfavorable to the Republic, which he preferred to Royalty. He cautiously formed his plan. To defend the Directory was, he conceived, to defend his own future fortune ; that is to say, it was protecting a power which appeared to have no other object than to keep a place for him until his return.

The parties which rose up in Paris produced a reaction in the army. The employment of the word *Monsieur* had occasioned quarrels, and even bloodshed. General Augereau, in whose division these contests had taken place, published an order of the day, setting forth that every individual in his division who should use the word *Monsieur*, either verbally or in writing, under any pretence whatever, should be deprived of his rank, and declared incapable of serving in the Republican armies. This order was read at the head of each company.

Bonaparte viewed the establishment of peace as the close of his military career. Repose and inactivity were to him unbearable. He sought to take part in the civil affairs of the Republic, and was desirous of becoming one of the five Directors, convinced that, if he attained that object, he would speedily stand single and alone. The fulfilment of this wish would have prevented the Egyptian expedition, and placed the imperial crown much sooner upon his head. Intrigues were carried on in Paris in his name, with the view of securing to him a legal dispensation on the score of age. He hoped, though he was but eight and twenty, to supersede one of the two Directors who were to go out of office.¹ His brothers and their friends made great exertions for the success of the project, which, however, was not officially proposed, because it was too adverse to the prevailing notions of the day, and seemed too early a violation of the constitution of the year III., which, nevertheless, was violated in another way a few months after.

The members of the Directory were by no means anxious to have Bonaparte for their colleague. They dissembled, and

¹ The Directors had to be forty years of age before they could be appointed.

so did he. Both parties were lavish of their mutual assurances of friendship, while they cordially hated each other. The Directory, however, appealed for the support of Bonaparte, which he granted; but his subsequent conduct clearly proves that the maintenance of the constitution of the year III. was a mere pretext. He indeed defended it meanwhile, because, by aiding the triumph of the opposite party, he could not hope to preserve the influence which he exercised over the Directory. I know well that, in case of the Clichy party gaining the ascendancy, he was determined to cross the Alps with his army, and to assemble all the friends of the Republic at Lyons, thence to march upon Paris.

In the *Memorial of St. Helena* it is stated, in reference to the 18th Fructidor, "that the triumph of the majority of the councils was his desire and hope, we are inclined to believe from the following fact, viz., that at the crisis of the contest between the two factions a secret resolution was drawn up by three of the members of the Directory, asking him for three millions to support the attack on the councils, and that Napoleon, under various pretences, did not send the money, though he might easily have done so."

This is not very comprehensible. There was no *secret resolution* of the members who applied for the three millions. It was Bonaparte who offered the money, which, however, he did not send; it was he who despatched Augereau; and he who wished for the triumph of the Directorial majority. His memory served him badly at St. Helena, as will be seen from some correspondence which I shall presently submit to the reader. It is very certain that he did offer the money to the Directory; that is to say, to three of its members.¹ Bonaparte had so decidedly formed his resolution that on the 17th of July, wishing to make Augereau his confidant, he sent to Vicenza for him by an extraordinary courier.

Bonaparte adds that when Bottot, the confidential agent of Barras, came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor, he

¹ Barras, La Réveillère-Lepaux, and Rewbell, the three directors who carried out the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor against their colleagues Carnot and Barthélemy. (See Thiers's *French Revolution*, vol. v. pp. 114, 139, and 163.)

declared to him that as soon as La Vallette should make him acquainted with the real state of things, the money should be transmitted. The inaccuracy of these statements will be seen in the correspondence relative to the event. In thus distorting the truth, Napoleon's only object could have been to proclaim his inclination for the principles he adopted and energetically supported from the year 1800, but which, previously to that period, he had with no less energy opposed.

He decidedly resolved to support the majority of the Directory, and to oppose the royalist faction; the latter, which was beginning to be important, would have been listened to had it offered power to him. About the end of July he sent his *aide de camp* La Vallette to Paris. La Vallette was a man of good sense and education, pleasing manners, pliant temper, and moderate opinions. He was decidedly devoted to Bonaparte. With his instructions he received a private cipher to enable him to correspond with the General-in-Chief.

Augereau went, after La Vallette, on the 27th of July. Bonaparte officially wrote to the Directory that Augereau "had solicited leave to go to Paris on his own private business."

But the truth is, Augereau was sent expressly to second the revolution which was preparing against the Clichy party and the minority of the Directory.

Bonaparte made choice of Augereau because he knew his staunch republican principles, his boldness, and his deficiency in political talent. He thought him well calculated to aid a commotion, which his own presence with the army of Italy prevented him from directing in person; and besides, Augereau was not an ambitious rival who might turn events to his own advantage. Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he sent the addresses of the army of Italy by Augereau because he was a decided supporter of the opinions of the day. That was the true reason for choosing him.

Bernadotte was subsequently despatched on the same errand. Bonaparte's pretence for sending him was, that he wished to transmit to the Directory four flags, which, out of

the twenty-one taken at the battle of Rivoli, had been left, *by mistake*, at Peschiera. Bernadotte, however, did not take any great part in the affair. He was always prudent.

The crisis of the 18th Fructidor, which retarded for three years the extinction of the pentarchy, presents one of the most remarkable events of its short existence. It will be seen how the Directors extricated themselves from this difficulty. I subjoin the correspondence relating to this remarkable episode of our Revolution, cancelling only such portions of it as are irrelevant to the subject. It exhibits several variations from the accounts given by Napoleon at St. Helena to his noble companions in misfortune.

Augereau thus expressed himself on the 18th Fructidor (4th September, 1797): —

At length, General, my mission is accomplished, and the promises of the army of Italy are fulfilled. The fear of being anticipated has caused measures to be hurried.

At midnight I despatched orders to all the troops to march towards the points specified. Before day all the bridges and principal places were planted with cannon. At daybreak the halls of the councils were surrounded, the guards of the councils were amicably mingled with our troops, and the members, of whom I send you a list, were arrested and conveyed to the Temple. The greater number have escaped, and are being pursued. Carnot has disappeared.¹

Paris is tranquil, and every one is astounded at an event which promised to be awful, but which has passed over like a *fête*.

The stout patriots of the faubourgs proclaim the safety of the Republic, and the black collars are put down. It now remains for the wise energy of the Directory and the patriots of the two councils to do the rest. The place of sitting is changed, and the first operations promise well. This event is a great step towards peace; which it is your task finally to secure to us.

On the 24th Fructidor (10th September, 1797) Augereau writes: —

My *aide de camp*, de Verine, will acquaint you with the events of the 18th. He is also to deliver to you some despatches from the Directory, where much uneasiness is felt at not hearing from you. No less uneasiness is experienced on seeing in Paris one of your *aides de camp*,² whose

¹ In 1824 Louis XVIII. sent letters of nobility to those members of the two councils who were, as it was termed, *fructidorized*. — *Bourrienne*.

² La Vallette.

conduct excites the dissatisfaction and distrust of the patriot, whom he has behaved very ill.

The news of General Clarke's recall will have reached you by this time, and I suspect has surprised you. Among the thousand and one reasons which have determined the Government to take this step may be his correspondence with Carnot, which has been communicated, and in which he treated the generals of the army of Italy as traitors.

Moreau has sent the Directory a letter which throws a new light on Pichegru's treason. Such baseness is hardly to be conceived.

The Government perseveres in maintaining the liberty which it has adopted. I hope it will be in vain for the royalist factions to renew their plots. The patriots will continue united.

Fresh troops having been summoned to Paris, and my presence at their head being considered indispensable by the Government, I cannot now have the satisfaction of seeing you so soon. I hoped to have determined me to send for my horses and carriage, which I left at Milan.

Bernadotte wrote to Bonaparte on the 24th Fructidor, as follows:—

The arrested deputies are removed to Rochefort, where they are embarked for the island of Madagascar. Paris is tranquil. The people at first heard of the arrest of the deputies with indifference. A morbid curiosity soon drew them into the streets; enthusiasm followed, and the cry of *Vive la République*, which had not been heard for a long time, sounded in every street. The neighboring departments have expressed their discontent. That of Allier has, it is said, protested, but in a fine figure. Eight thousand men are marching to the invasion of that Part is already within the precincts, under the orders of General Bernadotte. The Government has it at present in its power to elevate the spirit; but everybody feels that it is necessary the Directory should be surrounded by tried and energetic Republicans. Unfortunately a great number of men, without talent and resources, already suppose that what has been done only in order to advance their interests. It is necessary to set all to rights. The army have remained consistent; the soldiers of the interior are esteemed, or at least feared. The clergy fly, and the non-juring priests conceal themselves. Nothing could have happened more fortunately to consolidate the Republic.

Bonaparte wrote as follows, to the Directory on the 26th Fructidor:

nine, to Marseilles. I have issued the enclosed proclamation in the southern departments. I am about to prepare a proclamation for the inhabitants of Lyons, as soon as I obtain some information of what may have passed there.

If I find there is the least disturbance, I will march there with the utmost rapidity. Believe that there are here a hundred thousand men, who are alone sufficient to make the measures you have taken to place liberty on a solid basis be respected. What avails it that we gain victories if we are not respected in our country. In speaking of Paris, one may parody what Cassius said of Rome: "Of what use to call her Queen on the banks of the Seine, when she is the slave of Pitt's gold?"

After the 18th Fructidor Augereau wished to have his reward for his share in the victory, and for the service which he had rendered. He wished to be a Director. He got, however, only the length of being a candidate; honor enough for one who had merely been an instrument on that day.

CHAPTER IX.

1797.

Bonaparte's joy at the result of the 18th Fructidor—His letter to Augereau—His correspondence with the Directory and proposed resignation—Explanation of the Directory—Bottot—General Clarke—Letter from Madame Bacciocchi to Bonaparte—Autograph letter of the Emperor Francis to Bonaparte—Arrival of Count Cobentzel—Autograph note from Bonaparte on the conditions of peace.

BONAPARTE was delighted when he heard of the happy issue of the 18th Fructidor. Its result was the dissolution of the Legislative Body and the fall of the *Clichyan* party, which for some months had disturbed his tranquillity. The *Clichyans* had objected to Joseph Bonaparte's right to sit as deputy for Liamone in the Council of Five Hundred.¹ His brother's victory removed the difficulty; but the General-in-Chief soon perceived that the ascendant party abused its power, and again compromised the safety of the Republic by recommencing the Revolutionary Government. The Directors were alarmed at his discontent and offended by his censure. They conceived the singular idea of opposing to Bonaparte, Augereau, of whose blind zeal they had received many proofs. The Directory appointed Augereau commander of the army of Germany. Augereau, whose extreme vanity was notorious, believed himself in a situation to compete with Bonaparte. What he built his arrogance on was, that, with a numerous troop, he had arrested some unarmed representatives, and torn the epaulettes from the shoulders of the commandant of the guard of the councils. The Directory and he filled the headquarters at Passeriano with spies and intriguers.

Bonaparte, who was informed of everything that was

¹ He was ambassador to Rome, and not a deputy at this time. When he became a member of the council, after his return from Rome, he experienced no opposition (*Bourrienne et ses Erreurs*, tome i. p. 240).

going on, laughed at the Directory, and (tendered his resignation,) in order that he might be supplicated to continue in command.

The following post-Thermidorian letters will prove that the General's judgment on this point was correct.

On the 2d Vendémiaire, year VI. (23d September, 1797), he wrote to Augereau, after having announced the arrival of his *aide de camp*, as follows:—

The whole army applauds the wisdom and vigor which you have displayed upon this important occasion, and participates in the success of the country with the enthusiasm and energy which characterize our soldiers. It is only to be hoped, however, that the Government will not be playing at see-saw, and thus throw itself into the opposite party. Wisdom and moderate views alone can establish the happiness of the country on a sure foundation. As for myself, this is the most ardent wish of my heart. I beg that you will sometimes let me know what you are doing in Paris.

On the 4th Vendémiaire Bonaparte wrote a letter to the Directory in the following terms:—

The day before yesterday an officer arrived at the army from Paris. He reported that he left Paris on the 25th, when anxiety prevailed there as to the feelings with which I viewed the events of the 18th. He was the bearer of a sort of circular from General Augereau to all the generals of division; and he brought a letter of credit from the Minister of War to the commissary-general, authorizing him to draw as much money as he might require for his journey.

It is evident from these circumstances that the Government is acting towards me in somewhat the same way in which Pichegru was dealt with after Vendémiaire (year IV.).

I beg of you to receive my resignation, and appoint another to my place. No power on earth shall make me continue in the service after this shocking mark of ingratitude on the part of the Government, which I was very far from expecting. My health, which is considerably impaired, imperiously demands repose and tranquillity.

The state of my mind, likewise, requires me to mingle again in the mass of citizens. Great power has for a long time been confided to my hands. I have employed it on all occasions for the advantage of my country; *so much the worse for those who put no faith in virtue, and may have suspected mine.* My recompense is in my own conscience, and in the opinion of posterity.

Now that the country is tranquil and free from the dangers which

have menaced it, I can, without inconvenience, quit the post in which I have been placed.

Be sure that if there were a moment of danger, I would be found in the foremost rank of the defenders of liberty and of the constitution of the year III.

The Directory, judging from the account which Bottot¹ gave of his mission that he had not succeeded in entirely removing the suspicions of Bonaparte, wrote the following letter on the 30th Vendémiaire : —

The Directory has itself been troubled about the impression made on you by the letter to the paymaster-general, of which an *aide de camp* was the bearer. The composition of this letter has very much astonished the Government, which never appointed nor recognized such an agent: it is at least an error of office. But it should not alter the opinion you ought otherwise to entertain of the manner in which the Directory thinks of and esteems you. It appears that the 18th Fructidor was misrepresented in the letters which were sent to the army of Italy. You did well to intercept them, and it may be right to transmit the most remarkable to the Minister of Police.²

In your observations on the too strong tendency of opinion towards military government, the Directory recognizes an equally enlightened and ardent friend of the Republic.

Nothing is wiser than the maxim, *cedant arma togæ*, for the maintenance of republics. To show so much anxiety on so important a point is not one of the least glorious features in the life of a general placed at the head of a triumphant army.

The Directory had sent General Clarke³ to treat for peace, as second plenipotentiary. Bonaparte has often told me he had no doubt from the time of his arrival that General Clarke was charged with a secret mission to act as a spy upon him, and even to arrest him if an opportunity offered for so doing without danger. That he had a suspicion of this kind is certain; but I must own that I was never by any means able to discover its grounds; for in all my intercourse since with Clarke he never put a single question to me, nor did I ever hear a word drop from his mouth which savored of such a

¹ See p. 79.

² What an ignoble task to propose to the conqueror of Italy!

³ H. J. G. Clarke, afterwards Minister of War under Napoleon, 1807-1814, and under the Bourbons in 1816, when he was made a Marshal of France. He was created Duc de Feltre in 1809.

character. If the fact be that he was a spy, he certainly played his part well. In all the parts of his correspondence which were intercepted there never was found the least confirmation of this suspicion. Be this as it may, Bonaparte could not endure him; he did not make him acquainted with what was going on, and his influence rendered this mission a mere nullity. The General-in-chief concentrated all the business of the negotiation in his own closet; and, as to what was going on, Clarke continued a mere cipher until the 18th Fructidor, when he was recalled. Bonaparte made but little count of Clarke's talents. It is but justice, however, to say that he bore him no grudge for the conduct of which he suspected he was guilty in Italy. "I pardon him because I alone have the right to be offended."

He even had the generosity to make interest for an official situation for him. These amiable traits were not uncommon with Bonaparte.

(Bonaparte had to encounter so many disagreeable contraries, both in the negotiators for peace and the events at Paris, that he often displayed a good deal of irritation and disgust. This state of mind was increased by the recollection of the vexation his sister's marriage had caused him) and which was unfortunately revived by a letter he received from her at this juncture. His excitement was such that he threw it down with an expression of anger. It has been erroneously reported in several publications that "Bacciocchi espoused Marie-Anne-Eliza Bonaparte on the 5th of May, 1797. The brother of the bride was at the time negotiating the preliminaries of peace with Austria."

In fact the preliminaries were signed in the month of April, and it was for the definitive peace we were negotiating in May. But the reader will find by the subjoined letter that Christine applied to her brother to stand godfather to her third child. Three children in three months would be rather quick work.

AJACCIO, 14th Thermidor, year V. (1st August, 1797).

GENERAL.—Suffer me to write to you and call you by the name of brother. My first child was born at a time when you were much incensed against us. I trust she may soon caress you, and so make you forget the

pain my marriage has occasioned you. My second child was stillborn. Obligated to quit Paris by your order,¹ I miscarried in Germany. In a month's time I hope to present you with a nephew. A favorable time, and other circumstances, incline me to hope my next will be a boy, and I promise you I will make a soldier of him; but I wish him to bear your name, and that you should be his godfather. I trust you will not refuse your sister's request.

Will you send, for this purpose, your power of attorney to Bacciochi, or to whomsoever you think fit? I shall expect with impatience your assent. Because we are poor let not that cause you to despise us; for, after all, you are our brother, mine are the only children that call you uncle, and we all love you more than we do the favors of fortune. Perhaps I may one day succeed in convincing you of the love I bear you.—
Your affectionate sister,

CHRISTINE BONAPARTE.²

P.S. — Do not fail to remember me to your wife, whom I strongly desire to be acquainted with. They told me at Paris I was very like her. If you recollect my features you can judge. C. B.

This letter is in the handwriting of Lucien Bonaparte.³

General Bonaparte had been near a month at Passeriano when he received the following autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria:—

TO MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF
OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL BONAPARTE — When I thought I had given my plenipotentiaries full powers to terminate the important negotiation with which they were charged, I learn, with as much pain as surprise, that in consequence of swerving continually from the stipulations of the preliminaries, the restoration of tranquillity, with the tidings of which I desire to gladden the hearts of my subjects, and which the half of Europe devoutly prays for, becomes day after day more uncertain.

Faithful to the performance of my engagements, I am ready to execute what was agreed to at Leoben, and require from you but the reciprocal performance of so sacred a duty. This is what has already been

¹ Napoleon had written in August, 1796 to Carnot, to request that Lucien might be ordered to quit Paris; see *Jung*, tome iii. p. 222.

² Madame Bacciochi went by the name of Marianne at St. Cyr, of Christine while on her travels, and of Eliza under the Consulate. — *Bourrienne*.

³ Joseph Bonaparte in his *Notes* says, "It is false that Madame Bonaparte ever called herself Christine; it is false that she ever wrote the letter of which M. de Bourrienne here gives a copy." It will be observed that Bourrienne says it was written by her brother Lucien. This is an error. The letter is obviously from Christine Boyer, the wife of *Lucien Bonaparte*, whose marriage had given such displeasure to Napoleon. (See *Erreurs*, tome i. p. 240, and *Jung's Lucien*, tome i. p. 151).

declared in my name, and what I do not now hesitate myself to declare. If, perhaps, the execution of some of the preliminary articles be now impossible, in consequence of the events which have since occurred, and in which I had no part, it may be necessary to substitute others in their stead equally adapted to the interests and equally conformable to the dignity of the two nations. To such alone will I put my hand. A frank and sincere explanation, dictated by the same feelings which govern me, is the only way to lead to so salutary a result. In order to accelerate this result as far as in me lies, and to put an end at once to the state of uncertainty we remain in, and which has already lasted too long, I have determined to despatch to the place of the present negotiations Comte de Cobentzel, a man who possesses my most unlimited confidence, and who is instructed as to my intentions and furnished with my most ample powers. I have authorized him to receive and accept every proposition tending to the reconciliation of the two parties which may be in conformity with the principles of equity and reciprocal fitness, and to conclude accordingly.

After this fresh assurance of the spirit of conciliation which animates me, I doubt not you will perceive that peace lies in your own hands, and that on your determination will depend the happiness or misery of many thousand men. If I mistake as to the means I think best adapted to terminate the calamities which for a long time have desolated Europe, I shall at least have the consolation of reflecting that I have done all that depended on me. With the consequences which may result I can never be reproached.

I have been particularly determined to the course I now take by the opinion I entertain of your upright character, and by the personal esteem I have conceived towards you, of which I am very happy, M. le Général Bonaparte, to give you here an assurance.

(Signed) FRANCIS.

VIENNA, 20th September, 1797.

In fact, it was only on the arrival of the Comte de Cobentzel that the negotiations were seriously set on foot. Bonaparte had all along clearly perceived that Gallo and Meerweldt were not furnished with adequate powers. He saw also clearly enough that if the month of September were to be trifled away in unsatisfactory negotiations, as the month which preceded it had been, it would be difficult in October to strike a blow at the house of Austria on the side of Carinthia. The Austrian Cabinet perceived with satisfaction the approach of the bad weather, and insisted more strongly on its ultimatum, which was the Adige, with Venice.

Before the 18th Fructidor the Emperor of Austria hoped

that the movement which was preparing in Paris would operate badly for France and favorably to the European cause. The Austrian plenipotentiaries, in consequence, raised their pretensions, and sent notes and an ultimatum which gave the proceedings more an air of trifling than of serious negotiation. Bonaparte's original ideas, which I have under his hand, were as follows:—

1. The Emperor to have Italy as far as the Adda.
2. The King of Sardinia as far as the Adda.
3. The Genoese Republic to have the boundary of Tortona as far as the Po (Tortona to be demolished), as also the imperial fiefs. (Coni to be ceded to France, or to be demolished.)
4. The Grand Duke of Tuscany to be restored.
5. The Duke of Parma to be restored.

CHAPTER X.

1797.

Influence of the 18th Fructidor on the negotiations — Bonaparte's suspicion of Bottot — His complaints respecting the non-erasure of Bourrienne — Bourrienne's conversation with the Marquis of Gallo — Bottot writes from Paris to Bonaparte on the part of the Directory — Agents of the Directory employed to watch Bonaparte — Influence of the weather on the conclusion of peace — Remarkable observation of Bonaparte — Conclusion of the treaty — The Directory dissatisfied with the terms of the peace — Bonaparte's predilection for representative government — Opinion on Bonaparte.

AFTER the 18th Fructidor Bonaparte was more powerful, Austria less haughty and confident. Venice was the only point of real difficulty. Austria wanted the line of the Adige, with Venice, in exchange for Mayence, and the boundary of the Rhine until that river enters Holland. The Directory wished to have the latter boundary, and to add Mantua to the Italian Republic, without giving up all the line of the Adige and Venice. The difficulties were felt to be so irreconcilable that within about a month of the conclusion of peace the Directory wrote to General Bonaparte that a resumption of hostilities was preferable to the state of uncertainty which was agitating and ruining France. The Directory, therefore, declared that both the armies of the Rhine should take the field. It appears from the Fructidian correspondence, which has been already given, that the majority of the Directory then looked upon a peace such as Bonaparte afterwards made as *infamous*.

But Bonaparte, from the moment the Venetian insurrection broke out, perceived that Venice might be used for the pacification. Bonaparte, who was convinced that, in order to bring matters to an issue, Venice and the territory beyond the Adige must fall beneath the Hapsburg sceptre wrote to the

geously, before the end of March, 1798; but that if the objections to giving Venice to the Emperor of Austria were persisted in, hostilities would certainly be resumed in the month of October, for the Emperor would not renounce Venice. In that case it would be necessary to be ready on the Rhine for an advance in Germany, as the army of Italy, if it could make head against the Archduke Charles, was not sufficiently strong for any operations on a grand scale. At this period the conclusion of peace was certainly very doubtful; it was even seriously considered in what form the rupture should be notified.

Towards the end of September Bottot, Barras's secretary, arrived at Passeriano. He was despatched by the Directory. Bonaparte immediately suspected he was a new spy, come on a secret mission, to watch him. He was therefore received and treated with coolness; but Bonaparte never had, as Sir Walter Scott asserts, the idea of ordering him to be shot. That writer is also in error when he says that Bottot was sent to Passeriano to reproach Bonaparte for failing to fulfil his promise of sending money to the Directory.

Bonaparte soon gave Bottot an opportunity of judging of the kind of spirit which prevailed at headquarters. He suddenly tendered his resignation, which he had already several times called upon the Directory to accept. He accused the Government, at table, in Bottot's presence, of horrible ingratitude. He recounted all his subjects of complaint, in loud and impassioned language, without any restraint, and before twenty or thirty persons.

Indignant at finding that his reiterated demands for the erasure of my name from the list of emigrants had been slighted, and that, in spite of his representations, conveyed to Paris by General Bernadotte, Louis Bonaparte, and others, I was still included in that fatal list, he apostrophized M. Bottot at dinner one day, before forty individuals, among whom were the diplomatists Gallo, Cobentzel, and Meerweldt. The conversation turned upon the Directory. "Yes, truly," cried Bonaparte in a loud voice, "I have good reason to complain; and, to pass from great to little things, look, I

pray you, at Bourrienne's case. He possesses my most unbounded confidence. He alone is entrusted, under my orders, with all the details of the negotiation. This you well know; and yet your Directory will not strike him off the list. In a word, it is not only an inconceivable, but an extremely stupid piece of business; for he has all my secrets; he knows my ultimatum, and could by a single word realize a handsome fortune, and laugh at your obstinacy. Ask M. de Gallo if this be not true."

Bottot wished to offer some excuse; but the general murmur which followed this singular outburst reduced him to silence.

The Marquis de Gallo had conversed with me but three days before, in the park of Passeriano, on the subject of my position with regard to France, of the determination expressed by the Directory not to erase my name, and of the risk I thereby ran. "We have no desire," continued he, "to renew the war; we wish sincerely for peace; but it must be an honorable one. The Republic of Venice presents a large territory for partition, which would be sufficient for both parties: The cessions at present proposed are not, however, satisfactory. We want to know Bonaparte's ultimatum; and I am authorized to offer an estate in Bohemia, with a title and residence, and an annual revenue of 90,000 florins."

I quickly interrupted M. de Gallo, and assured him that both my conscience and my duty obliged me to reject his proposal; and so put at once an end to the conversation.

I took care to let the General-in-Chief know this story, and he was not surprised at my reply. His conviction, however, was strong, from all that M. de Gallo had said, and more particularly from the offer he had made, that Austria was resolved to avoid war, and was anxious for peace.

After I had retired to rest M. Bottot came to my bedroom and asked me, with a feigned surprise, if it was true that my name was still on the list of emigrants. On my replying in the affirmative, he requested me to draw up a note on the subject. This I declined doing, telling him that twenty notes of the kind he required already existed; that I would take no

farther steps ; and that I would henceforth await the decision in a state of perfect inaction.

General Bonaparte thought it quite inexplicable that the Directory should express dissatisfaction at the view he took of the events of the 18th Fructidor, as, without his aid, they would doubtless have been overcome. He wrote a despatch, in which he repeated that his health and his spirits were affected — that he had need of some years' repose — that he could no longer endure the fatigue of riding ; but that the prosperity and liberty of his country would always command his warmest interests. In all this there was not a single word of truth. The Directory thought as much, and declined to accept his resignation in the most flattering terms.

Bottot proposed to him, on the part of the Directory, to revolutionize Italy. The General inquired whether the *whole* of Italy would be included in the plan. The revolutionary commission had, however, been entrusted to Bottot in so indefinite a way that he could only hesitate, and give a vague reply. Bonaparte wished for more precise orders. In the interval peace was concluded, and the idea of that perilous and extravagant undertaking was no longer agitated. Bottot, soon after his return to Paris, wrote a letter to General Bonaparte, in which he complained that the last moments he had passed at Passeriano had deeply afflicted his heart. He said that cruel suspicions had followed him even to the gates of the Directory. These cruel suspicions had, however, been dissipated by the sentiments of admiration and affection which he had found the Directory entertained for the person of Bonaparte.

These assurances, which were precisely what Bonaparte had expected, did not avail to lessen the contempt he entertained for the heads of the Government, nor to change his conviction of their envy and mistrust of himself. To their alleged affection he made no return. Bottot assured the hero of Italy of "the Republican docility" of the Directory, and touched upon the reproaches Bonaparte had thrown out against them, and upon his demands which had not been granted. He said :

“The three armies, of the North, of the Rhine, and of the Sambre-et-Meuse, are to form only one, the army of Germany. — Augereau? But you yourself sent him. The fault committed by the Directory is owing to yourself! Bernadotte? — he is gone to join you. Cacault? — he is recalled. Twelve thousand men for your army? — they are on their march. The treaty with Sardinia? — it is ratified. Bourrienne? — he is erased. The revolution of Italy? — it is adjourned. Advise the Directory, then: I repeat it, they have need of information, and it is to you they look for it.”

The assertion regarding me was false. For six months Bonaparte demanded my erasure without being able to obtain it. I was not struck off the list until the 11th of November, 1797.

Just before the close of the negotiation, Bonaparte, disgusted at the opposition and difficulties with which he was surrounded, reiterated again and again the offer of his resignation, and his wish to have a successor appointed. What augmented his uneasiness was an idea he entertained that the Directory had penetrated his secret, and attributed his powerful concurrence on the 18th Fructidor to the true cause — his personal views of ambition. In spite of the hypocritical assurances of gratitude made to him in writing, and though the Directory knew that his services were indispensable, spies were employed to watch his movements, and to endeavor by means of the persons about him to discover his views. Some of the General's friends wrote to him from Paris, and for my part I never ceased repeating to him that the peace, the power of making which he had in his own hands, would render him far more popular than the renewal of hostilities undertaken with all the chances of success and reverse. The signing of the peace, according to his own ideas, and in opposition to those of the Directory, the way in which he just halted at Rastadt, and avoided returning to the Congress, and, finally, his resolution to expatriate himself with an army in order to attempt new enterprises, sprung more than is generally believed from the ruling idea that he was distrusted, and that his ruin was meditated. He often

recalled to mind what La Vallette had written to him about his conversation with Lacuée; and all he saw and heard confirmed the impression he had received on this subject.

The early appearance of bad weather precipitated his determination. On the 13th of October, at daybreak, on opening my window, I perceived the mountains covered with snow. The previous night had been superb, and the autumn till then promised to be fine and late. I proceeded, as I always did, at seven o'clock in the morning, to the General's chamber. I woke him, and told him what I had seen. He feigned at first to disbelieve me, then leaped from his bed, ran to the window, and, convinced of the sudden change, he calmly said, "What! before the middle of October! What a country is this! Well, we must make peace!" While he hastily put on his clothes I read the journals to him, as was my daily custom. He paid but little attention to them.

Shutting himself up with me in his closet, he reviewed with the greatest care all the returns from the different corps of his army. "Here are," said he, "nearly 80,000 effective men. I feed, I pay them: but I can bring but 60,000 into the field on the day of battle. I shall gain it, but afterwards my force will be reduced 20,000 men — by killed, wounded, and prisoners. Then how oppose all the Austrian forces that will march to the protection of Vienna? It would be a month before the armies of the Rhine could support me, if they should be able; and in a fortnight all the roads and passages will be covered deep with snow. It is settled — I will make peace. Venice shall pay for the expense of the war and the boundary of the Rhine: let the Directory and the lawyers say what they like."

He wrote to the Directory in the following words: "The summits of the hills are covered with snow; I cannot, on account of the stipulations agreed to for the recommencement of hostilities, begin before five and twenty days, and by that time we shall be overwhelmed with snow."

Fourteen years after, another early winter, in a more severe climate, was destined to have a fatal influence on his fortunes. Had he but then exercised a little more

It is well known that, by the treaty of Campo-Formio, the two belligerent powers made peace at the expense of the Republic of Venice, which had nothing to do with the quarrel in the first instance, and which only interfered at a late period, probably against her own inclination, and impelled by the force of inevitable circumstances. But what has been the result of this great political spoliation? A portion of the Venetian territory was adjudged to the Cisalpine Republic; it is now in the possession of Austria. Another considerable portion, and the capital itself, fell to the lot of Austria in compensation for the Belgic provinces and Lombardy, which she ceded to France. Austria has now retaken Lombardy, and the additions then made to it, and Belgium is in the possession of the House of Orange. France obtained Corfu and some of the Ionian isles; these now belong to England.¹ Romulus never thought he was founding Rome for Goths and priests. Alexander did not foresee that his Egyptian city would belong to the Turks; nor did Constantine strip Rome for the benefit of Mahomet II. Why then fight for a few paltry villages?

Thus have we been gloriously conquering for Austria and England. An ancient State is overturned without noise, and its provinces, after being divided among different bordering States, are now all under the dominion of Austria. We do not possess a foot of ground in all the fine countries we conquered, and which served as compensations for the immense acquisitions of the House of Hapsburg in Italy. Thus that house was aggrandized by a war which was to itself most disastrous. But Austria has often found other means of extending her dominion than military triumphs, as is recorded in the celebrated distich of Mathias Corvinus:—

“Bella gerunt alii, tu felix Austria nube:
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.”²

¹ Afterwards to be ceded by her to Greece. Belgium is free.

² “Glad Austria wins by Hymen’s silken chain,
What other States by doubtful battle gain;
And while fierce Mars enriches meaner lands,

The Directory was far from being satisfied with the treaty of Campo Formio, and with difficulty resisted the temptation of not ratifying it. A fortnight before the signature the Directors wrote to General Bonaparte that they would not consent to give to the Emperor Venice, Frioul, Padua, and the *terra firma* with the boundary of the Adige. "That," said they, "would not be to make peace, but to adjourn the war. We shall be regarded as the beaten party, independently of the disgrace of abandoning Venice, which Bonaparte himself thought so worthy of freedom. France ought not, and never will wish, to see Italy delivered up to Austria. The Directory would prefer the chances of a war to changing a single word of its ultimatum, which is already too favorable to Austria."

All this was said in vain. Bonaparte made no scruple of disregarding his instructions. It has been said that the Emperor of Austria made an offer of a very considerable sum of money, and even of a principality, to obtain favorable terms. I was never able to find the slightest ground for this report, which refers to a time when the smallest circumstance could not escape my notice. The character of Bonaparte stood too high for him to sacrifice his glory as a conqueror and peacemaker for even the greatest private advantage. This was so thoroughly known, and he was so profoundly esteemed by the Austrian plenipotentiaries, that I will venture to say none of them would have been capable of making the slightest overture to him of so debasing a proposition. Besides, it would have induced him to put an end to all intercourse with the plenipotentiaries. Perhaps what I have just stated of M. de Gallo will throw some light upon this odious accusation. But let us dismiss this story with the rest, and among them that of the porcelain tray, which was said to have been smashed and thrown at the head of M. de Cobentzel.¹ I certainly know nothing of any such scene; our manners at Passeriano were not quite so bad!

The presents customary on such occasions were given, and the Emperor of Austria also took that opportunity to present to General Bonaparte six magnificent white horses.

¹ Related in the *Memoirs of Séjour*, vol. i. p. 275.

Bonaparte returned to Milan by way of Gratz, Laybach, Trieste, Mestre, Verona, and Mantua.

At this period Napoleon was still swayed by the impulse of the age. He thought of nothing but representative governments. Often has he said to me, "I should like the era of representative governments to be dated from my time." His conduct in Italy and his proclamations ought to give, and in fact do give, weight to this account of his opinion. But there is no doubt that this idea was more connected with lofty views of ambition than a sincere desire for the benefit of the human race; for, at a later period, he adopted this phrase: "*I should like to be the head of the most ancient of the dynasties of Europe.*" What a difference between Bonaparte, the author of the *Souper de Beaucaire*, the subduer of royalism at Toulon, the author of the remonstrance to Albitte and Salicetti, the fortunate conqueror of the 13th Vendémiaire, the instigator and supporter of the revolution of Fructidor, and the founder of the Republics of Italy, the fruits of his immortal victories, — and Bonaparte, First Consul in 1800, Consul for life in 1802, and, above all, Napoleon, Emperor of the French in 1804, and King of Italy in 1805!

CHAPTER XI.

1797.

Effect of the 18th Fructidor on the peace - The standard of the army of Italy — Honors rendered to the memory of General Hoche and of Virgil at Mantua — Remarkable letter - In passing through Switzerland Bonaparte visits the field of Morat — Arrival at Rastadt — Letter from the Directory calling Bonaparte to Paris - Intrigues against Josephine - Grand ceremony on the reception of Bonaparte by the Directory - The theatres. — Modesty of Bonaparte — An assassination — Bonaparte's opinion of the Parisians — His election to the National Institute — Letter to Camus — Projects — Reflections.

THE day of the 18th Fructidor had, without any doubt, mainly contributed to the conclusion of peace at Campo-Formio. On the one hand, the Directory, hitherto not very pacifically inclined, after having effected a *coup d'état*, at length saw the necessity of appeasing the discontented by giving peace to France. On the other hand, the Cabinet of Vienna, observing the complete failure of all the royalist plots in the interior, thought it high time to conclude with the French Republic a treaty which, notwithstanding all the defeats Austria had sustained, still left her a preponderating influence over Italy.

Besides, the campaign of Italy, so fertile in glorious achievements of arms, had not been productive of glory alone. Something of greater importance followed these conquests. Public affairs had assumed a somewhat unusual aspect, and a grand moral influence, the effect of victories and of peace, had begun to extend all over France. Republicanism was no longer so sanguinary and fierce as it had been some years before. Bonaparte, negotiating with princes and their ministers on a footing of equality, but still with all that superiority to which victory and his genius entitled him, gradually taught

Republic to cease regarding all States governed by kings as of necessity enemies.

In these circumstances the General-in-Chief's departure and his expected visit to Paris excited general attention. The feeble Directory was prepared to submit to the presence of the conqueror of Italy in the capital.

It was for the purpose of acting as head of the French legation at the Congress of Rastadt that Bonaparte quitted Milan on the 17th of November. But before his departure he sent to the Directory one of those monuments, the inscriptions on which may generally be considered as fabulous, but which, in this case, were nothing but the truth. This monument was the "flag of the Army of Italy," and to General Joubert was assigned the honorable duty of presenting it to the members of the Executive Government.

On one side of the flag were the words "To the Army of Italy, the grateful country." The other contained an enumeration of the battles fought and places taken, and presented, in the following inscriptions, a simple but striking abridgment of the history of the Italian campaign.

150,000 PRISONERS; 170 STANDARDS; 550 PIECES OF SIEGE ARTILLERY; 600 PIECES OF FIELD ARTILLERY; FIVE PONTOON EQUIPAGES; NINE 64-GUN SHIPS; TWELVE 32-GUN FRIGATES; 12 CORVETTES; 18 GALLEYS; ARMISTICE WITH THE KING OF SARDINIA; CONVENTION WITH GENOA; ARMISTICE WITH THE DUKE OF PARMA; ARMISTICE WITH THE KING OF NAPLES; ARMISTICE WITH THE POPE; PRELIMINARIES OF LEOBEN; CONVENTION OF MONTEBELLO WITH THE REPUBLIC OF GENOA; TREATY OF PEACE WITH THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT CAMPO-FORMIO.

LIBERTY GIVEN TO THE PEOPLE OF BOLOGNA, FERRARA, MODENA, MASSA-CARRARA, LA ROMAGNA, LOMBARDY, BRESCIA, BERGAMO, MANTUA, CREMONA, PART OF THE VERONESE, CHIAVENA, BORMIO, THE VALTELINE, THE GENOESE, THE IMPERIAL FIEFS, THE PEOPLE OF THE DEPARTMENTS OF CORCYRA, OF THE ÆGEAN SEA, AND OF ITHACA.

SENT TO PARIS ALL THE MASTERPIECES OF MICHAEL ANGELO, OF GUERCINO, OF TITIAN, OF PAUL VERONESE, OF CORREGGIO, OF ALBANO, OF THE CARRACCI, OF RAPHAEL, AND OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Thus were recapitulated on a flag, destined to decorate the Hall of the Public Sitzings of the Directory, the military

deeds of the campaign in Italy, its political results, and conquest of the monuments of art.

Most of the Italian cities looked upon their conqueror as a liberator — such was the magic of the word *liberty*, resounded from the Alps to the Apennines. On his arrival at Mantua the General took up his residence in the palace of the ancient dukes. Bonaparte promised the authorities of Mantua that their department should be one of the most extensive; impressed on them the necessity of prompt organization of a local militia, and of putting in execution the plan of Mari, the mathematician, for the navigation of the Mincio from Mantua to Peschiera.

He stopped two days at Mantua, and the morrow after his arrival was devoted to the celebration of a military festival and solemnity, in honor of General Hoche, who had just died. His next object was to hasten the execution of the monument which was erecting to the memory of Virgil. The next one day he paid honor to France and Italy, to modern and ancient glory, to the laurels of war and to the laurels of poetry.

A person who saw Bonaparte on this occasion for the first time thus described him in a letter he wrote to Paris: — “With lively interest and extreme attention I have observed this extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to me to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very different from his portraits — little, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, and of ill-health, as has been reported of him. He appears to listen with more abstraction than interest, and that I am more occupied with what he was thinking of than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with which may be marked an air of haughtiness and meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within that thinking head, in that bold mind, it is impossible to believe that some daring designs are engendering, which *will have their influence on the destinies of Europe.*”

From the last phrase, in particular, of this letter, it might be inferred that the designs of Bonaparte were not only to

his name feared throughout Europe ; but it really appeared in a journal in the month of December, 1797, a little before his arrival in Paris.

There exists a sort of analogy between celebrated men and celebrated places ; it was not, therefore, an uninteresting spectacle to see Bonaparte surveying the field of Morat, where, in 1476, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, daring like himself, fell with his powerful army under the effects of Helvetian valor. Bonaparte slept during the night at Moudon, where, as in every place through which he passed, the greatest honors were paid him. In the morning, his carriage having broken down, we continued our journey on foot, accompanied only by some officers and an escort of dragoons of the country. Bonaparte stopped near the Ossuary, and desired to be shown the spot where the battle of Morat was fought. A plain in front of the chapel was pointed out to him. An officer who had served in France was present, and explained to him how the Swiss, descending from the neighboring mountains, were enabled, under cover of a wood, to turn the Burgundian army and put it to the rout. “What was the force of that army ?” asked Bonaparte. — “Sixty thousand men.” — “Sixty thousand men !” he exclaimed : “they ought to have completely covered these mountains !” — “The French fight better now,” said Lannes, who was one of the officers of his suite. “At that time,” observed Bonaparte, interrupting him, “the Burgundians were not Frenchmen.”

Bonaparte’s journey through Switzerland was not without utility ; and his presence served to calm more than one inquietude. He proceeded on his journey to Rastadt by Aix in Savoy, Berne, and Bâle. On arriving at Berne during night, we passed through a double file of well-lighted equipages filled with beautiful women, all of whom raised the cry of “Long live Bonaparte !—long live the Pacificator !” To have a proper idea of this genuine enthusiasm it is necessary to have seen it.

The position in society to which his services had raised him rendered it unfit to address him in the second person

singular and the familiar manner sometimes used by his old schoolfellows at Brienne. I thought this very natural.

M. de Cominges, one of those who went with him to the military school at Paris, and who had emigrated, was at Bale. Having learned our arrival, he presented himself without ceremony, with great indecorum, and with a complete disregard of the respect due to a man who had rendered himself so illustrious. General Bonaparte, offended at this behavior, refused to receive him again, and expressed himself to me with much warmth on the occasion of this visit. All my efforts to remove his displeasure were unavailing: this impression always continued, and he never did for M. de Cominges what his means and the old ties of boyhood might well have warranted.

On arriving at Rastadt¹ Bonaparte found a letter from the Directory summoning him to Paris. He eagerly obeyed this invitation, which drew him from a place where he could act only an insignificant part, and which he had determined to leave soon, never again to return. Some time after his arrival in Paris, on the ground that his presence was necessary for the execution of different orders, and the general despatch of business, he required that authority should be given to a part of his household, which he had left at Rastadt, to return.

How could it ever be said that the Directory "kept General Bonaparte away from the great interests which were under discussion at Rastadt?" Quite the contrary! The Directory would have been delighted to see him return there, as they would then have been relieved from his presence in Paris; but nothing was so disagreeable to Bonaparte as long and seemingly interminable negotiations. Such tedious work did not suit his character, and he had been sufficiently disgusted with similar proceedings at Campo-Formio.

On our arrival at Rastadt I soon found that General Bonaparte was determined to stay there only a short time. I therefore expressed to him my decided desire to remain in

¹ The conference for the formal peace with the Empire of Germany was held there. The peace of Leoben was only one made with Austria.

Germany. I was then ignorant that my erasure from the emigrant list had been ordered on the 11th of November, as the decree did not reach the commissary of the Executive Directory at Auxerre until the 17th of November, the day of our departure from Milan.

The silly pretext of difficulties by which my erasure, notwithstanding the reiterated solicitations of the victorious General, was so long delayed made me apprehensive of a renewal, under a weak and jealous pentarchy, of the horrible scenes of 1796. Bonaparte said to me, in a tone of indignation, "Come, pass the Rhine; they will not dare to seize you while near me. I answer for your safety." On reaching Paris I found that my erasure had taken place. It was at this period only that General Bonaparte's applications in my favor were tardily crowned with success. Sotin, the Minister of General Police, notified the fact to Bonaparte; but his letter gave a reason for my erasure very different from that stated in the decree. The Minister said that the Government did not wish to leave among the names of traitors to their country the name of a citizen who was attached to the person of the conqueror of Italy; while the decree itself stated as the motive for removing my name from the list that I never had emigrated.

At St. Helena it seems Bonaparte said that he did not return from Italy with more than 300,000 francs; but I assert that he had at that time in his possession something more than 3,000,000.¹ How could he with 300,000 francs have been able to provide for the extensive repairs, the embellishment, and the furnishing of his house in the Rue Chantierine? How could he have supported the establishment he did with only 15,000 francs of income and the emoluments of his rank? The excursion which he made along the coast, of which I have yet to speak, of itself cost near 12,000 francs in gold, which he transferred to me to defray the expense of the journey; and I do not think that this sum was ever repaid him. Besides, what did it signify, for any object he might have in

¹ Joseph says that Napoleon, when he sailed for Egypt, left with him all his fortune, and that it was much nearer 300,000 francs than 3,000,000. (*See Erreurs*, tome i. pp. 243, 259.)

disguising his fortune, whether he brought 3,000,000 000 francs with him from Italy? No one will accuse speculation. He was an inflexible administrator. I was always irritated at the discovery of fraud, and pursued guilty of it with all the vigor of his character. He would be independent, which he well knew that no one could be without fortune. He has often said to me, "I am no Capet, nor I." But after having been allowed only 300,000 francs on his arrival from the rich Italy, where fortune never deceived him, it has been printed that he had 20,000,000 (which have even doubled the amount) on his return from Egypt, which is a very poor country, where money is scarce, and where reverses followed close upon his victories. All reports are false. What he brought from Italy has just been stated, and it will be seen when we come to Egypt what he carried away from the country of the Pharaohs.

Bonaparte's brothers, desirous of obtaining complete dominion over his mind, strenuously endeavored to lessen the influence which Josephine possessed from the love of her husband. They tried to excite his jealousy, and took advantage of her stay at Milan after our departure, which had been authorized by Bonaparte himself. My intimacy with the husband and the wife fortunately afforded me an opportunity of averting or lessening a good deal of mischief. If Josephine still lived she would allow me this merit. I never took part against her but once, and that unwillingly, on the subject of the marriage of her daughter Hortense. Josephine had never as yet spoken to me on the subject. Bonaparte wished to give his step-daughter to Duroc, and his brothers were eager to promote the marriage, because they wished to separate Josephine from Hortense, for whom Bonaparte felt the tenderest affection. Josephine, on the other hand, wished Hortense to marry Louis Bonaparte. Hortense, as may easily be divined, were to gain support in a family where she experienced nothing but enmity, and she carried her point.¹

¹ Previous to her marriage with Louis, Hortense cherished an attachment for Duroc, who was at that time a handsome man about thirty, and favorite of Bonaparte. However, this indifference with which she

On his arrival from Rastadt the most magnificent preparations were made at the Luxembourg for the reception of Bonaparte. The grand court of the Palace was elegantly ornamented; and at its farther end, close to the Palace, a large amphitheatre was erected for the accommodation of official persons. Curiosity, as on all like occasions, attracted multitudes, and the court was filled. Opposite to the principal vestibule stood the altar of the country, surrounded by the statues of Liberty, Equality, and Peace. When Bonaparte entered every head was uncovered. The windows were full of young and beautiful females. But notwithstanding this great preparation an icy coldness characterized the ceremony. Every one seemed to be present only for the purpose of beholding a sight, and curiosity was the prevailing expression rather than joy or gratitude. It is but right to say, however, that an unfortunate event contributed to the general indifference. The right wing of the Palace was not occupied, but great preparations had been making there, and an officer had been directed to prevent any one from ascending. One of the clerks of the Directory, however, contrived to get upon the scaffolding, but had scarcely placed his foot on the first plank when it tilted up, and the imprudent man fell the whole height into the court. This accident created a general stupor. Ladies fainted, and the windows were nearly deserted.

However, the Directory displayed all the Republican splendor of which they were so prodigal on similar occasions.

garded the marriage of Louis Bonaparte sufficiently proves that the regard with which he had inspired Hortense was not very ardently returned. It is certain that Duroc might have become the husband of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais had he been willing to accede to the conditions on which the First Consul offered him his stepdaughter's hand. But Duroc looked forward to something better, and his ordinary prudence forsook him at a moment when he might easily have beheld a perspective calculated to gratify even a more towering ambition than his. He declined the proposed marriage; and the union of Hortense and Louis, which Madame Bonaparte, to conciliate the favor of her brothers-in-law, had endeavored to bring about, was immediately determined on (*Mémoires de Constant*).

In allusion to the alleged unfriendly feeling of Napoleon's brothers towards Josephine, the following observation occurs in Joseph Bonaparte's *Notes on Bourrienne* :—

"None of Napoleon's brothers," he says, "were near him from the time if his departure for Italy except Louis, who cannot be suspected of having intrigued against Josephine, whose daughter he married. These calumnies are without foundation" (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 244).

Speeches were far from being scarce. Talleyrand, who was then Minister for Foreign Affairs, on introducing Bonaparte to the Directory, made a long oration, in the course of which he hinted that the personal greatness of the General ought not to excite uneasiness, even in a rising Republic. "Far from apprehending anything from his ambition, I believe that we shall one day be obliged to solicit him to tear himself from the pleasures of studious retirement. All France will be free, but perhaps he never will; such is his destiny."

Talleyrand was listened to with impatience, so anxious was every one to hear Bonaparte. The conqueror of Italy then rose, and pronounced with a modest air, but in a firm voice, a short address of congratulation on the improved position of the nation.

Barras, at that time President of the Directory, replied to Bonaparte with so much prolixity as to weary every one; and as soon as he had finished speaking he threw himself into the arms of the General, who was not much pleased with such affected displays, and gave him what was then called the fraternal embrace. The other members of the Directory, following the example of the President, surrounded Bonaparte and pressed him in their arms; each acted, to the best of his ability, his part in the sentimental comedy.

Chénier composed for this occasion a hymn, which Méhul set to music. A few days after an opera was produced, bearing the title of the *Fall of Carthage*, which was meant as an allusion to the anticipated exploits of the conqueror of Italy recently appointed to the command of the "army of England." The poets were all employed in praising him; and Lebrun with but little of the Pindaric fire in his soul, composed the following distich, which certainly is not worth much:—

"Héros, cher à la paix, aux arts, à la victoire —
Il conquit en deux ans mille siècles de gloire."

The two councils were not disposed to be behind the Directory in the manifestation of joy. A few days after they gave a banquet to the General in the gallery of the Louvre which had recently been enriched by the masterpieces of painting conquered in Italy.

At this time Bonaparte displayed great modesty in all his transactions in Paris. The administrators of the department of the Seine having sent a deputation to him to inquire what hour and day he would allow them to wait on him, he carried himself his answer to the department, accompanied by General Berthier. It was also remarked that the judge of the peace of the arrondissement where the General lived having called on him on the 6th of December, the evening of his arrival, he returned the visit next morning. These attentions, trifling as they may appear, were not without their effect on the minds of the Parisians.

In consequence of General Bonaparte's victories, the peace he had effected, and the brilliant reception of which he had been the object, the business of Vendémiaire was in some measure forgotten. Every one was eager to get a sight of the young hero whose career had commenced with so much *éclat*. He lived very retiredly, yet went often to the theatre. He desired me, one day, to go and request the representation of two of the best pieces of the time, in which Elleviou, Mesdames St. Aubin, Phillis, and other distinguished performers played. His message was, that he only wished these two pieces on the same night, if that were possible. The manager told me nothing that the conqueror of Italy wished for was *impossible*, for he had long ago erased that word from the dictionary. Bonaparte laughed heartily at the manager's answer. When we went to the theatre he seated himself, as usual, in the back of the box, behind Madame Bonaparte, making me sit by her side. The pit and boxes, however, soon found out that he was in the house, and loudly called for him. Several times an earnest desire to see him was manifested, but all in vain, for he never showed himself.

Some days after, being at the Théâtre des Arts, at the second representation of *Horatius Coclès*, although he was sitting at the back of a box in the second tier, the audience discovered that he was in the house. Immediately acclamations arose from all quarters; but he kept himself concealed as much as possible, and said to a person in the next box, "Had I known that the boxes were so exposed, I should not have come."

During Bonaparte's stay at Paris a woman sent a messenger to warn him that his life would be attempted, and that poison was to be employed for that purpose. Bonaparte had the bearer of this information arrested, who went, accompanied by the judge of the peace, to the woman's house, where she was found extended on the floor, and bathed in her blood. The men whose plot she had overheard, having discovered that she had revealed their secret, murdered her. The poor woman was dreadfully mangled: her throat was cut; and, not satisfied with that, the assassins had also hacked her body with sharp instruments.

On the night of the 10th of Nivose the Rue Chantierine, in which Bonaparte had a small house (No. 6), received, in pursuance of a decree of the department, the name of Rue de la Victoire. The cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" and the incense prodigally offered up to him, did not however seduce him from his retired habits. Lately the conqueror and ruler of Italy, and now under men for whom he had no respect, and who saw in him a formidable rival, he said to me one day, "The people of Paris do not remember anything. Were I to remain here long, doing nothing, I should be lost. In this great Babylon one reputation displaces another. Let me be seen but three times at the theatre and I shall no longer excite attention; so I shall go there but seldom." When he went, he occupied a box shaded with curtains. The manager of the opera wished to get up a special performance in his honor; but he declined the offer. When I observed that it must be agreeable to him to see his fellow-citizens so eagerly running after him, he replied, "Bah! the people would crowd as fast to see me if I were going to the scaffold."¹

On the 28th of December Bonaparte was named a member of the Institute, in the class of the Sciences and Arts.² He

¹ A similar remark made to William III. on his landing at Brixham elicited the comment, "Like the Jews, who cried one day 'Hosanna!' and the next 'Crucify Him! crucify Him!'"

² Napoleon seems to have really considered this nomination as a great honor. He was fond of using the title in his proclamations; and to the last the allowance attached to the appointment figured in the Imperial accounts. He replaced Carnot, the exiled Director.

showed a deep sense of this honor, and wrote the following letter to Camus, the president of the class ; —

CITIZEN PRESIDENT—The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the Institute confers a high honor on me. I feel well assured that, before I can be their equal, I must long be their scholar. If there were any way more expressive than another of making known my esteem for you, I should be glad to employ it. True conquests—the only ones which leave no regret behind them—are those which are made over ignorance. The most honorable, as well as the most useful, occupation for nations is the contributing to the extension of human knowledge. The true power of the French Republic should henceforth be made to consist in not allowing a single new idea to exist without making it part of its property.

BONAPARTE.

The General now renewed, though unsuccessfully, the attempt he had made before the 18th Fructidor to obtain a dispensation of the age necessary for becoming a Director. Perceiving that the time was not yet favorable for such a purpose, he said to me, on the 29th of January, 1798, “Bourrienne, I do not wish to remain here ; there is nothing to do. They are unwilling to listen to anything. I see that if I linger here, I shall soon lose myself. Everything wears out here ; my glory has already disappeared. This little Europe does not supply enough of it for me. I must seek it in the East, the fountain of glory. However, I wish first to make a tour along the coast, to ascertain by my own observation what may be attempted. I will take you, Lannes, and Sulkowsky, with me. If the success of a descent on England appear doubtful, as I suspect it will, the army of England shall become the army of the East, and I will go to Egypt.”

This and other conversations give a correct insight into his character. He always considered war and conquest as the most noble and inexhaustible source of that glory which was the constant object of his desire. He revolted at the idea of languishing in idleness at Paris, while fresh laurels were growing for him in distant climes. His imagination inscribed, in anticipation, his name on those gigantic monuments which alone, perhaps, of all the creations of man, have the character of eternity. Already proclaimed the most illustrious of liv-

ing generals, he sought to efface the rival names of antiquity by his own. If Cæsar fought fifty battles, he longed to fight a hundred: if Alexander left Macedon to penetrate to the Temple of Ammon, he wished to leave Paris to travel to the Cataracts of the Nile. While he was thus to run a race with fame, events would, in his opinion, so proceed in France as to render his return necessary and opportune. His place would be ready for him, and he should not come to claim it a forgotten or unknown man.

CHAPTER XII.

1798.

Bonaparte's departure from Paris — His return — The Egyptian expedition projected — M. de Talleyrand — General Desaix — Expedition against Malta — Money taken at Berne — Bonaparte's ideas respecting the East — Monge — Non-influence of the Directory — Marriages of Marmont and La Vallette — Bonaparte's plan of colonizing Egypt — His camp library — Orthographical blunders — Stock of wines — Bonaparte's arrival at Toulon — Madame Bonaparte's fall from a balcony — Execution of an old man — Simon.

BONAPARTE left Paris for the north on the 10th of February, 1798 — but he received no *order*, though I have seen it everywhere so stated, to go there — “for the purpose of preparing the operations connected with the intended invasion of England.” He occupied himself with no such business, for which a few days certainly would not have been sufficient. His journey to the coast was nothing but a rapid excursion, and its sole object was to enable him to form an opinion on the main point of the question. Neither did he remain absent several weeks, for the journey occupied only one. There were four of us in his carriage — himself, Lannes, Sulkowsky, and I. Moustache was our courier. Bonaparte was not a little surprised on reading in the *Moniteur*, of the 10th February, an article giving greater importance to his little excursion than it deserved.

“General Bonaparte,” said the *Moniteur*, “has departed for Dunkirk with some naval and engineer officers. They have gone to visit the coasts and prepare the preliminary operations for the descent [upon England]. It may be stated that he will not return to Rastadt, and that the close of the session of the Congress there is approaching.”

Now for the facts. Bonaparte visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Nieuport, Ostend, and

the necessary information with that intelligence and tact for which he was so eminently distinguished. He questioned the sailors, smugglers, and fishermen, and listened attentively to the answers he received.

We returned to Paris by Antwerp, Brussels, Lille, and St. Quentin. The object of our journey was accomplished when we reached the first of these towns. "Well, General," said I, "what think you of our journey? Are you satisfied? For my part, I confess I entertain no great hopes from anything I have seen and heard." Bonaparte immediately answered, "It is too great a chance. I will not hazard it. I would not thus sport with the fate of my beloved France." On hearing this I already fancied myself in Cairo!

On his return to Paris Bonaparte lost no time in setting on foot the military and scientific preparation for the projected expedition to the banks of the Nile, respecting which such incorrect statements have appeared. It had long occupied his thoughts, as the following facts will prove.

In the month of August, 1797, he wrote "that the time was not far distant when we should see that, to destroy the power of England effectually, it would be necessary to attack Egypt." In the same month he wrote to Talleyrand, who had just succeeded Charles de Laeroix as Minister of Foreign Affairs, "that it would be necessary to attack Egypt, which did not belong to the Grand Signior." Talleyrand replied, "that his ideas respecting Egypt were certainly grand, and that their utility could not fail to be fully appreciated." He concluded by saying he would write to him *at length* on the subject.

History will speak as favorably of M. de Talleyrand as his contemporaries have spoken ill of him. When a statesman, throughout a great, long, and difficult career, makes and preserves a number of faithful friends, and provokes but few enemies, it must be acknowledged that his character is honorable and his talent profound, and that his political conduct has been wise and moderate. It is impossible to know M. de Talleyrand without admiring him. All who have that advantage, no doubt, judge him as I do.

sent Poussielgue, under the pretence of inspecting the ports of the Levant, to give the finishing stroke to the meditated expedition against Malta.

General Desaix, whom Bonaparte had made the confidant of all his plans at their interview in Italy after the preliminaries of Leoben, wrote to him from Affenbourg, on his return to Germany, that he regarded the fleet of Corfu with great interest. "If ever," said he, "it should be engaged in the grand enterprises of which I have heard you speak, do not, I beseech you, forget me." Bonaparte was far from forgetting him.

The Directory at first disapproved of the expedition against Malta, which Bonaparte had proposed long before the treaty of Campo-Formio was signed. The expedition was decided to be impossible, for Malta had observed strict neutrality, and had on several occasions even assisted our ships and seamen. Thus we had no pretext for going to war with her. It was said, too, that the legislative body would certainly not look with a favorable eye on such a measure. This opinion, which, however, did not last long, vexed Bonaparte. It was one of the disappointments which made him give a rough welcome to Bottot, Barras's agent, at the commencement of October, 1797.

In the course of an animated conversation he said to Bottot, shrugging his shoulders, "Mon Dieu! Malta is for sale!" Some time after he himself was told that "great importance was attached to the acquisition of Malta, and that he must not suffer it to escape." At the latter end of September, 1797, Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, wrote to him that the Directory authorized him to give the necessary orders to Admiral Brueys for taking Malta. He sent Bonaparte some letters for the island, because Bonaparte had said it was necessary to prepare the public mind for the event.

Bonaparte exerted himself night and day in the execution of his projects. I never saw him so active. He made himself acquainted with the abilities of the respective generals, and the force of all the army corps. Orders and instructions succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity. If he

wanted an order of the Directory he ran to the Leclerc to get it signed by one of the Directors. Merlin was generally the person who did him this service. He was the most constant at his post. Lagarde, the General, did not countersign any document relating to the expedition, Bonaparte not wishing him to be informed of his business. He transmitted to Toulon the money which Berne, which the Directory had placed at his disposal, amounted to something above 3,000,000 francs. At times of disorder and negligence the finances were badly managed. The revenues were anticipated and squandered away, so that the treasury never possessed so large a sum as that just mentioned.

It was determined that Bonaparte should undertake the expedition of an unusual character to the East. I confess that two things cheered me in this very painful journey: my friendship and admiration for the talents of the Emperor of Italy, and the pleasing hope of traversing those regions, the historical and religious accounts of which had engaged the attention of my youth.

It was at Passeriano that, seeing the approaching termination of his labors in Europe, he first began to turn his attention to the East. During his long strolls in the magnificent park there he delighted to converse of the celebrated events of that part of the world, and of the famous empires it once possessed. He used to say, "The East is a molehill. There have never been great empires, revolutions except in the East, where there are 600 millions of men." He considered that part of the world as the theatre of all religions, of all metaphysical extravagances. That was no less interesting than inexhaustible, and he deduced it when conversing with the generals with whom he was intimate, with Monge, and with me.

Monge entirely concurred in the General-in-Chief's opinions on this point; and his scientific ardor was increased by Bonaparte's enthusiasm. In short, all were unanimous in one opinion. The Directory had no share in rendering the project of this memorable expedition, the result of

not correspond with the grand views in which it had been conceived. Neither had the Directory any positive control over Bonaparte's departure or return. It was merely the passive instrument of the General's wishes, which it converted into decrees, as the law required. He was no more ordered to undertake the conquest of Egypt than he was instructed as to the plan of its execution. Bonaparte organized the army of the East, raised money, and collected ships; and it was he who conceived the happy idea of joining to the expedition men distinguished in science and art, and whose labors have made known, in its present and past state, a country, the very name of which is never pronounced without exciting grand recollections.

Bonaparte's orders flew like lightning from Toulon to Civita Vecchia. With admirable precision he appointed some forces to assemble before Malta, and others before Alexandria. He dictated all these orders to me in his Cabinet.

In the position in which France stood with respect to Europe, after the treaty of Campo Formio, the Directory, far from pressing or even facilitating this expedition, ought to have opposed it. A victory on the Adige would have been far better for France than one on the Nile. From all I saw, I am of opinion that the wish to get rid of an ambitious and rising man, whose popularity excited envy, triumphed over the evident danger of removing, for an indefinite period, an excellent army, and the possible loss of the French fleet. As to Bonaparte, he was well assured that nothing remained for him but to choose between that hazardous enterprise and his certain ruin. Egypt was, he thought, the right place to maintain his reputation, and to add fresh glory to his name.

On the 12th of April, 1798, he was appointed General-in-Chief of the army of the East.

It was about this time that Marmont was married to Mademoiselle Perregaux; and Bonaparte's *aide de camp*, La Vallette, to Mademoiselle Beauharnais.¹

¹ Sir Walter Scott informs us that Josephine, when she became Empress, brought about the marriage between her niece and La Vallette. This is another fictitious incident of his historical romance. — *Bourrienne*.

Shortly before our departure I asked Bonaparte how long he intended to remain in Egypt. He replied, "A few months, or six years: all depends on circumstances. I will colonize the country. I will bring them artists and artisans of every description; women, actors, etc. We are but nine-and-twenty now, and we shall then be five-and-thirty. That is not an old age. Those six years will enable me, if all goes well, to get to India. Give out that you are going to Brest. Say so even to your family." I obeyed, to prove my discretion and real attachment to him.

Bonaparte wished to form a camp library of cabinet editions, and he gave me a list of the books which I was to purchase. This list is in his own writing, and is as follows:—

CAMP LIBRARY.

1. ARTS AND SCIENCE. — *Fontenelle's Worlds*, 1 vol. *Letters to a German Princess*, 2 vols. *Courses of the Normal School*, 6 vols. *The Artillery Assistant*, 1 vol. *Treatise on Fortifications*, 3 vols. *Treatise on Fireworks*, 1 vol.

2. GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS. — *Barclay's Geography*, 12 vols. *Cook's Voyages*, 3 vols. *La Harpe's Travels*, 24 vols.

3. HISTORY. — *Plutarch*, 12 vols. *Turenne*, 2 vols. *Condé*, 4 vols. *Villars*, 4 vols. *Luxembourg*, 2 vols. *Duguesclin*, 2 vols. *Saxe*, 3 vols. *Memoirs of the Marshals of France*, 20 vols. *President Hainault*, 4 vols. *Chronology*, 2 vols. *Marlborough*, 4 vols. *Prince Eugène*, 6 vols. *Philosophical History of India*, 12 vols. *Germany*, 2 vols. *Charles XII.*, 1 vol. *Essay on the Manners of Nations*, 6 vols. *Peter the Great*, 1 vol. *Polybius*, 6 vols. *Justin*, 2 vols. *Arrian*, 3 vols. *Tacitus*, 2 vols. *Titus Livy*. *Thucydides*, 2 vols. *Vertot*, 4 vols. *Denina*, 8 vols. *Frederick II.*, 8 vols.

4. POETRY. — *Ossian*, 1 vol. *Tasso*, 6 vols. *Ariosto*, 6 vols. *Homer*, 6 vols. *Virgil*, 4 vols. *The Henriade*, 1 vol. *Telemachus*, 2 vols. *Les Jardins*, 1 vol. *The Chefs-d'Œuvres of the French Theatre*, 20 vols. *Select Light Poetry*, 10 vols. *La Fontaine*.

5. ROMANCE. — *Voltaire*, 4 vols. *Héloïse*, 4 vols. *Werther*, 1 vol. *Marmontel*, 4 vols. *English Novels*, 40 vols. *Le Sage*, 10 vols. *Prérost*, 10 vols.

6. POLITICS AND MORALS. — *The Old Testament*. *The New Testament*. *The Koran*. *The Vedan*. *Mythology*. *Montesquieu*. *The Esprit des Lois*.

It will be observed that he classed the books of the religious creeds of nations under the head of "politics."

The autograph copy of the above list contains some of those orthographical blunders which Bonaparte so frequently committed. Whether these blunders are attributable to the limited course of instruction he received at Brienne, to his hasty writing, the rapid flow of his ideas, or the little importance he attached to that indispensable condition of polite education, I know not. Knowing so well as he did the authors and generals whose names appear in the above list, it is curious that he should have written *Duceeling* for Duguesclin, and *Ocean* for Ossian. The latter mistake would have puzzled me not a little had I not known his predilection for the Caledonian bard.

Before his departure, Bonaparte laid in a considerable stock of Burgundy. It was supplied by a man named James, of Dijon. I may observe that on this occasion we had an opportunity of ascertaining that good Burgundy, well racked off, and in casks hermetically sealed, does not lose its quality on a sea voyage. Several cases of this Burgundy twice crossed the desert of the Isthmus of Suez on camels' backs. We brought some of it back with us to Frejus, and it was as good as when we departed. James went with us to Egypt.

During the remainder of our stay in Paris nothing occurred worthy of mention, with the exception of a conversation between Bonaparte and me, some days before our departure for Toulon. He went with me to the Luxembourg to get signatures to the official papers connected with his expedition. He was very silent. As we passed through the Rue St. Anne I asked him, with no other object than merely to break a long pause, whether he was still determined to quit France. He replied, "Yes: I have tried everything. They do not want me (probably alluding to the office of Director). I ought to overthrow them, and make myself King; but it will not do yet. The nobles will never consent to it. I have tried my ground. The time is not yet come. I should be alone. But I will dazzle them again." I replied, "Well, we will go to Egypt;" and changed the conversation.¹

¹ Lucien and the Bonapartists of course deny that Napoleon wished to become Director, or to seize on power at this time: see *Lucien*, tome i. p. 154.

The squabble with Bernadotte at Vienna, delayed our departure for a fortnight, and might have had the most disastrous influence on the fate of the squadron, as Nelson would most assuredly have waited between Malta and Sicily if he had arrived there before us.¹

It is untrue that he ever entertained the idea of abandoning the expedition in consequence of Bernadotte's affair. The following letter to Brueys, dated the 28th of April, 1798, proves the contrary : —

Some disturbances which have arisen at Vienna render my presence in Paris necessary for a few days. This will not change any of the arrangements for the expedition. I have sent orders by this courier for the troops at Marseilles to embark and proceed to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th I will send you a courier with orders for you to embark and proceed with the squadron and convoy to Genoa, where I will join you.

The delay which this fresh event has occasioned will, I imagine, have enabled you to complete every preparation.

We left Paris on the 3d of May, 1798. Ten days before Bonaparte's departure for Egypt, a prisoner (Sir Sidney Smith) escaped from the Temple, who was destined to contribute materially to his reverses. An escape so unimportant in itself afterwards caused the failure of the most gigantic projects and daring conceptions. This escape was pregnant with future events ; a false order of the Minister of Police prevented the revolution of the East !

Thiers (vol. v. p. 257) takes the same view. Lanfrey (tome i. p. 363) believes Napoleon was at last compelled by the Directory to start, and he credits the story told by Desaix to Mathien Dumas, or rather to the wife of that officer, that there was a plot to upset the Directory, but that when all was ready, Napoleon judged that the time was not ripe. Lanfrey, however, rather enlarges what Dumas says; see *Dumas*, tome iii. p. 157. See also the very remarkable conversation of Napoleon with Miot de Melito, just before leaving Italy for Rastadt: "I cannot obey any longer. I have tasted the pleasures of command, and I cannot renounce it. My decision is taken. If I cannot be master, I shall quit France" (*Miot*, tome i. p. 174).

¹ Sir Walter Scott, without any authority, states that, at the moment of his departure, Bonaparte seemed disposed to abandon the command of an expedition so doubtful and hazardous, and that for this purpose he endeavored to take advantage of what had occurred at Vienna. This must be

We were at Toulon on the 8th. Bonaparte knew by the movements of the English that not a moment was to be lost; but adverse winds detained us ten days, which he occupied in attending to the most minute details connected with the fleet.

Bonaparte, whose attention was constantly occupied with his army, made a speech to the soldiers, which I wrote to his dictation, and which appeared in the public papers at the time. This address was followed by cries of, "The Immortal Republic for ever!" and the singing of national hymns.

Those who knew Madame Bonaparte are aware that few women were more amiable and fascinating. Bonaparte was passionately fond of her, and to enjoy the pleasure of her society as long as possible, he brought her with him to Toulon. Nothing could be more affecting than their parting. On leaving Toulon Josephine went to the waters of Plombières. I recollect that during her stay at Plombières she incurred great danger from a serious accident. Whilst she was one day sitting at the balcony of the hôtel, with her suite, the balcony suddenly gave way, and all the persons in it fell into the street. Madame Bonaparte was much hurt, but no serious consequences ensued.¹

Bonaparte had scarcely arrived at Toulon when he heard that the law for the death of emigrants was enforced with frightful rigor; and that but recently an old man, upwards of eighty, had been shot. Indignant at this barbarity, he dictated to me, in a tone of anger, the following letter:—

1 "Madame Bonaparte had been but a short time at Plombières, when one morning, as she was sitting in her drawing-room, engaged at needlework and conversing with some ladies, Madame de Cambis, who was in the balcony, called her to look at a beautiful little dog that was passing through the street. All the ladies who were in the room immediately rose, and, following Madame Bonaparte, rushed to the balcony, which instantly gave way, and fell with a tremendous crash. It fortunately happened that nobody was killed; but Madame de Cambis had her leg broken, and Madame Bonaparte was dreadfully hurt, though she escaped without broken bones. M. Charvet, who was in an adjoining room, being alarmed by the noise, ran out, and, on learning what had happened, he ordered a sheep to be immediately killed; and the skin of the animal being taken off, Madame Bonaparte was wrapped in it. She suffered from the effects of this accident for a considerable time. Her hands and arms were so severely bruised that she was long unable to use them." (*Mémoires de Constant.*)

HEADQUARTERS, TOULON,
27th Floréal, year IV. (16th May, 1798).

BONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, TO THE MILITARY COMMISSIONERS OF THE NINTH DIVISION, ESTABLISHED BY THE LAW OF THE 19TH FRUCTIDOR.

I have learned, citizens, with deep regret, that an old man, between seventy and eighty years of age, and some unfortunate women, in a state of pregnancy, or surrounded with children of tender age, have been shot on the charge of emigration.

Have the soldiers of liberty become executioners? Can the mercy which they have exercised even in the fury of battle be extinct in their hearts?

The law of the 19th Fructidor was a measure of public safety. Its object was to reach conspirators, not women and aged men.

I therefore exhort you, citizens, whenever the law brings to your tribunals women or old men, to declare that in the field of battle you have respected the women and old men of your enemies.

The officer who signs a sentence against a person incapable of bearing arms, is a coward.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

This letter saved the life of an unfortunate man who came under the description of persons to whom Bonaparte referred. The tone of this note shows what an idea he already entertained of his power. He took upon him, doubtless from the noblest motives, to step out of his way to interpret and interdict the execution of a law, atrocious, it is true, but which, even in those times of weakness, disorder, and anarchy was still a law. In this instance, at least, the power of his name was nobly employed. The letter gave great satisfaction to the army destined for the expedition.

A man named Simon, who had followed his master in emigration, and dreaded the application of the law, heard that I wanted a servant. He came to me and acknowledged his situation. He suited me and I hired him. He then told me he feared he should be arrested whilst going to the port to embark. Bonaparte, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, and who had just given a striking proof of his aversion to these acts of barbarity, said to me in a tone of kindness, "Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him remain with you." The words "Bonaparte, General-in-Chief of the Army of the East," were inscribed in large gold letters on

the green morocco. Whether it was the portfolio or his connection with us that prevented Simon from being arrested, I know not; but he passed on without interruption. I reprimanded him for having smiled derisively at the ill-humor of the persons appointed to arrest him. He served me faithfully, and was even sometimes useful to Bonaparte.

CHAPTER XIII.

1798.

Departure of the squadron — Arrival at Malta — Dolomieu — General Baraguay d'Hilliers — Attack on the western part of the island — Caffarelli's remark — Deliverance of the Turkish prisoners — Nelson's pursuit of the French fleet — Conversations on board — How Bonaparte passed his time — Questions to the Captains — Propositions discussed — Morning music — Proclamation — Admiral Brueys — The English fleet avoided — Dangerous landing — Bonaparte and his fortune — Alexandria taken — Kléber wounded — Bonaparte's entrance into Alexandria.

THE squadron sailed on the 19th of May. The *Orient*, which, owing to her heavy lading, drew too much water, touched the ground; but she was got off without much difficulty.

We arrived off Malta on the 10th of June. We had lost two days in waiting for some convoys which joined us at Malta.

The intrigues throughout Europe had not succeeded in causing the ports of that island to be opened to us immediately on our arrival. Bonaparte expressed much displeasure against the persons sent from Europe to arrange measures for that purpose. One of them, however, M. Dolomieu, had cause to repent his mission, which occasioned him to be badly treated by the Sicilians. M. Poussielgue had done all he could in the way of seduction, but he had not completely succeeded. There was some misunderstanding, and, in consequence, some shots were interchanged. Bonaparte was very much pleased with General Baraguay d'Hilliers' services in Italy. He could not but praise his military and political conduct at Venice when, scarcely a year before, he had taken possession of that city by his orders. General Baraguay d'Hilliers joined us with his division, which had embarked in the convoy that sailed from Genoa. The General-in-Chief ordered him to land and attack the western part of the island. He executed this order with equal prudence and ability, and

highly to the satisfaction of the General-in-Chief. As every person in the secret knew that all this was a mere form, these hostile demonstrations produced no unpleasant consequences. We wished to save the honor of the knights — that was all ; for no one who has seen Malta can imagine that an island surrounded with such formidable and perfect fortifications would have surrendered in two days to a fleet which was pursued by an enemy. The impregnable fortress of Malta is so secure against a *coup de main* that General Caffarelli, after examining its fortifications, said to the General-in-Chief, in my presence, “Upon my word, General, it is lucky there is some one in the town to open the gates for us.”

By comparing the observation of General Caffarelli with what has been previously stated respecting the project of the expedition to Egypt and Malta, an idea may be formed of the value of Bonaparte’s assertion at St. Helena: “The capture of Malta was not owing to private intrigues, but to the sagacity of the Commander-in-Chief. I took Malta when I was in Mantua!” It is not the less true, however, that I wrote, by his dictation, a mass of instructions for private intrigues. Napoleon also said to another noble companion of his exile at St. Helena, “Malta certainly possessed vast physical means of resistance ; but no moral means. The knights did nothing dishonorable : nobody is obliged to do impossibilities. No ; but they were sold ; the capture of Malta was assured before we left Toulon.”

The General-in-Chief proceeded to that part of the port where the Turks made prisoners by the knights were kept. The disgusting galleys were emptied of their occupants. The same principles which, a few days after, formed the basis of Bonaparte’s proclamation to the Egyptians, guided him in this act of reason and humanity.

He walked several times in the gardens of the grand-master. They were in beautiful order, and filled with magnificent orange trees. We regaled ourselves with their fruit, which the great heat rendered most delicious.

On the 19th of June, after having settled the government and defence of the island, the General left Malta, which he

little dreamed he had taken for the English, who have very badly requited the obligation. Many of the knights followed Bonaparte and took civil and military appointments.

During the night of the 22d of June the English squadron was almost close upon us. It passed at about six leagues from the French fleet. Nelson, who learned the capture of Malta at Messina on the day we left the island, sailed direct for Alexandria, without proceeding into the north. He considered that city to be the place of our destination. By taking the shortest course, with every sail set, and unembarrassed by any convoy, he arrived before Alexandria on the 28th of June, three days before the French fleet, which, nevertheless, had sailed before him from the shores of Malta. The French squadron took the direction of Candia, which we perceived on the 25th of June, and afterwards stood to the south, favored by the Etesian winds, which regularly prevail at that season. The French fleet did not reach Alexandria till the 30th of June.

When on board the *Orient* he took pleasure in conversing frequently with Monge and Berthollet. The subjects on which they usually talked were chemistry, mathematics, and religion. General Caffarelli, whose conversation, supplied by knowledge, was at once energetic, witty, and lively, was one of those with whom he most willingly discoursed. Whatever friendship he might entertain for Berthollet, it was easy to perceive that he preferred Monge, and that he was led to that preference because Monge, endowed with an ardent imagination, without exactly possessing religious principles, had a kind of predisposition for religious ideas which harmonized with the notions of Bonaparte. On this subject Berthollet sometimes rallied his inseparable friend Monge. Besides, Berthollet was, with his cold imagination, constantly devoted to analysis and abstractions, inclined towards materialism, an opinion with which the General was always much dissatisfied. Bonaparte sometimes conversed with Admiral Brueys. His object was always to gain information respecting the different manœuvres, and nothing astonished the Admiral more than the sagacity of his questions. I recollect that one day, Bona-

parte having asked Brueys in what manner the hammocks were disposed of when clearing for action, he declared, after he had received an answer, that if the case should occur he would order every one to throw his baggage overboard.

He passed a great part of his time in his cabin, lying on a bed, which, swinging on a kind of castors, alleviated the severity of the sea-sickness from which he frequently suffered much when the ship rolled.

I was almost always with him in his cabin, where I read to him some of the favorite works which he had selected for his camp library. He also frequently conversed, for hours together, with the captains of the vessels which he hailed. He never failed to ask whence they came? what was their destination? what ships they had met? what course they had sailed? His curiosity being thus satisfied, he allowed them to continue their voyage, after making them promise to say nothing of having seen the French squadron.

Whilst we were at sea he seldom rose before ten o'clock in the morning. The *Orient* had the appearance of a populous town, from which women had been excluded; and this floating city was inhabited by 2000 individuals, amongst whom were a great number of distinguished men. Bonaparte every day invited several persons to dine with him, besides Brueys, Berthier, the colonels, and his ordinary household, who were always present at the table of the General-in-Chief. When the weather was fine he went up to the quarter-deck, which, from its extent, formed a grand promenade.

I recollect once that when walking the quarter-deck with him whilst we were in Sicilian waters I thought I could see the summits of the Alps, beautifully lighted by the rays of the setting sun. Bonaparte laughed much, and joked me about it. He called Admiral Brueys, who took his telescope and soon confirmed my conjecture. The Alps! At the mention of that word by the Admiral I think I can see Bonaparte still. He stood for a long time motionless; then, suddenly bursting from his trance, exclaimed, "No! I cannot behold the land of Italy without emotion! There is the East; and there I go; a perilous enterprise invites me.

Those mountains command the sea, and the sea then has the good fortune to lead the French to victory. With them we will conquer again."

One of Bonaparte's pleasures was to converse with his friends, was, after dinner, to fix upon some subject, and to support a proposition and a motion, to which he was not attached in view by this. The object of the conversation was the opportunity of studying the nature of the subject, and an interest in knowing well, in order to be able to defend and confide to each the functions of his own mind, and of the greatest aptitude. It will not be surprising that those who have been intimate with Bonaparte, to see the actual contests he gave the preference to the subject of the absurd proposition with an intention to see who would maintain the cause of reason; and it was not the objects of mind which determined he maintained the cause of reason, the man who argued well in fact, and was not the man who argued equally well in support of an absurd proposition. He always gave out the subject which was to be discussed; and they most frequently formed speculations of religion, the different kind of government, and the art of war. One day he asked whether the planets were animated; on another, what was the age of the world, then he proposed to consider the probability of the destruction of our globe, either by water or fire; at another time the truth or fallacy of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. I remember the circumstance which gave rise to the last proposition was an allusion to Joseph, of whom he happened to speak, as he did of almost everything connected with the country to which we were bound, and which that able administrator had governed. No country came under Bonaparte's observation without recalling historical recollection to his mind. On passing the island of Candy his imagination was excited, and he spoke with enthusiasm of ancient Crete and the Colossus, whose fabulous renown has surpassed all human glories. He spoke much of the fall of the empire of the East, which bore so little resemblance to what history has

the blood of man. The ingenious fables of mythology likewise occurred to his mind, and imparted to his language something of a poetical, and, I may say, of an inspired character. The sight of the kingdom of Minos led him to reason on the laws best calculated for the government of nations; and the birthplace of Jupiter suggested to him the necessity of a religion for the mass of mankind. This animated conversation lasted until the favorable north winds, which drove the clouds into the valley of the Nile, caused us to lose sight of the island of Candia.

The musicians on board the *Orient* sometimes played serenades; but only between decks, for Bonaparte was not yet sufficiently fond of music to wish to hear it in his cabin. It may be said that his taste for this art increased in the direct ratio of his power; and so it was with his taste for hunting, of which he gave no indication until after his elevation to the empire; as though he had wished to prove that he possessed within himself not only the genius of sovereignty for commanding men, but also the instinct for those aristocratical pleasures, the enjoyment of which is considered by mankind to be amongst the attributes of kings.

It is scarcely possible that some accidents should not occur during a long voyage in a crowded vessel — that some persons should not fall overboard. Accidents of this kind frequently happened on board the *Orient*. On those occasions nothing was more remarkable than the great humanity of the man who has since been so prodigal of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed rivers of it even in Egypt, whither we were bound. When a man fell into the sea the General-in-Chief was in a state of agitation till he was saved. He instantly had the ship hove-to, and exhibited the greatest uneasiness until the unfortunate individual was recovered. He ordered me to reward those who ventured their lives in this service. Amongst these was a sailor who had incurred punishment for some fault. He not only exempted him from the punishment, but also gave him some money. I recollect that one dark night we heard a noise like that occasioned by a man falling into the sea.

Bonaparte instantly caused the ship to be hove to until the supposed victim was rescued from certain death. The men hastened from all sides, and at length they picked up what? — the quarter of a bullock, which had fallen from the hook to which it was hung. What was Bonaparte's conduct? He ordered me to reward the sailors who had excited themselves on this occasion even more generously than usual, saying, "It might have been a sailor, and these brave fellows have shown as much activity and courage as if it had."

After the lapse of thirty years all these things are as fresh in my recollection as if they were passing at the present moment. In this manner Bonaparte employed his time on board the *Orient* during the voyage, and it was also at this time that he dictated to me the following proclamation.

HEADQUARTERS ON BOARD THE "*ORIENT*,"
the 4th Messor, year VI.

BONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE,
GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

SOLDIERS — You are about to undertake a conquest the effect of which on civilization and commerce are incalculable. The blow you are about to give to England will be the best aimed, and the most sensibly felt, she can receive until the time arrives when you can give her her death blow.

We must make some fatiguing marches; we must fight several battles; we shall succeed in all we undertake. The destinies are with us. The Mameluke Beys who favor exclusively English commerce, who extortions oppress our merchants, and who tyrannize over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will no longer exist.

The people amongst whom we are going to live are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this: "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." Do not contradict them. Behave to them as you have behaved to the Jews — to the Italians. Pay respect to their muffs, and their Imaums, as you did to the rabbis and the bishops. Extend to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran and to the mosques the same toleration which you showed to the synagogues, to the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ.

The Roman Legions protected all religions. You will find here customs different from those of Europe. You must accommodate yourselves to them. The people amongst whom we are to mix differ from us in the treatment of women; but in all countries he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a small number. Fear not to be

our resources; it converts into enemies the people whom it is our interest to have for friends.

The first town we shall come to was built by Alexander. At every step we shall meet with grand recollections, worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.

BONAPARTE.

During the voyage, and particularly between Malta and Alexandria, I often conversed with the brave and unfortunate Admiral Brueys. The intelligence we heard from time to time augmented his uneasiness. I had the good fortune to obtain the confidence of this worthy man. He complained bitterly of the imperfect manner in which the fleet had been prepared for sea; of the encumbered state of the ships of the line and frigates, and especially of the *Orient*; of the great number of transports; of the bad outfit of all the ships and the weakness of their crews. He assured me that it required no little courage to undertake the command of a fleet so badly equipped; and he often declared, that in the event of our falling in with the enemy, he could not answer for the consequences. The encumbered state of the vessels, the immense quantity of civil and military baggage which each person had brought, and would wish to save, would render proper manœuvres impracticable. In case of an attack, added Brueys, even by an inferior squadron, the confusion and disorder amongst so great a number of persons would produce an inevitable catastrophe. Finally, if the English had appeared with ten vessels only, the Admiral could not have guaranteed a fortunate result. He considered victory to be a thing that was impossible, and even with a victory, what would have become of the expedition? "God send," he said, with a sigh, "that we may pass the English without meeting them!" He appeared to foresee what did afterwards happen to him, not in the open sea, but in a situation which he considered much more favorable to his defence.

On the morning of the 1st of July the expedition arrived off the coast of Africa, and the column of Septimus Severus pointed out to us the city of Alexandria. Our situation and frame of mind hardly permitted us to reflect that in the distant point we beheld the city of the Ptolemies and Cæsars,

with its double port, its pharos, and the gigantic monuments of its ancient grandeur. Our imaginations did not rise to this pitch.

Admiral Brueys had sent on before the frigate *Juno* to fetch M. Magallon, the French Consul. It was near four o'clock when he arrived, and the sea was very rough. He informed the General-in-Chief that Nelson had been off Alexandria on the 28th — that he immediately despatched a brig to obtain intelligence from the English agent. On the return of the brig Nelson instantly stood away with his squadron towards the northeast. But for a delay which our convoy from Civita Vecchia occasioned, we should have been on this coast at the same time as Nelson.

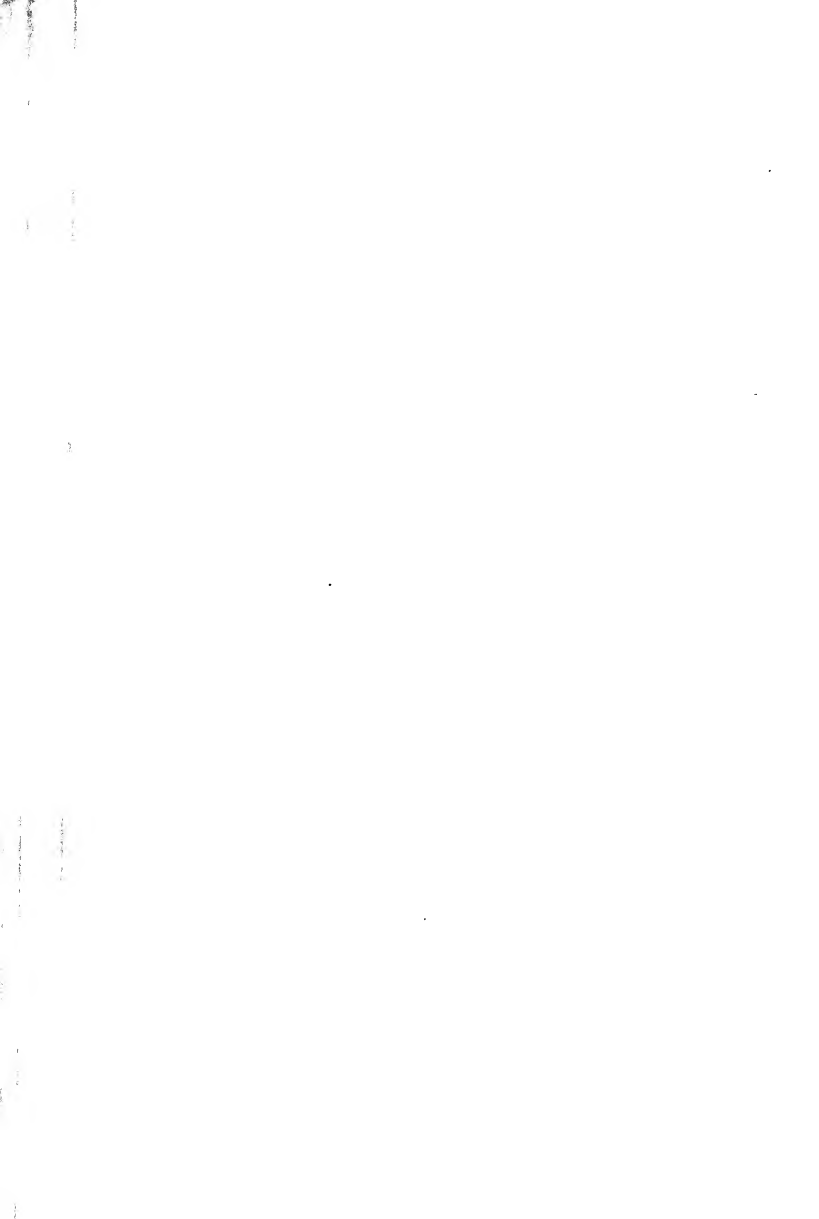
It appeared that Nelson supposed us to be already at Alexandria when he arrived there. He had reason to suppose so, seeing that we left Malta on the 19th of June, whilst he did not sail from Messina till the 21st. Not finding us where he expected, and being persuaded we ought to have arrived there had Alexandria been the place of our destination, he sailed for Alexandretta in Syria, whither he imagined we had gone to effect a landing. This error saved the expedition a second time.

Bonaparte, on hearing the details which the French Consul communicated, resolved to disembark immediately. Admiral Brueys represented the difficulties and dangers of a disembarkation — the violence of the surge, the distance from the coast, — a coast, too, lined with reefs of rock, the approaching night, and our perfect ignorance of the points suitable for landing. The Admiral, therefore, urged the necessity of waiting till next morning; that is to say, to delay the landing twelve hours. He observed that Nelson could not return from Syria for several days. Bonaparte listened to these representations with impatience and ill-humor. He replied peremptorily, "Admiral, we have no time to lose. Fortune gives me but three days; if I do not profit by them we are lost." He relied much on fortune; this chimerical idea constantly influenced his resolutions.



KLEBER

Kleber



the military force, the Admiral was obliged to yield to his wishes.

I attest these facts, which passed in my presence, and no part of which could escape my observation. It is quite false that it was owing to the appearance of a sail which, it is pretended, was descried, but of which, for my part, I saw nothing, that Bonaparte exclaimed, "Fortune, have you abandoned me? I ask only five days!" No such thing occurred.

It was one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July when we landed on the soil of Egypt, at Marabou, three leagues to the west of Alexandria. We had to regret the loss of some lives; but we had every reason to expect that our losses would have been greater.

At three o'clock the same morning the General-in-Chief marched on Alexandria with the divisions of Kléber, Bon, and Menou. The Bedouin Arabs, who kept hovering about our right flank and our rear, picked up the stragglers.

Having arrived within gunshot of Alexandria, we scaled the ramparts, and French valor soon triumphed over all obstacles.

The first blood I saw shed in war was General Kléber's. He was struck in the head by a ball, not in storming the walls, but whilst heading the attack. He came to Pompey's Pillar, where many members of the staff were assembled, and where the General-in-Chief was watching the attack. I then spoke to Kléber for the first time, and from that day our friendship commenced. I had the good fortune to contribute somewhat towards the assistance of which he stood in need, and which, as we were situated, could not be procured very easily.

It has been endeavored to represent the capture of Alexandria, which surrendered after a few hours, as a brilliant exploit. The General-in-Chief himself wrote that the city had been taken after a few discharges of cannon; the walls, badly fortified, were soon scaled. Alexandria was not delivered up to pillage, as has been asserted, and often repeated. This would have been a most impolitic mode of commencing the conquest of Egypt, which had no strong places requiring to be intimidated by a great example.

Bonaparte, with some others, entered the city by a street which scarcely allowed two persons to walk. I was with him. We were stopped by some musketry fired from a low window by a man and a woman. Repeated their fire several times. The couple who their General kept up a heavy fire on the window, and woman fell dead, and we passed on in safety, the place had surrendered.

Bonaparte employed the six days during which he remained in Alexandria in establishing order in the city and proceeding with that activity and superior talent which I could sufficiently admire, and in directing the march of the army across the province of Bahariya. He sent Desaix with 4500 infantry and 60 cavalry to Bahariya, on the road to the hour. This general was the first to experience the perils and sufferings which the whole army had been to undergo. His great mind, his attachment to Bonaparte, could not for a moment about to yield to the obstacles which presented themselves. On the 15th of July, he wrote from Bahariya the following: "I beseech you do not let us stop longer in this position. My men are discouraged and murmur. They will advance or fall back without delay. The village consists merely of huts, absolutely without resources."

In these immense plains, scorched by the vertical rays of a burning sun, water, everywhere else so common, became the object of contest. The wells and springs, these treasures of the desert, are carefully concealed from the enemy, and frequently, after our most oppressive marches, could be found to allay the urgent cravings of this little brackish water of the most disgusting description.

¹ Some idea of the misery endured by the French troops on this march may be gathered from the following description in Napoleon's *Mémoires* at St. Helena.

"As the Hebrews wandered in the wilderness, complained, and asked Moses for the comfort and fleshpots of Egypt, the French constantly regretted the luxury of Italy. In answer to this, the country was the most fertile in the world, that it was even in Lombardy, how were they to be persuaded of this when they neither bread nor wine? We encamped on immense quantities of grain, but there was neither mill nor oven in the country. The biscuit from Alexandria had long been exhausted, the soldiers were ex-

baked under the ashes. Many parched the wheat in a pan, after which they boiled it. This was the best way to use the grain; but, after all, it was not bread. The apprehensions of the soldiers increased daily, and rose to such a pitch that a great number of them said there was no great city of Cairo, and that the place bearing that name was, like Damanhour, a vast assemblage of mere huts, destitute of everything that could render life comfortable or agreeable. To such a melancholy state of mind had they brought themselves that two dragoons threw themselves, completely clothed, into the Nile, where they were drowned. It is nevertheless true that, though there was neither bread nor wine, the resources which were procured with wheat, lentils, meat, and sometimes pigeons, furnished the army with food of some kind. But the evil was in the ferment of the mind. The officers complained more loudly than the soldiers, because the comparison was proportionately more disadvantageous to them. In Egypt they found neither the quarters, the good table, nor the luxury of Italy. The General-in-Chief, wishing to set an example, used to bivouac in the midst of the army, and in the least commodious spots. No one had either tent or provisions; the dinner of Napoleon and his staff consisted of a dish of lentils. The soldiers passed the evenings in political conversations, arguments, and complaints. 'For what purpose are we come here?' said some of them; 'The Director has transported us.' 'Caffarelli,' said others, 'is the agent that has been made use of to deceive the General-in-Chief.' Many of them, having observed that wherever there were vestiges of antiquity they were careful to search, vented their spite in invective against the savants, or scientific men, who, they said, had started the idea of the expedition in order to make these searches. Jests were showered upon them, even in their presence. The men called an ass a savant; and said of Caffarelli Dufalga, alluding to his wooden leg, 'He laughs at all these troubles; he has one foot in France.'

CHAPTER XIV.

1798.

The mirage — Skirmishes with the Arabs — Mistake of General Desaix's division — Wretchedness of a rich sheik — Combat beneath the General's window — The flotilla on the Nile — Its distress and danger — The battle of Chebreisse — Defeat of the *Mamluks* — Bonaparte's reception of me — Letter to Louis Bonaparte — *Surrender* of the French army — Triumphant entrance into Cairo — Civil and military organization of Cairo — Bonaparte's letter to his brother Joseph — *Plan of colonization.*

On the 7th of July General Bonaparte left Alexandria for Damanhour. In the vast plains of Bahahureh the mirage every moment presented to the eye wide sheets of water, while, as we advanced, we found nothing but barren ground full of deep cracks. Villages, which at a distance appear to be surrounded with water, are, on a nearer approach, discovered to be situated on heights, mostly artificial, by which they are raised above the inundations of the Nile. This illusion continually recurs; and it is the more treacherous, inasmuch as it presents to the eye the perfect representation of water, at the time when the want of that article is most felt. This mirage is so considerable in the plain of Pelusium that shortly after sunrise no object is recognizable. The same phenomenon has been observed in other countries. Quintus Curtius says that in the deserts of Sogdiana a fog rising from the earth obscures the light, and the surrounding country seems like a vast sea. The cause of this singular illusion is now fully explained; and, from the observations of the learned Monge, it appears that the mirage will be found in almost every country situated between the tropics where the local circumstances are similar.

The Arabs harassed the army without intermission. The few wells met with in the desert were either filled up or the water was rendered so bitter, that it was impossible to drink it.

which the troops were tormented, even on this first march was but ill allayed by brackish and unwholesome water. The army crossed the desert with the rapidity of lightning scarcely tasting a drop of water. The sufferings of the troops were frequently expressed by discouraging murmurs.

On the first night a mistake occurred which might have proved fatal. We were advancing in the dark, under feeble escort, almost sleeping on our horses, when suddenly we were assailed by two successive discharges of musketry. We aroused ourselves and reconnoitred, and to our great satisfaction discovered that the only mischief was a slight wound received by one of our guides. Our assailants were the division of General Desaix, who forming the advanced guard of the army, mistook us for a party of the enemy, and fired upon us. It was speedily ascertained that the little advanced guard of the headquarters had not heard the "Qui vive ?" of Desaix's advanced posts.

On reaching Damanhour our headquarters were established at the residence of a sheik. The house had been newly whitened, and looked well enough outside, but the interior was inconceivably wretched. Every domestic utensil was broken, and the only seats were a few dirty tattered mats. Bonaparte knew that the sheik was rich; and having somewhat won his confidence, he asked him, through the medium of the interpreter, why, being in easy circumstances, he thus deprived himself of all comfort. "Some years ago," replied the sheik, "I repaired and furnished my house. When this became known at Cairo a demand was made upon me for money, because it was said my expenses proved me to be rich. I refused to pay the money, and in consequence I was ill-treated, and at length forced to pay it. From that time I have allowed myself only the bare necessities of life, and I shall buy no furniture for my house." The old man was lame in consequence of the treatment he had suffered. Wood was scarce to him who in this country is suspected of having a competency—a hundred spies are always ready to denounce him. The appearance of poverty is the only security against the rapine of power and the cupidity of barbarism.

A little troop of Arabs on horseback assailed our headquarters. Bonaparte, who was at the window of the sheik's house, indignant at this insolence, turned to one of his *aides de camp*, who happened to be on duty, and said, "Croisier, take a few guides and drive those fellows away!" In an instant Croisier was in the plain with fifteen guides. A little skirmish ensued, and we looked on from the window. In the movement and in the attack of Croisier and his party there was a sort of hesitation which the General-in-Chief could not comprehend. "Forward, I say! Charge!" he exclaimed from the window, as if he could have been heard. Our horsemen seemed to fall back as the Arabs returned to the attack; and after a little contest, maintained with tolerable spirit, the Arabs retired without loss, and without being molested in their retreat. Bonaparte could no longer repress his rage; and when Croisier returned he experienced such a harsh reception that the poor fellow withdrew deeply mortified and distressed. Bonaparte desired me to follow him and say something to console him: but all was in vain. "I cannot survive this," he said. "I will sacrifice my life on the first occasion that offers itself. I will not live dishonored." The word *coward* had escaped the General's lips. Poor Croisier died at St. Jean d'Acre.

On the 10th of July our headquarters were established at Rahmahanie'h, where they remained during the 11th and 12th. At this place commences the canal which was cut by Alexander to convey water to his new city, and to facilitate commercial intercourse between Europe and the East.

The flotilla, commanded by the brave chief of division Perrée, had just arrived from Rosetta. Perrée was on board the xebec *Cerf*.¹ Bonaparte placed on board the *Cerf* and the other vessels of the flotilla those individuals who, not being military, could not be serviceable in engagements, and whose horses served to mount a few of the troops.

On the night of the 14th of July the General-in-Chief directed his march towards the south, along the left bank

¹ Bonaparte had great confidence in him. He had commanded, under the General's orders, the naval forces in the Adriatic in 1797. — *Bourrienne*.

of the Nile. The flotilla sailed up the river parallel with the left wing of the army. But the force of the wind, which at this season blows regularly from the Mediterranean into the valley of the Nile, carried the flotilla far in advance of the army, and frustrated the plan of their mutually defending and supporting each other. The flotilla thus unprotected fell in with seven Turkish gunboats coming from Cairo, and was exposed simultaneously to their fire and to that of the Mamelukes, fellahs, and Arabs who lined both banks of the river. They had small guns mounted on camels.

Perrée cast anchor, and an engagement commenced at nine o'clock on the 14th of July, and continued till half-past twelve.

At the same time the General-in-Chief met and attacked a corps of about 1000 Mamelukes. His object, as he afterwards said, was to turn the corps by the left of the village of Chebreisse, and to drive it upon the Nile.

About eleven in the morning Perrée told me that the 'Turks were doing us more harm than we were doing them; that our ammunition would soon be exhausted; that the army was far inland, and that if it did not make a move to the left there would be no hope for us. Several vessels had already been boarded and taken by the Turks, who massacred the crews before our eyes, and with barbarous ferocity showed us the heads of the slaughtered men.

Perrée, at considerable risk, despatched several persons to inform the General-in-Chief of the desperate situation of the flotilla. The cannonade which Bonaparte had heard since the morning, and the explosion of a Turkish gunboat, which was blown up by the artillery of the xebec, led him to fear that our situation was really perilous. He therefore made a movement to the left, in the direction of the Nile and Chebreisse, beat the Mamelukes, and forced them to retire on Cairo. At sight of the French troops the commander of the Turkish flotilla weighed anchor and sailed up the Nile. The two banks of the river were evacuated, and the flotilla escaped the destruction which a short time before had appeared inevitable. Some writers have alleged that the Turkish flotilla was destroyed in this engagement. The truth is,

the Turks did us considerable injury, while on their part they had suffered but little. We had twenty men killed and several wounded. Upwards of 1500 cannon shot were fired during the action.

General Berthier, in his narrative of the Egyptian expedition, enumerates the individuals who, though not in the military service, assisted Perrée in this unequal and dangerous engagement. He mentions Monge, Berthollet, Andréossy, the paymaster, Junot, and Bourrienne, secretary to the General-in-Chief. It has also been stated that Sucy, the commissary-general, was seriously wounded while bravely defending a gunboat laden with provisions; but this is incorrect.

We had no communication with the army until the 23d of July. On the 22d we came in sight of the Pyramids, and were informed that we were only about ten leagues from Gizeh, where they are situated. The cannonade which we heard, and which augmented in proportion as the north wind diminished, announced a serious engagement; and that same day we saw the banks of the Nile strewed with heaps of bodies, which the waves were every moment washing into the sea. This horrible spectacle, the silence of the surrounding villages, which had hitherto been armed against us, and the cessation of the firing from the banks of the river, led us to infer, with tolerable certainty, that a battle fatal to the Mamelukes had been fought. The misery we suffered on our passage from Rahmahanie'h to Gizeh, is indescribable. We lived for eleven days on melons and water, besides being momentarily exposed to the musketry of the Arabs and the fellahs. We luckily escaped with but a few killed and wounded. The rising of the Nile was only beginning. The shallowness of the river near Cairo obliged us to leave the xebec and get on board a djerm. We reached Gizeh at three in the afternoon on the 23d of July.

When I saluted the General, whom I had not seen for twelve days, he thus addressed me: "So you are here, are you? Do you know that you have all of you been the cause of my not following up the battle of Chebreisse? It was to save you, Monge, Berthollet, and the others on board the

flotilla that I hurried the movement of my left upon the Nile before my right had turned Chebreisse. But for that, not a single Mameluke would have escaped."

"I thank you for my own part," replied I; "but in conscience could you have abandoned us, after taking away our horses, and making us go on board the xebec, whether we would or not?" He laughed, and then told me how sorry he was for the wound of Sucy, and the death of many useful men, whose places could not possibly be filled up.

He made me write a letter to his brother Louis, informing him that he had gained a complete victory over the Mamelukes at Embabeh, opposite Boulac, and that the enemy's loss was 2000 men killed and wounded, 40 guns, and a great number of horses.

The occupation of Cairo was the immediate consequence of the victory of Embabeh. Bonaparte established his headquarters in the house of Elfy Bey, in the great square of Ezbekye'h.

The march of the French army to Cairo was attended by an uninterrupted succession of combats and victories. We had won the battles of Rahmahanie'h, Chebreisse, and the Pyramids. The Mamelukes were defeated, and their chief, Mourad Bey, was obliged to fly into upper Egypt. Bonaparte found no obstacle to oppose his entrance into the capital of Egypt, after a campaign of only twenty days.

No conqueror, perhaps, ever enjoyed a victory so much as Bonaparte, and yet no one was ever less inclined to abuse his triumphs.

We entered Cairo on the 24th of July, and the General-in-Chief immediately directed his attention to the civil and military organization of the country. Only those who saw him in the vigor of his youth can form an idea of his extraordinary intelligence and activity. Nothing escaped his observation. Egypt had long been the object of his study; and in a few weeks he was as well acquainted with the country as if he had lived in it ten years. He issued orders for observing the strictest discipline, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

The mosques, the civil and religious institutions, the harems, the women, the customs of the country — all were scrupulously respected. A few days after they entered Cairo the French were freely admitted into the shops, and were seen sociably smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their occupations, and playing with their children.

The day after his arrival in Cairo Bonaparte addressed to his brother Joseph the following letter, which was intercepted and printed. Its authenticity has been doubted, but I saw Napoleon write it, and he read it to me before he sent it off.

CAIRO,

7th Thermidor (25th July, 1798).

You will see in the public papers the bulletins of the battles and conquest of Egypt, which were sufficiently contested to add another wreath to the laurels of this army. Egypt is richer than any country in the world in corn, rice, vegetables, and cattle. But the people are in a state of utter barbarism. We cannot procure money, even to pay the troops. I may be in France in two months.

Engage a country-house, to be ready for me on my arrival, either near Paris or in Burgundy, where I mean to pass the winter.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

This announcement of his departure to his brother is corroborated by a note which he despatched some days after, enumerating the supplies and individuals which he wished to have sent to Egypt.¹ His note proves, more convincingly than any arguments, that Bonaparte earnestly wished to preserve his conquest, and to make it a French colony. It must be borne in mind that the note here alluded to, as well as the letter above quoted, was written long before the destruction of the fleet.

¹ Bonaparte's autograph note, after enumerating the troops and warlike stores he wished to be sent, concluded with the following list:—

1st, a company of actors; 2d, a company of dancers; 3d, some dealers in marionettes, at least three or four; 4th, a hundred French women; 5th, the wives of all the men employed in the corps; 6th, twenty surgeons, thirty apothecaries, and ten physicians; 7th, some founders; 8th, some distillers and dealers in liquor; 9th, fifty gardeners with their families, and the seeds of every kind of vegetable; 10th, each party to bring with them 200,000 pints of brandy; 11th, 30,000 ells of blue and scarlet cloth; 12th, a supply of soap and oil. — *Bourrienne*.

CHAPTER XV.

1798.

Establishment of a divan in each Egyptian province — Desaix in Upper Egypt — Ibrahim Bey beaten by Bonaparte at Salehye'h — Sulkowsky wounded — Disaster at Aboukir — Dissatisfaction and murmurs of the army — Dejection of the General-in-Chief — His plan respecting Egypt — Meditated descent upon England — Bonaparte's censure of the Directory — Intercepted correspondence.

FROM the details I have already given respecting Bonaparte's plans for colonizing Egypt, it will be seen that his energy of mind urged him to adopt anticipatory measures for the accomplishment of objects which were never realized. During the short interval in which he sheathed his sword he planned provisional governments for the towns and provinces occupied by the French troops, and he adroitly contrived to serve the interests of his army without appearing to violate those of the country. After he had been four days at Cairo, during which time he employed himself in examining everything, and consulting every individual from whom he could obtain useful information, he published the following order: —

HEADQUARTERS, CAIRO.

9th Thermidor, year VI.

BONAPARTE, MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, AND GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, ORDERS:

Art. 1. There shall be in each province of Egypt a divan, composed of seven individuals, whose duty will be to superintend the interests of the province; to communicate to me any complaints that may be made; to prevent warfare among the different villages; to apprehend and punish criminals (for which purpose they may demand assistance from the French); and to take every opportunity of enlightening the people.

Art. 2. There shall be in each province an aga of the Janizaries, maintaining constant communication with the French commandant. He

Art. 3. There shall be in each province an intendant, whose business will be to levy the miri, the feddani, and the other contribution which formerly belonged to the Mamelukes, but which now belong to the French Republic. The intendants shall have as many agents as may be necessary.

Art. 4. The said intendant shall have a French agent to correspond with the Finance Department, and to execute all the orders he may receive.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

While Bonaparte was thus actively taking measures for the organization of the country,¹ General Desaix had marched into Upper Egypt in pursuit of Mourad Bey. We learned that Ibrahim, who, next to Mourad, was the most influential of the beys, had proceeded towards Syria, by the way of Belbeis and Salehyeh. The General in Chief immediately determined to march in person against that formidable enemy, and he left Cairo about fifteen days after he had entered it. It is unnecessary to describe the well-known engagement in which Bonaparte drove Ibrahim back upon El Arish; besides, I do not enter minutely into the details of battles, my chief object being to record events which I personally witnessed.

At the battle of Salehyeh Bonaparte thought he had lost one of his *aides de camp*, Sulkowsky, to whom he was much attached, and who had been with us during the whole of the campaign of Italy. On the field of battle one object of regret cannot long engross the mind; yet, on his return to Cairo, Bonaparte frequently spoke to me of Sulkowsky in terms of unfeigned sorrow.

"I cannot," said he one day, "sufficiently admire the noble spirit and determined courage of poor Sulkowsky." He often said that Sulkowsky would have been a valuable aid to whoever might undertake the resuscitation of Poland. Fortunately that brave officer was not killed on that occasion, though seriously wounded. He was, however, killed shortly after.

The destruction of the French squadron in the roads of Aboukir occurred during the absence of the General in Chief. This event happened on the 1st of August. The details are generally known; but there is one circumstance to which I

¹ Far more thoroughly and actively than those taken by the English Gen.

cannot refrain from alluding, and which excited deep interest at the time. This was the heroic courage of the son of Casabianca, the captain of the *Orient*. Casabianca was among the wounded, and when the vessel was blown up his son, a lad of ten years of age, preferred perishing with him rather than saving himself, when one of the seamen had secured him the means of escape. I told the *aide de camp*, sent by General Kléber, who had the command of Alexandria, that the General-in-Chief was near Salehyeh. He proceeded thither immediately, and Bonaparte hastened back to Cairo, a distance of about thirty-three leagues.

In spite of any assertions that may have been made to the contrary, the fact is, that as soon as the French troops set foot in Egypt, they were filled with dissatisfaction, and ardently longed to return home.¹ The illusion of the expedition had disappeared, and only its reality remained. What bitter murmuring have I not heard from Murat, Lannes, Berthier, Bessières, and others! Their complaints were, indeed, often so unmeasured as almost to amount to sedition. This greatly vexed Bonaparte, and drew from him severe reproaches and violent language.² When the news arrived of the loss of the fleet, discontent increased. All who had acquired fortunes under Napoleon now began to fear that they would never enjoy them. All turned their thoughts to Paris, and

¹ *Erreurs* objects to this description of the complaints of the army, but Savary (tome i. pp. 56, 57, and tome i. p. 89) fully confirms it, giving the reason that the army was not a homogeneous body, but a mixed force taken from Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, Genoa, and Marseilles; see also *Thiers*, tome v. p. 283. But the fact is not singular. For a striking instance, in the days of the Empire, of the soldiers in 1809, in Spain, actually threatening Napoleon in his own hearing, see De Gonneville (tome i. pp. 190-193): "The soldiers of Lapisse's division gave loud expression to the most sinister designs against the Emperor's person, stirring up each other to fire a shot at him, and bandying accusations of cowardice for not doing it. He heard it all as plainly as we did, and seemed as if he did not care a bit for it, but" sent the division into good quarters, when the men were as enthusiastic as they were formerly mutinous. In 1796 d'Entraignes, the Bourbon spy, reports, "As a general rule, the French soldier grumbles and is discontented. He accuses Bonaparte of being a thief and a rascal. But to-morrow the very same soldier will obey him blindly" (*Jung's Bonaparte*, tome iii. p. 152).

² Napoleon related at St. Helena that in a fit of irritation he rushed among a group of dissatisfied generals, and said to one of them, who was remarkable for his stature, "You have held seditious language; but take care I do not perform my duty. Though you are five feet ten inches high, that shall not save you from being shot." — *Bourrienne*.

its amusements, and were utterly disheartened at the idea of being separated from their homes and their friends for a period, the termination of which it was impossible to foresee.

The catastrophe of Aboukir came like a thunderbolt upon the General-in-Chief. In spite of all his energy and fortitude, he was deeply distressed by the disasters which now assailed him. To the painful feelings excited by the complaints and dejection of his companions in arms was now added the irreparable misfortune of the burning of our fleet. He measured the fatal consequences of this event at a single glance. We were now cut off from all communication with France, and all hope of returning thither, except by a degrading capitulation with an implacable and hated enemy. Bonaparte had lost all chance of preserving his conquest, and to him this was indeed a bitter reflection. And at what a time did this disaster befall him? At the very moment when he was about to apply for the aid of the mother country.

From what General Bonaparte communicated to me previously to the 1st of August, his object was, having once secured the possession of Egypt, to return to Toulon with the fleet; then to send troops and provisions of every kind to Egypt; and next to combine with the fleet all the forces that could be supplied, not only by France, but by her allies, for the purpose of attacking England. It is certain that previously to his departure for Egypt he had laid before the Directory a note relative to his plans. He always regarded a descent upon England as possible, though in its result fatal, so long as we should be inferior in naval strength; but he hoped by various manœuvres to secure a superiority on one point.

His intention was to return to France. Availing himself of the departure of the English fleet for the Mediterranean, the alarm excited by his Egyptian expedition, the panic that would be inspired by his sudden appearance at Boulogne, and his preparations against England, he hoped to oblige that power to withdraw her naval force from the Mediterranean, and to prevent her sending reinforcements to the East.

ject was often in his head. He would have thought it sublime to date an order of the day from the ruins of Memphis, and three months later, one from London. The loss of the fleet converted all these bold conceptions into mere romantic visions.

When alone with me he gave free vent to his emotion. I observed to him that the disaster was doubtless great, but that it would have been infinitely more irreparable had Nelson fallen in with us at Malta, or had he waited for us four-and-twenty hours before Alexandria, or in the open sea. "Any one of these events," said I, "which were not only possible but probable, would have deprived us of every resource. We are blockaded here, but we have provisions and money. Let us then wait patiently to see what the Directory will do for us." — "The Directory!" exclaimed he, angrily, "the Directory is composed of a set of scoundrels! they envy and hate me, and would gladly let me perish here. Besides, you see how dissatisfied the whole army is: not a man is willing to stay."

The pleasing illusions which were cherished at the outset of the expedition vanished long before our arrival in Cairo. Egypt was no longer the empire of the Ptolemies, covered with populous and wealthy cities; it now presented one unvaried scene of devastation and misery. Instead of being aided by the inhabitants, whom we had ruined, for the sake of delivering them from the yoke of the beys, we found all against us: Mamelukes, Arabs, and fellahs. No Frenchman was secure of his life who happened to stray half a mile from any inhabited place, or the corps to which he belonged. The hostility which prevailed against us and the discontent of the army were clearly developed in the numerous letters which were written to France at the time, and intercepted.

The gloomy reflections which at first assailed Bonaparte, were speedily banished; and he soon recovered the fortitude and presence of mind which had been for a moment shaken by the overwhelming news from Aboukir. He, however, sometimes repeated, in a tone which it would be difficult to describe, "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done!"

I have remarked that in some chance observations which escaped Napoleon at St. Helena he endeavored to throw all the blame of the affair on Admiral Brueys. Persons who are determined to make Bonaparte an exception to human nature have unjustly reproached the Admiral for the loss of the fleet.

CHAPTER XVI.

1798.

The Egyptian Institute — Festival of the birth of Mahomet — Bonaparte's prudent respect for the Mahometan religion — His Turkish dress — Djeddar, the Pasha of Acre — Thoughts of a campaign in Germany — Want of news from France — Bonaparte and Madame Fourés — The Egyptian fortune-teller, M. Berthollet, and the sheik El Bekri — The air "Marlbroke" — Insurrection in Cairo — Death of General Dupuis — Death of Sulkowsky — The insurrection quelled — Nocturnal executions — Destruction of a tribe of Arabs — Convoy of sick and wounded — Massacre of the French in Sicily — Projected expedition to Syria — Letter to Tippoo Saib.

THE loss of the fleet convinced General Bonaparte of the necessity of speedily and effectively organizing Egypt, where everything denoted that we should stay for a considerable time except in the event of a forced evacuation, which the General was far from foreseeing or fearing. The distance of Ibrahim Bey and Mourad Bey now left him a little at rest. War, fortifications, taxation, government, the organization of the divans, trade, art, and science, all occupied his attention. Orders and instructions were immediately despatched, if not to repair the defeat, at least to avert the first danger that might ensue from it. On the 21st of August Bonaparte established at Cairo an institute of the arts and sciences, of which he subsequently appointed me a member in the room of M. de Suey, who was obliged to return to France, in consequence of the wound he received on board the flotilla in the Nile.¹

¹ The Institute of Egypt was composed of members of the French Institute, and of the men of science and artists of the commission who did not belong to that body. They assembled and added to their number several officers of the artillery and staff, and others who had cultivated the sciences and literature.

The Institute was established in one of the palaces of the beys. A great hall for assembling, and physical, chemical, and astronomical instruments

In founding this Institute, Bonaparte wished to afford an example of his ideas of civilization. The minutes of the sittings of that learned body, which have been printed, bear evidence of its utility, and of Napoleon's extended views. The objects of the Institute were the advancement and propagation of information in Egypt, and the study and publication of all facts relating to the natural history, trade, and antiquities of that ancient country.

On the 18th Bonaparte was present at the ceremony of opening the dyke of the canal of Cairo, which receives the water of the Nile when it reaches the height fixed by the Mequyas.

Two days after came the anniversary festival of the birth of Mahomet. At this Napoleon was also present, in company with the shiek El Bekri,¹ who at his request gave him two young Mamelukes, Ibrahim, and Roustan.²

rooms, which were also successively filled with all the curiosities of the country, whether of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom.

The garden of the palace became a botanical garden. A chemical laboratory was formed at headquarters; Berthollet performed experiments there several times every week, at which Napoleon and a great number of officers attended (*Memoirs of Napoleon*).

¹ The General-in-Chief went to celebrate the feast of the Prophet at the house of the shiek El Bekri. The ceremony was begun by the recital of a kind of litany, containing the life of Mahomet from his birth to his death. About a hundred sheiks sitting in a circle, on carpets, with their legs crossed, recited all the verses, swinging their bodies violently backwards and forwards, and all together.

A grand dinner was afterwards served up, at which the guests sat on carpets, with their legs crossed. There were twenty tables, and five or six people at each table. That of the General-in-Chief and the shiek El Bekri was in the middle; a little slab of a precious kind of wood ornamented with mosaic work was placed eighteen inches above the floor, and covered with a great number of dishes in succession. They were pillaws of rice, a particular kind of roast, *cabris*, and pastry, all very highly spiced. The sheiks picked every thing with their fingers. Accordingly water was brought to wash the hands three times during dinner. Gooseberry water, lemonade, and other sort of sherbets were served to drink, and abundance of preserves and confectionery with the dessert. On the whole, the dinner was not disagreeable, it was only the manner of eating it that seemed strange to us.

In the evening the whole city was illuminated. After dinner the party went into the square of El Bekri, the illumination of which, in colored lamps, was very beautiful. An immense concourse of people attended. They were all placed in order, in ranks of from twenty to a hundred persons, who, standing close together, recited the prayers and litanies of the Prophet with movements which kept increasing, until at length they seemed to be convulsed, and some of the most zealous fainted away (*Memoirs of Napoleon*).

It has been alleged that Bonaparte, when in Egypt, took part in the religious ceremonies and worship of the Mussulmans; but it cannot be said that he *celebrated* the festivals of the overflowing of the Nile and the anniversary of the Prophet. The Turks invited him to these merely as a spectator; and the presence of their new master was gratifying to the people. But he never committed the folly of ordering any solemnity. He neither learned nor repeated any prayer of the Koran, as many persons have asserted; neither did he advocate fatalism, polygamy, or any other doctrine of the Koran. Bonaparte employed himself better than in discussing with the Imams the theology of the children of Ismael. The ceremonies, at which policy induced him to be present, were to him, and to all who accompanied him, mere matters of curiosity. He never set foot in a mosque; and only on one occasion, which I shall hereafter mention, dressed himself in the Mahometan costume. He attended the festivals to which the green turbans invited him.¹ His religious tolerance was the natural consequence of his philosophic spirit.

Doubtless Bonaparte did, as he was bound to do, show respect for the religion of the country; and he found it necessary to act more like a Mussulman than a Catholic. A wise conqueror supports his triumphs by protecting and even elevating the religion of the conquered people. Bonaparte's principle was, as he himself has often told me, to look upon religions as the work of men, but to respect them everywhere as a powerful engine of government. However, I will not go so far as to say that he would not have changed his religion had the conquest of the East been the price of that change.

amusing description of the alarm of Josephine, and the precipitate flight of Madame de Remusat, at the idea of being met and killed by this man in one of Josephine's nocturnal attacks on the privacy of her husband when closeted with his mistress.

¹ From this Sir Walter Scott infers that he did not scruple to join the Mussulmans in the external ceremonies of their religion. He embellishes his romance with the ridiculous fance of the sepulchral chamber of the grand pyramid, and the speeches which were addressed to the General as well as to the muftis and Imams; and he adds that Bonaparte was on the point of embracing Islamism. All that Sir Walter says on this subject is the height of absurdity, and does not even deserve to be seriously refuted. Bonaparte never entered a mosque except from motives of curiosity, and he never for one moment afforded any ground for supposing that he believed in the mission of Mahomet. *Bourrienne.*

All that he said about Mahomet, Islamism, and the Koran to the great men of the country he laughed at himself. He enjoyed the gratification of having all his fine sayings on the subject of religion translated into Arabic poetry, and repeated from mouth to mouth. This of course tended to conciliate the people.

I confess that Bonaparte frequently conversed with the chiefs of the Mussulman religion on the subject of his conversion; but only for the sake of amusement. The priests of the Koran, who would probably have been delighted to convert us, offered us the most ample concessions. But these conversations were merely started by way of entertainment, and never could have warranted a supposition of their leading to any serious result. If Bonaparte spoke as a Mussulman, it was merely in his character of a military and political chief in a Mussulman country. To do so was essential to his success, to the safety of his army, and, consequently, to his glory. In every country he would have drawn up proclamations and delivered addresses on the same principle. In India he would have been for Ali, at Thibet for the Dalai-lama, and in China for Confucius.¹

¹ On the subject of his alleged conversion to Mahometanism Bonaparte expressed himself at St. Helena as follows

"I never followed any of the tenets of that religion. I never prayed in the mosques. I never abstained from wine, or was circumcised, neither did I ever profess it. I said merely that we were the friends of the Mussulmans, and that I respected Mahomet their prophet, which was true. I respect him now. I wanted to make the Imam's cause prayers to be offered up in the mosques for me, in order to make the people respect me still more than they actually did, and obey me more readily. The Imam's replied that there was a great obstacle, because their Prophet in the Koran had inculcated to them that they were not to obey, respect, or hold faith with infidels, and that I came under that denomination. I then desired them to hold a consultation, and see what was necessary to be done in order to become a Mussulman, as some of their tenets could not be practiced by us. That, as to circumcision, God had made us unfit for that. That, with respect to drinking wine, we were poor cold people, inhabitants of the north, who could not exist without it. They consulted together accordingly, and in about three weeks issued a fetham, declaring that circumcision might be omitted, because it was merely a profession; that as to drinking wine, it might be drunk by Mussulmans, but that those who drank it would not go to paradise, but to hell. I replied that this would not do; that we had no occasion to make ourselves Mussulmans in order to go to hell, that there were many ways of getting there without coming to Egypt, and desired them to hold another consultation. After deliberating and battling together for I believe three months, they finally decided that a man might become a Mussulman, and neither circumcise nor abstain from wine, but that in proportion to the

The General-in-Chief had a Turkish dress made, which he once put on, merely in joke. One day he desired me to go to breakfast without waiting for him, and that he would follow me. In about a quarter of an hour he made his appearance in his new costume. As soon as he was recognized he was received with a loud burst of laughter. He sat down very coolly; but he found himself so encumbered and ill at ease in his turban and Oriental robe that he speedily threw them off, and was never tempted to a second performance of the masquerade.

About the end of August Bonaparte wished to open negotiations with the Pasha of Acre, nicknamed *the Butcher*. He offered Djezzar his friendship, sought his in return, and gave him the most consolatory assurances of the safety of his dominions. He promised to support him against the Grand Seignior, at the very moment when he was assuring the Egyptians that he would support the Grand Seignior against the beys. But Djezzar, confiding in his own strength and in the protection of the English, who had anticipated Bonaparte, was deaf to every overture, and would not even receive Beauvoisin, who was sent to him on the 22d of August. A second envoy was beheaded at Acre. The occupations of Bonaparte and the necessity of obtaining a more solid footing in Egypt retarded for the moment the invasion of that pashalic, which provoked vengeance by its barbarities, besides being a dangerous neighbor.

From the time he received the accounts of the disaster of Aboukir until the revolt of Cairo on the 22d of October, Bonaparte sometimes found the time hang heavily on his hands. Though he devoted attention to everything, yet there was not sufficient occupation for his singularly active mind. When the heat was not too great he rode on horseback; and on his return, if he found no despatches to read (which often

wine drunk, some good works must be done. I then told them that we were all Mussulmans and friends of the Prophet, which they really believed, as the French soldiers never went to church, and had no priests with them. For you must know that during the Revolution there was no religion whatever in the French army. Menou," continued Napoleon, "really turned Mahometan, which was the reason I left him behind." — *Voice from St. Helena.*

happened), no orders to send off, or no letters to answer, he was immediately absorbed in reverie, and would sometimes converse very strangely. One day, after a long pause, he said to me, —

“Do you know what I am thinking of?” “Upon my word, that would be very difficult; you think of such extraordinary things.” — “I don’t know,” continued he, “that I shall ever see France again; but if I do my only ambition is to make a glorious campaign in Germany — in the plains of Bavaria; there to gain a great battle, and to avenge France for the defeat of Hochstadt. After that I would retire into the country and live quietly.”

He then entered upon a long dissertation on the preference he would give to Germany as the theatre of war;¹ the fine character of the people, and the prosperity and wealth of the country, and its power of supporting an army. His conversations were sometimes very long; but always replete with interest.

In these intervals of leisure Bonaparte was accustomed to retire to bed early. I used to read to him every evening. When I read poetry he would fall asleep; but when he asked for the *Life of Cromwell* I counted on sitting up pretty late. In the course of the day he used to read and make notes. He often expressed regret at not receiving news from France; for correspondence was rendered impracticable by the numerous English and Turkish cruisers. Many letters were intercepted and scandalously published. Not even family secrets and communications of the most confidential nature were respected.

About the middle of September, in this year (1798), Bonaparte ordered to be brought to the house of Elly Bey half a dozen Asiatic women whose beauty he had heard

¹ So early as 1794, Napoleon had suggested that Austria should always be attacked in Germany, not in Italy. “It is Germany that should be overwhelmed; that done, Italy and Spain fall of themselves. . . . Germany should be attacked, not Spain or Italy. If we obtain great success, advantage should never be taken of it to penetrate into Italy while Germany, weakened, offers a formidable front” (*Young Bonaparte*, tome ii. p. 430). He was always opposed to the wild plans which had ruined so many French armies in Italy, and which the Directory tried to force on him, of marching on Rome and Naples after every success in the north.

highly extolled. But their ungraceful obesity displeased him, and they were immediately dismissed. A few days after he fell violently in love with Madame Fourés, the wife of a lieutenant of infantry.¹ She was very pretty, and her charms were enhanced by the rarity of seeing a woman in Egypt who was calculated to please the eye of a European. Bonaparte engaged for her a house adjoining the palace of Elfy Bey, which we occupied. He frequently ordered dinner to be prepared there, and I used to go there with him at seven o'clock, and leave him at nine.

This connection soon became the general subject of gossip at headquarters. Through a feeling of *delicacy* to M. Fourés, the General-in-Chief gave him a mission to the Directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who, being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Bonaparte wished to have a child by Madame Fourés, but this wish was not realized.

A celebrated soothsayer was recommended to Bonaparte by the inhabitants of Cairo, who confidently vouched for the accuracy with which he could foretell future events. He was sent for, and when he arrived, I, Venture, and a sheik were with the General. The prophet wished first to exercise his skill upon Bonaparte, who, however, proposed that I should have my fortune told first, to which I acceded without hesitation. To afford an idea of his prophetic skill I must mention that since my arrival in Cairo I had been in a very weak state. The passage of the Nile and the bad food we had had for twelve days had greatly reduced me, so that I was miserably pale and thin.

After examining my hands, feeling my pulse, my forehead, and the nape of my neck, the fortune-teller shrugged his shoulders, and, in a melancholy tone, told Venture that he did not think it right to inform me of my fate. I gave him to understand that he might say what he pleased, as it was a matter of indifference to me. After considerable hesitation

¹ See *Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès (Madame Junot)*, English edition of 1883, vol. i. p. 458.

on his part and pressing on mine, he announced to me that *the earth of Egypt would receive me in two months.*

I thanked him, and he was dismissed. When we were alone the General said to me, "Well, what did you think of that?" I observed that the fortune-teller did not run any great risk in foretelling my death, which was a very probable circumstance in the state in which I was; "but," added I, "if I procure the wines which I have ordered from France, you will soon see me get round again."

The art of imposing on mankind has at all times been an important part of the art of governing; and it was not that portion of the science of government which Bonaparte was the least acquainted with. He neglected no opportunity of showing off to the Egyptians the superiority of France in arts and sciences; but it happened, oftener than once, that the simple instinct of the Egyptians thwarted his endeavor, in this way. Some days after the visit of the pretended fortune-teller he wished, if I may so express myself, to oppose conjurer to conjurer. For this purpose he invited the principal sheiks to be present at some chemical experiments performed by M. Berthollet. The General expected to be much amused at their astonishment; but the miracles of the transformation of liquids, electrical commotion, and galvanism, did not elicit from them any symptom of surprise. They witnessed the operations of our able chemist with the most imperturbable indifference. When they were ended, the sheik El Bekri desired the interpreter to tell M. Berthollet that it was all very fine; "but," said he, "ask him whether he can make me be in Morocco and here at one and the same moment?" M. Berthollet replied in the negative, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Oh! then," said the sheik, "he is not half a sorcerer."

Our music produced no greater effect upon them. They listened with insensibility to all the airs that were played to them, with the exception of "Marlbrook." When that was played they became animated, and were all in motion, as if ready to dance.

An order which had been issued on our arrival in Cairo for watching the criers of the mosques had for some weeks been

neglected. At certain hours of the night these criers prayers to the Prophet. As it was merely a repetition of the same ceremony over and over again, in a short time none was taken of it. The Turks, perceiving this neglect, substituted for their prayers and hymns cries of revolt, and this sort of verbal telegraph, insurrectionary excitement was transmitted to the northern and southern extremities of Egypt. By this means, and by the aid of secret emissaries who eluded our feeble police, and circulated real orders from the Sultan disavowing the concord between him and the Porte, and provoking war, the plan of a revolution was organized throughout the country.

The signal for the execution of this plan was given by the minarets on the night of the 20th of October, and in the morning of the 21st it was announced at headquarters that the city of Cairo was in open insurrection. The General-in-Chief was not, as has been stated, in the Isle of Raï, when he did not hear the firing of the alarm-guns. He rose when the news arrived; it was then five o'clock. He was informed that all the shops were closed, and that the French were being attacked. A moment after he heard of the death of General Dupuis, commandant of the garrison, who was killed by a lance in the street. Bonaparte immediately mounted his horse, and, accompanied by only thirty guides, visited the threatened points, restored confidence, and, with great presence of mind adopted measures of defence.

He left me at headquarters with only one sentinel; I had been accurately informed of the situation of the insurgents; and such was my confidence in his activity and foresight that I had no apprehension, and awaited his return in perfect composure. This composure was not disturbed when I saw a party of insurgents attack the house of M. Estève, our paymaster-general, which was situated on the opposite side of Ezbekye'h Place. M. Estève was, fortunately, able to resist the attack until troops from Boulac came to his assistance.

After visiting all the posts, and adopting every precautionary measure, Bonaparte returned to headquarters.

me still alone with the sentinel, he asked me, smiling, "whether I had not been frightened?" "Not at all, General, I assure you," replied I.

It was about half-past eight in the morning when Bonaparte returned to headquarters, and while at breakfast he was informed that some Bedouin Arabs, on horse back, were trying to force their entrance into Cairo. He ordered his *abile de camp*, Sulkowsky, to mount his horse, to take with him fifteen guides, and proceed to the point where the assassants were most numerous. This was the Bab el Nasser, or the gate of victory. Croisier observed to the General in Chief that Sulkowsky had scarcely recovered from the wound, at Salehyeh, and he offered to take his place. He had his motives for this. Bonaparte consented; but Sulkowsky had already set out. Within an hour after, one of the fifteen guides returned, covered with blood, to announce that Sulkowsky and the remainder of his party had been cut to pieces. This was speedy work, for we were still at table when the sad news arrived.

Mortars were planted on Mount Mokattam, which commands Cairo. The populace, expelled from all the principal streets by the troops, assembled in the square of the Great Mosque, and in the little streets running into it, which they barricaded. The firing of the artillery on the heights was kept up with vigor for two days.

About twelve of the principal chiefs of Cairo were arrested and confined in an apartment at headquarters. They awaited with the calmest resignation the death they knew they merited; but Bonaparte merely detained them as hostages. The aga in the service of Bonaparte was astonished that sentence of death was not pronounced upon them; and he said, shrugging his shoulders, and with a gesture apparently intended to provoke severity, "You see they expect it."

On the third the insurrection was at an end, and tranquillity restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. In obedience to an order which I wrote every evening, twelve were put to death nightly. The bodies were then put into sacks and thrown into the Nile. There were many women

included in these nocturnal executions. I am not aware that the number of victims amounted to thirty per day, as Bonaparte assured General Reynier in a letter which he wrote to him six days after the restoration of tranquillity. "Every night," said he, "we cut off thirty heads. This, I hope, will be an effectual example." I am of opinion that in this instance he exaggerated the extent of his just revenge.

Some time after the revolt of Cairo, the necessity of ensuring our own safety forced the commission of a terrible act of cruelty. A tribe of Arabs in the neighborhood of Cairo had surprised and massacred a party of French. The General-in-Chief ordered his *aide de camp* Croisier to proceed to the spot, surround the tribe, destroy the huts, kill all the men, and conduct the rest of the population to Cairo. The order was to decapitate the victims, and bring their heads in sacks to Cairo to be exhibited to the people. Eugène Beauharnais accompanied Crosier, who joyfully set out on this horrible expedition, in hope of obliterating all recollection of the affair of Damanhour.

On the following day the party returned. Many of the poor Arab women had been delivered on the road, and the children had perished of hunger, heat, and fatigue. About four o'clock a troop of asses arrived in Ezbekye'h Place, laden with sacks. The sacks were opened and the heads rolled out before the assembled populace. I cannot describe the horror I experienced; but I must nevertheless acknowledge that this butchery ensured for a considerable time the tranquillity and even the existence of the little caravans which were obliged to travel in all directions for the service of the army.

Shortly before the loss of the fleet the General-in-Chief had formed the design of visiting Suez, to examine the traces of the ancient canal which united the Nile to the Gulf of Arabia, and also to cross the latter. The revolt at Cairo caused this project to be adjourned until the month of December.

Before his departure for Suez, Bonaparte granted the com-

missary Suez leave to return to France.¹ He had received a wound in the right hand when on board the *xebec Cef*. I was conversing with him on deck when he received this wound. At first it had no appearance of being serious; but some time after he could not use his hand. General Bonaparte despatched a vessel with sick and wounded, who were supposed to be incurable, to the number of about eighty. All envied their fate, and were anxious to depart with them, but the privilege was conceded to very few. However, those who were disappointed had no cause for regret. We never know what we wish for. Captain Marengo, who landed at Augusta in Sicily, supposing it to be a friendly land, was required to observe quarantine for twenty-two days, and information was given of the arrival of the vessel to the court which was at Palermo. On the 25th of January, 1799 all on board the French vessel were massacred, with the exception of twenty-one who were saved by a Neapolitan frigate, and conducted to Messina, where they were detained.

Before he conceived the resolution of attacking the Turkish advanced guard in the valleys of Syria, Bonaparte had formed a plan of invading British India from Persia. He had ascertained, through the medium of agents, that the Shah of Persia would, for a sum of money paid in advance, consent to the establishment of military magazines on certain points of his territory. Bonaparte frequently told me that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, he could have left 15,000 men in that country, and have had 30,000 disposable troops, he would have marched on the Euphrates. He was frequently speaking about the deserts which were to be crossed to reach Persia.

How many times have I seen him extended on the ground, examining the beautiful maps which he had brought with him, and he would sometimes make me lie down in the same position, to trace to me his projected march. This reminded him of the triumphs of his favorite hero, Alexander, with

¹ *Experiences* (tome i. p. 67) says that the expedition to Suez started in November (December and January), and that Suez had gone home three months

LETTER TO TIPPoo SAIB.

whom he so much desired to associate his name ; but, at the same time, he felt that these projects were incompatible with our resources, the weakness of the Government, and the satisfaction which the army already evinced. Privation and misery are inseparable from all these remote operations.

This favorite idea still occupied his mind a fortnight before his departure for Syria was determined on, and on the 25th of January, 1799 he wrote to Tippoo Saib as follows :

You are of course already informed of my arrival on the banks of the Red Sea, with a numerous and invincible army. Eager to deliver you from the iron yoke of England, I hasten to request that you will send me, by the way of Mascate or Mocha, an account of the political situation in which you are. I also wish that you could send to Suez, or to Cairo, some able man, in your confidence, with whom I may confer.¹

¹ It is not true, as has often been stated, that Tippoo Saib wrote to General Bonaparte. He could not reply to a letter written on the 25th of January, owing to the great difficulty of communication, the considerable distance, and the short interval which elapsed between the 25th of January and the fall of the empire of Mysore, which happened on the 20th of April following. The letter addressed to Tippoo Saib commenced "Citizen Sultan!" — *Bourrienne*.

CHAPTER XVII.

1798 — 1799.

Bonaparte's departure for Suez. — Crossing the desert. — Passage of the Red Sea. — The fountain of Moses. — The Cenobites of Mount Sinai. — Progress in recrossing the Red Sea. — Napoleon's return to Cairo. — The French borrowed at Genoa. — New designs upon Syria. — Disastrous faction in the Ottoman Porte. — Plan for invading Asia. — Gigantic scheme. — General Berthier's permission to return to France. — His romantic love and his adored portrait. — He gives up his permission to return home. — Bonaparte leaves Egypt. — The first Caliph of France in France. — Accepted correspondence. — Departure for Syria. — Fountain of Moses. — Bonaparte's plans. — Discontent of the troops. — El Arish taken. — Prospect of Syria. — Ranch. — Jerusalem.

On the 24th of December we set out for Suez, where we arrived on the 26th. On the 25th we encamped in the desert, some leagues before Ad Gereth. The heat had been great during the day; but about eleven at night the weather became so severe as to be precisely in an inverse ratio to the temperature of the day. This desert, which is the rendezvous of the caravans from Suez, from Tor and the countries situated on the north of Arabia, is strewn with the bones of the men and animals who, for ages past, have perished crossing it. As there was no wood to be got, we collected a quantity of these bones for fuel. Mudge himself was induced to sacrifice some of the curious skulls of animals which he had picked up on the way and deposited in the Berlin Museum. The General in Chief. But no sooner had we kindled our fires than an intolerable effluvia obliged us to raise our camp and advance farther on, for we could procure no water to extinguish the fire.

On the 27th Bonaparte employed himself in inspecting the town and port of Suez, and in giving orders for the

lish troops from the East Indies, which he had intended to invade. These regiments contributed to the loss of his conquest.¹

On the morning of the 28th we crossed the Red Sea dry-shod,² to go to the Wells of Moses, which are nearly a myriametre from the eastern coast, and a little southeast of Suez. The Gulf of Arabia terminates at about 5000 metres north of that city. Near the port the Red Sea is not above 1500 metres wide, and is always fordable at low water. The caravans from Tor and Mount Sinai³ always pass at that part, either in going to or returning from Egypt. This shortens their journey nearly a myriametre. At high tide the water rises five or six feet at Suez, and when the wind blows fresh it often rises to nine or ten feet.

We spent a few hours seated by the largest of the springs called the Wells of Moses, situated on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Arabia. We made coffee with the water from these springs, which, however, gave it such a brackish taste that it was scarcely drinkable.

Though the water of the eight little springs which form the Wells of Moses is not so salt as that of many wells dug in other parts of the deserts, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly brackish, and does not allay thirst so well as fresh water.

Bonaparte returned to Suez that same night. It was very dark when we reached the seashore. The tide was coming up, and the water was pretty high. We deviated a little from the way we had taken in the morning; we crossed a little too low

¹ Sir David Baird, with a force of about 7000 men sent from India, landed at Cosseir in July, 1801.

² From time immemorial this ford has been called by the people of the country *El-Mahadyeh*, the passage. — *Bourrienne*.

³ I shall say nothing of the Cenobites of Mount Sinai, as I had not the honor of seeing them. Neither did I see the register containing the names of Ali, Salah-Eddin, Ibrahim or Abraham, on which Bonaparte is said to have inscribed his name. I perceived at a distance some high hills which were said to be Mount Sinai. I conversed, through the medium of an interpreter, with some Arabian chiefs of Tor and its neighborhood. They had been informed of our excursion to the Wells, and that they might there thank the French General for the protection granted to their caravans and their trade with Egypt. On the 19th of December, before his departure from Suez, Bonaparte signed a sort of safeguard, or exemption from duties, for the convent of Mount Sinai. This had been granted out of respect to Moses and the Jewish nation, and also because the convent of Mount Sinai is a seat of learning and civilization amidst the barbarism of the deserts. — *Bourrienne*.

down; we were thrown into the water, and I saw my men
selves in the marshes as having been killed by the enemy.

I have read somewhere, that the Emperor, when he was
did I hear it mentioned at the time of the escape, and I
coming up, would have been the first to have been killed. I
had not one of the gubbins, and I was not able to get on his
shoulders. If any such plan could be adopted, which I had
similar means of escape must have been used.

This is a fabrication. General Clarke was the only
person who was really in danger, and he was represented
his sitting firmly on his horse in the water, and when persons
came to his assistance, and supported him.

On his return to Cairo the Emperor set out with his army
cover the site of the canal which had been lost. He found a
junction between the Red Sea and the Nile by Bonaparte. M.
Lepère, who was a member of the French Legion, and is
now inspector-general of bridges and roads, showed me
the spot a beautiful plan, which is a different one from that
by those who wish to form an artificial communication, and the level of the sea is very low.

On his arrival at the capital Bonaparte even devoted all
his thoughts to the affair of the canal, which he had not at-
tended to during his short absence. The resources of Egypt
were far from being sufficient to meet the military expen-
ture. To defray his own expenses Bonaparte raised several
considerable loans in Geneva through the mediation of M. James.
The connection of James with the Bonaparte family takes
its date from this period.¹

Since the month of August the attention of General Bonaparte
had been constantly fixed on Syria. The period of the

¹ Bonaparte extricated himself in the other expeditions, in the real danger he
and his escort had run. At St. Helena, a small French vessel, the *Leu*, which
crossed the Red Sea dry-docked. On the 10th of January, 1801, the vessel
and went astray in the middle of the night. I was the only one who
I nearly perished in the same manner. I was the only one who
have furnished all the Christian population with arms without being seen
me." *Bourrienne*.

² Since accurately ascertained during the process of the works for the
Suez Canal.

³ Joseph Bonaparte says that the fathers of Napoleon and of M. James
had long known one another, and that the latter was the first to

possible landing of an enemy in Egypt had now passed away, and could not return until the month of July in the following year. Bonaparte was fully convinced that that landing would take place, and he was not deceived. The Ottoman Porte had, indeed, been persuaded that the conquest of Egypt was not in her interest. She preferred enduring a rebel whom she hoped one day to subdue to supporting a power which, under the specious pretext of reducing her insurgent beys to obedience, deprived her of one of her finest provinces, and threatened the rest of the empire.

On his return to Cairo the General-in-Chief had no longer any doubt as to the course which the Porte intended to adopt. The numerous class of persons who believed that the Ottoman Porte had consented to our occupation of Egypt were suddenly undeceived. It was then asked how we could, without that consent, have attempted such an enterprise? Nothing, it was said, could justify the temerity of such an expedition, if it should produce a rupture between France, the Ottoman empire, and its allies. However, for the remainder of the year Bonaparte dreaded nothing except an expedition from Gaza and El-Arish, of which the troops of Djezzar had already taken possession. This occupation was justly regarded as a decided act of hostility; war was thus practically declared. We must adopt anticipatory measures,” thought Napoleon; “we must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman empire, overthrow the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre, ravage the country, destroy all her resources, so as to render the passage of an army across the desert impracticable.” Thus was planned the expedition against Syria.

General Berthier, after repeated entreaties, had obtained permission to return to France. The *Courageuse* frigate, which was to convey him home, was fitting out at Alexandria; he had received his instructions, and was to leave Cairo on the 29th of January, ten days before Bonaparte’s departure for Syria. Bonaparte was sorry to part with him; but he could not endure to see an old friend, and one who had served him well in all his campaigns, dying before his eyes, the victim of nostalgia and romantic love. Besides, Berthier had

been, for some time past, anything but active in the discharge of his duties. His passion, which amounted almost to madness, impaired the feeble faculties with which nature had endowed him. Some writers have ranked him in the class of sentimental lovers: be this as it may, the homage which Berthier rendered to the portrait of the object of his adoration more frequently excited our merriment than our sensibility.

One day I went with an order from Bonaparte to the chief of his staff, whom I found on his knees before the portrait of Madame Visconti, which was hanging opposite the door. I touched him, to let him know I was there. He grumbled a little, but did not get angry.

The moment was approaching when the two friends were to part, perhaps for ever. Bonaparte was sincerely distressed at this separation, and the chief of his staff was informed of the fact. At a moment when it was supposed Berthier was on his way to Alexandria, he presented himself to the General-in-Chief. "You are, then, decidedly going to Asia?" said he.—"You know," replied the General, "that all is ready, and I shall set out in a few days."—"Well, I will not leave you. I voluntarily renounce all idea of returning to France. I could not endure to forsake you at a moment when you are going to encounter new dangers. Here are my instructions and my passport." Bonaparte, highly pleased with this resolution, embraced Berthier; and the coolness which had been excited by his request to return home was succeeded by a sincere reconciliation.

Louis Bonaparte, who was suffering from the effects of the voyage, was still at Alexandria. The General in Chief, yielding to the pacific views of his younger brother, who was also beginning to evince some symptoms of nostalgia, consented to his return home. He could not, however, depart until the 11th of March, 1799. I felt the absence of Louis very much.

On his return to France Louis passed through Sens, where he dined with Madame de Bourrienne, to whom he presented a beautiful shawl, which General Berthier had given me. This,

I believe, was the first Cashmere that had ever been seen in France. Louis was much surprised when Madame de Bourrienne showed him the Egyptian correspondence, which had been seized by the English and printed in London. He found in the collection some letters addressed to himself, and there were others, he said, which were likely to disturb the peace of more than one family on the return of the army.

On the 11th of February, 1799 we began our march for Syria, with about 12,000 men.¹ It has been erroneously stated that the army amounted to only 6000; nearly that number was lost in the course of the campaign. However, at the very moment we were on our way to Syria, with 12,000 men, scarcely as many being left in Egypt, the Directory published that, "according to the information which had been received," we had 60,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry; that the army had doubled its numbers by battles; and that since our arrival in Egypt, we had lost only 300 men. Is history to be written from such documents?

We arrived, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at Messoudiah, or "the Fortunate Spot." Here we witnessed a kind of phenomenon, which was not a little agreeable to us. Messoudiah is a place situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, surrounded with little dunes of very fine sand, which the copious rains of winter readily penetrate. The rain remains in the sand, so that on making with the fingers holes of four or five inches in depth at the bottom of these little hills, the water immediately flows out. This water was, indeed, rather thick, but its flavor was agreeable; and it would have become clear if we could have spared time to allow it to rest and deposit the particles of sand it contained.

It was a curious spectacle to behold us all lying prostrate, digging wells in miniature, and displaying a laughable selfishness in our endeavors to obtain the most abundant source. This was a very important discovery to us. We found these sand wells at the extremity of the desert, and it contributed,

¹ *Erreurs* (tome i. p. 69) points out that all good historians have put the strength of the army of Syria at from 10,000 to 12,000 men. Thiers (tome v.

in no small degree, to revive the courage of our soldiers : besides, when men are, as was the case with us, subject to privations of every kind, the least benefit which accrues inspires the hope of a new advantage. We were approaching the confines of Syria, and we enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasure we were about to experience, on treading a soil which, by its variety of verdure and vegetation, would remind us of our native land. At Messoudiah we likewise possessed the advantage of bathing in the sea, which was not more than fifty paces from our unexpected water supply.

Whilst near the wells of Messoudiah, on our way to El-Arish, I one day saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often in the habit of doing. I stood at a little distance, and my eyes, I know not why, were fixed on him during their conversation. The General's countenance, which was always pale, had, without my being able to divine the cause, become paler than usual. There was something convulsive in his features—a wildness in his look, and he several times struck his head with his hand. After conversing with Junot about a quarter of an hour he quitted him and came towards me. I never saw him exhibit such an air of dissatisfaction, or appear so much under the influence of some prepossession. I advanced towards him, and as soon as we met, he exclaimed in an abrupt and angry tone, “So! I find I cannot depend upon you.—These women!—Josephine!—If you had loved me, you would before now have told me all I have heard from Junot—he is a real friend—Josephine!—and I 600 leagues from her—you ought to have told me.—That she should thus have deceived me!—Woe to them!—I will exterminate the whole race of fops and puppies!—As to her—divorce!—yes, divorce! a public and open divorce!—I must write!—I know all!—It is your fault—you ought to have told me!”

These energetic and broken exclamations, his disturbed countenance and altered voice, informed me but too well of the subject of his conversation with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a culpable indiscretion, and that, if Josephine had committed any faults, he had cruelly exaggerated

them. My situation was one of extreme delicacy. However, I had the good fortune to retain my self-possession, and as soon as some degree of calmness succeeded to this first burst, I replied that I knew nothing of the reports which Junot might have communicated to him; that even if such reports, often the offspring of calumny, had reached my ear, and if I had considered it my duty to inform him of them, I certainly would not have selected for that purpose the moment when he was 600 leagues from France. I also did not conceal how blamable Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous I considered it thus rashly to accuse a woman who was not present to justify or defend herself;—that it was no great proof of attachment to add domestic uneasiness to the anxiety, already sufficiently great, which the situation of his brothers in arms, at the commencement of a hazardous enterprise, occasioned him.

Notwithstanding these observations, which, however, he listened to with some calmness, the word "divorce" still escaped his lips; and it is necessary to be aware of the degree of irritation to which he was liable when anything seriously vexed him, to be able to form an idea of what Bonaparte was during this painful scene. However, I kept my ground. I repeated what I had said. I begged of him to consider with what facility tales were fabricated and circulated, and that gossip such as that which had been repeated to him was only the amusement of idle persons, and deserved the contempt of strong minds. I spoke of his glory. "My glory!" cried he. "I know not what I would not give if that which Junot has told me should be untrue; so much do I love Josephine! If she be really guilty a divorce must separate us for ever. I will not submit to be a laughing-stock for all the imbeciles in Paris. I will write to Joseph; he will get the divorce declared."

Although his agitation continued long, intervals occurred in which he was less excited. I seized one of these moments of comparative calm to combat this idea of divorce which seemed to possess his mind. I represented to him especially that it would be imprudent to write to his brother with refer-

ence to a communication which was probably false. "The letter might be intercepted; it would betray the feelings of irritation which dictated it. As to a divorce, it would be time to think of that hereafter, but advisedly."

These last words produced an effect on him which I could not have ventured to hope for so speedily. He became tranquil, listened to me as if he had suddenly felt the justice of my observations, dropped the subject, and never returned to it; except that about a fortnight after, when we were before St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself greatly dissatisfied with Junot, and complained of the injury he had done him by his indiscreet disclosures, which he began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived afterwards that he never pardoned Junot for this indiscretion; and I can state, almost with certainty, that this was one of the reasons why Junot was not created a marshal of France, like many of his comrades whom Bonaparte had loved less. It may be supposed that Josephine, who was afterwards informed by Bonaparte of Junot's conversation, did not feel particularly interested in his favor.¹ He died insane on the 27th of July, 1813.

Our little army continued its march on El-Arish, where we arrived on the 17th of February. The fatigues experienced

¹ However indiscreet Junot might on this occasion have shown himself in interfering in so delicate a matter, it is pretty certain that his suspicions were breathed to no other ear than that of Bonaparte himself. Madame Junot, in speaking of the ill-suppressed enmity between her husband and Madame Bonaparte, says that *he never uttered a word even to her of the subject of his conversation with the General-in-Chief in Egypt*. That Junot's testimony, however, notwithstanding the countenance it obtained from Bonaparte's relations, ought to be cautiously received, the following passage from the *Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès*, vol. i. p. 250, demonstrative of the feelings of irritation between the parties, will show:—

"Junot escorted Madame Bonaparte when she went to join the General-in-Chief in Italy. I am surprised that M. de Bourrienne has omitted mentioning this circumstance in his *Memoirs*. He must have known it, since he was well acquainted with everything relating to Josephine, and knew many facts of high interest in her life at this period and subsequently. How happens it too that he makes no mention of Mademoiselle Louise, who might be called her *demoiselle de compagnie* rather than her *femme de chambre*? At the outset of the journey to Italy she was such a favorite with Josephine that she dressed like her mistress, sat at table with her, and was in all respects her friend and confidante.

"The journey was long, much too long for Junot, though he was very much in love with Mademoiselle Louise. But he was anxious to join the army, for to him his General was always the dearest of mistresses. Junot

in the desert and the scarcity of water excited violent murmurs amongst the soldiers during their march across the isthmus. When any person on horseback passed them they studiously expressed their discontent. The advantage possessed by the horseman provoked their sarcasm. I never heard the verses which they are said to have repeated, but they indulged in the most violent language against the Republic, the men of science, and those whom they regarded as the authors of the expedition. Nevertheless these brave fellows, from whom it was not astonishing that such great privations should extort complaints, often compensated by their pleasantries for the bitterness of their reproaches.

Many times during the crossing of the isthmus I have seen soldiers, parched with thirst, and unable to wait till the hour for distribution of water, pierce the leathern bottles which contained it; and this conduct, so injurious to all, occasioned numerous quarrels.

El-Arish surrendered on the 17th of February. It has been erroneously stated that the garrison of this insignificant place, which was set at liberty on condition of not again serving against us, was afterwards found amongst the besieged at Jaffa. It has also been stated that it was because the men composing the El-Arish garrison did not proceed to Bagdad, according to the capitulation, that we shot them at Jaffa. We shall presently see the falsehood of these assertions.

On the 28th of February we obtained the first glimpse of

has often spoken to me, and to me alone, of the vexations he experienced on this journey. *He might have added to his circumstantial details relative to Josephine the conversation he is reported to have had with Bonaparte in Egypt; but he never breathed a word on the subject, for his character was always noble and generous.* The journey to Italy did not produce the effect which usually arises from such incidents in common life; namely, a closer friendship and intimacy between the parties. On the contrary, Madame Bonaparte from that moment evinced some degree of ill-humor towards Junot, and complained with singular warmth of the want of respect which he had shown her, in making love to her *femme de chambre* before her face."

According to *Erreurs* (tome i. pp. 4, 50) Junot was not then in Syria. On 16th February Napoleon was at Messoudiah. Junot only arrived from Egypt at Gaza on the 25th February. Madame d'Abrantès (ii. 32) treats this conversation as apocryphal. "This [an anecdote of her own] is not an imaginary episode, like that, for example, of making a person speak at Messoudiah who never was there."

the green and fertile plains of Syria, which, in many respects, reminded us of the cambré and soil of Europe. It now had rain, and sometime rather too much. The prospect, which the sight of the valley and mountains made us, in some degree, forget the hardships and fatigue of an expedition of which few persons could have any object or end. There are situations in life when the most agreeable sensation alleviates all our ills.

On the 1st of March we slept at Ramleh in a convent occupied by two monks, who paid us the greatest attention. They gave us the church for a hospital. The fathers did not fail to tell us that it was through this the family of Jesus Christ passed into Egypt, and showed the wells at which they quenched their thirst. The pure cool water of these wells delighted us.

We were not more than about six leagues from Jerusalem. I asked the General whether he did not intend to direct his march by the way of that city, so celebrated in many respects. He replied, "Oh no! Jerusalem is not in my operations. I do not wish to be annoyed by numerous difficult roads. And, besides, on the other side of the mountain, I should be assailed by swarms of cavalry. I am ambitious of the fate of Cassius."

We therefore did not enter Jerusalem, which was not troubled by the war. All we did was to send a written declaration to the persons in power at Jerusalem, announcing that we had no design against that country, and only wished them to remain at peace. To this communication no answer was returned, and nothing more passed on the subject.

We found at Ramleh between two and three hundred Christians in a pitiable state of servitude, misery, and degradation. On conversing with them I could not help admiring

¹ Ramleh the ancient Arimathea, is situated at the base of a high mountain, the eastern extremity of which is washed by the Persian and the western by the Mediterranean. — *Baron de Tott*.

² Sir Walter Scott says, speaking of Bonaparte, that he believed a little officer of artillery dreamed of being King of Jerusalem. What I just stated proves that he never thought of such a thing. The "little officer of artillery" had a far more splendid dream in his head. — *Baron de Tott*.

how much the hope of future rewards may console men under present ills. But I learned from many of them that they did not live in harmony together. The feelings of hatred and jealousy are not less common amongst these people than amongst the better-instructed inhabitants of rich and populous cities.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1799.

Arrival at Jaffa — The siege — Beauharnais and Croisier — Four thousand prisoners — Scarcity of provisions — Councils of war — Dreadful necessity — The massacre — The plague — Lannes and the mountaineers — Barbarity of Djazzar — Arrival at St. Jean d'Acre, and abortive attacks — Sir Sidney Smith — Death of Caffarelli — Duroc wounded — Rash bathing — Insurrections in Egypt.

ON arriving before Jaffa, where there were already some troops, the first person I met was Adjutant-General Grésieux, with whom I was well acquainted. I wished him good day, and offered him my hand. "Good God! what are you about?" said he, repulsing me with a very abrupt gesture; "you may have the plague. People do not touch each other here!" I mentioned the circumstance to Bonaparte, who said, "If he be afraid of the plague, he will die of it." Shortly after, at St. Jean d'Acre, he was attacked by that malady, and soon sank under it.

On the 4th of March we commenced the siege of Jaffa. That paltry place, which, to round a sentence, was pompously styled the ancient Joppa, held out only to the 6th of March, when it was taken by storm, and given up to pillage. The massacre was horrible. General Bonaparte sent his *aides de camp* Beauharnais and Croisier to appease the fury of the soldiers as much as possible, and to report to him what was passing. They learned that a considerable part of the garrison had retired into some vast buildings, a sort of caravanserai, which formed a large enclosed court. Beauharnais and Croisier, who were distinguished by wearing the *aide de camp* scarf on their arms, proceeded to that place. The Arnauts and Albanians, of whom these refugees were almost

willing to surrender upon an assurance that they would be exempted from the massacre to which the town was doomed; if not they threatened to fire on the *aides de camp*, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The two officers thought that they ought to accede to the proposition, notwithstanding the decree of death which had been pronounced against the whole garrison, in consequence of the town being taken by storm. They brought them to our camp in two divisions, one consisting of about 2500 men, the other of about 1500.

I was walking with General Bonaparte, in front of his tent, when he beheld this mass of men approaching, and before he even saw his *aides de camp* he said to me, in a tone of profound sorrow, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them?—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why, in the devil's name, have they served me thus?" After their arrival, and the explanations which the General-in-Chief demanded and listened to with anger, Eugène and Croisier received the most severe reprimand for their conduct. But the deed was done. Four thousand men were there. It was necessary to decide upon their fate. The two *aides de camp* observed that they had found themselves alone in the midst of numerous enemies, and that he had directed them to restrain the carnage. "Yes, doubtless," replied the General-in-Chief, with great warmth, "as to women, children, and old men—all the peaceable inhabitants; but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?" These words were pronounced in the most angry tone.

The prisoners were then ordered to sit down, and were placed, without any order, in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. A sombre determination was depicted in their countenances. We gave them a little biscuit and bread, squeezed out of the already scanty supply for the army.

On the first day of their arrival a council of war was held in the tent of the General-in-Chief, to determine what course

should be pursued with respect to them. The council deliberated a long time without coming to any decision.

On the evening of the following day the daily reports of the generals of division came in. They spoke of nothing but the insufficiency of the rations, the complaints of the soldiers — of their murmurs and discontent at seeing their bread given to enemies who had been withdrawn from their vengeance, inasmuch as a decree of death, in conformity with the laws of war, had been passed on Jaffa. All these reports were alarming, and especially that of General Bon, in which no reserve was made. He spoke of nothing less than the fear of a revolt, which would be justified by the serious nature of the case.

The council assembled again. All the generals of division were summoned to attend, and for several hours together they discussed, under separate questions, what measures might be adopted, with the most sincere desire to discover and execute one which would save the lives of these unfortunate prisoners.

(1.) Should they be sent into Egypt? Could it be done?

To do so, it would be necessary to send with them a numerous escort, which would too much weaken our little army in the enemy's country. How, besides, could they and the escort be supported till they reached Cairo, having no provisions to give them on setting out, and their route being through a hostile territory, which we had exhausted, which presented no fresh resources, and through which we, perhaps, might have to return.

(2.) Should they be embarked?

Where were the ships? — Where could they be found? All our telescopes, directed over the sea, could not descry a single friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded such an event as a real favor of fortune. It was, and I am glad to have to say it, this sole idea, this sole hope, which made him brave, for three days, the murmurs of his army. But in vain was help looked for seaward. It did not come.

(3.) Should the prisoners be set at liberty?

They would then instantly proceed to St. Jean d'Acre to reinforce the pasha, or else, throwing themselves into the

mountains of Nablous, would greatly annoy our rear and right flank, and deal out death to us, as a recompense for the life we had given them. There could be no doubt of this. What is a Christian dog to a Turk? It would even have been a religious and meritorious act in the eye of the Prophet.

(4.) Could they be incorporated, disarmed, with our soldiers in the ranks?

Here again the question of food presented itself in all its force. Next came to be considered the danger of having such comrades while marching through an enemy's country. What might happen in the event of a battle before St. Jean d'Acre? Could we even tell what might occur during the march? And, finally, what must be done with them when under the ramparts of that town, if we should be able to take them there? The same embarrassments with respect to the questions of provisions and security would then recur with increased force.

The third day arrived without its being possible, anxiously as it was desired, to come to any conclusion favorable to the preservation of these unfortunate men. The murmurs in the camp grew louder—the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—the danger was real and imminent.

The order for shooting the prisoners was given and executed on the 10th of March. We did not, as has been stated, separate the Egyptians from the other prisoners. There were no Egyptians.

Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division, which was fired on close to the sea coast, at some distance from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks out of the reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the prisoners to return, employed the Egyptian signs of reconciliation in use in the country. They came back; but as they advanced they were killed, and disappeared among the waves.

I confine myself to these details of this act of dreadful necessity, of which I was an eyewitness. Others, who, like myself, saw it, have fortunately spared me the recital of the sanguinary result. This atrocious scene, when I think of

it, still makes me shudder, as it did on the day I beheld it; and I would wish it were possible for me to forget it, rather than be compelled to describe it. All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to that day of blood, would fall short of the reality.

I have related the truth, the whole truth. I was present at *all* the discussions, *all* the conference, *all* the deliberation. I had not, as may be supposed, a deliberative voice; but I am bound to declare that the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative of the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity which existed.

War, unfortunately, presents too many occasions on which a law, immutable in all ages, and common to all nations, requires that private interests should be sacrificed to a great general interest, and that even humanity should be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether this terrible situation was that in which Bonaparte was placed. For my own part, I have a perfect conviction that he could not do otherwise than yield to the dire necessity of the case. It was the advice of the council, whose opinion was unanimous in favor of the execution, that governed him. Indeed I ought in truth to say, that he yielded only in the last extremity, and was one of those, perhaps, who beheld the massacre with the deepest pain.¹

¹ The following is Napoleon's own account of this dreadful affair. I asked the Emperor then if he had ever read Miot's history of the expedition to Egypt. "What, the commissary?" replied he. "I believe Las Cases gave me a copy; moreover, it was published in my time." He then desired me to bring the one which I had, that he might compare them. He observed, "Miot was a *poisoner*, whom, together with his brother, I raised from the dirt. He says that I threatened him for writing the book, which was falsehood. I said to his brother once that he might as well not have published untruths. He was a man who had always fear before his eyes. What does he say about the poisoning affair and the shooting at Jaffa?" I replied, that as to the poisoning, Miot declared he could say no more than that such had been the current report; but he positively asserted that he (Napoleon) had caused between three and four thousand Turks to be shot some days after the capture of Jaffa. Napoleon answered, "It is not true that there were so many. I ordered about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot,

After the siege of Jaffa the plague began to exhibit itself with a little more virulence. We lost between seven and eight hundred men by the contagion during the campaign of Syria.¹

During our march on St. Jean d'Acre, which was commenced on the 14th of March, the army neither obtained the brilliant triumphs nor encountered the numerous obstacles spoken of in certain works. Nothing of importance occurred but a rash skirmish of General Lannes, who, in spite of contrary orders from Bonaparte, obstinately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Nablous. On returning, he found the mountaineers placed in ambush in great numbers

which was done. The reason was, that amongst the garrison of Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered whom I had taken a short time before at El-Arish, and sent to Bagdad upon their parole not to serve again, or to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted twelve leagues on their way to Bagdad by a division of my army. But those Turks, instead of proceeding to Bagdad, threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me a number of brave men to take it, whose lives would have been spared if the others had not reinforced the garrison of Jaffa. Moreover, before I attacked the town I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately afterwards we saw the head of the bearer hoisted on a pole over the wall. Now, if I had spared them again, and sent them away upon their parole, they would have directly gone to St. Jean d'Acre, where they would have played over again the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already small and reduced in number, in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances, independently of the right given to me by taking the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners taken at El-Arish who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would," continued he, "do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances" (*A Voice from St. Helena*).

Savary (tome i. p. 154) gives a similar account, but he was not present. Thiers (tome v. p. 447) accepts this account. Jomini (tome i. pp. 292-293), a good judge, treats the act as unjustifiable by public law, but justifiable by reciprocity, *i. e.* considering the treatment the French would certainly have met with from the Turks. Lanfrey (tome i. pp. 393-396) of course throws the whole weight of blame on Napoleon, denying there was any difficulty in feeding the prisoners. It will be noticed that Bourrienne denies one of the reasons given at St. Helena, that it was known the men formed part of the garrison of El-Arish. Some protestations were made among the officers.

¹ Sir Walter Scott says, that Heaven sent this pestilence amongst us to avenge the massacre of Jaffa. The pestilence had its origin, however, before the massacre, for Kléber's division caught the seeds of the dreadful malady at Miametta. It was developed and propagated on our march; and was carried into Syria with us. — *Bourrienne*.

amongst rocks, the windings of which they were well acquainted with, whence they fired close upon our troops, whose situation rendered them unable to defend themselves. During the time of this foolish and useless enterprise, especially while the firing was brisk, Bonaparte exhibited much impatience and, it must be confessed, his anger was but natural. The Nablousians halted at the openings of the mountain defiles. Bonaparte reproached Lannes bitterly for having uselessly exposed himself, and "sacrificed, without any object, a number of brave men." Lannes excused himself by saying that the mountaineers had defied him, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are not in a condition to play the swaggerer," replied Napoleon.

In four days we arrived before St. Jean d'Acre, where we learned that Djezzar had cut off the head of our envoy Mailly-de-Chateau-Renaud, and thrown his body into the sea in a sack. This cruel pasha was guilty of a great number of similar executions. The waves frequently drove dead bodies towards the coast, and we came upon them whilst bathing.

The details of the siege of Acre are well known. Although surrounded by a wall, flanked with strong towers, and having besides, a broad and deep ditch defended by works, this little fortress did not appear likely to hold out against French valor and the skill of our corps of engineers and artillery but the ease and rapidity with which Jaffa had been taken occasioned us to overlook in some degree the comparative strength of the two places, and the difference of their respective situations. At Jaffa we had sufficient artillery: at St. Jean d'Acre we had not. At Jaffa we had to deal only with a garrison left to itself: at St. Jean d'Acre we were opposed to a garrison strengthened by reinforcements of men and supplies of provisions, supported by the English fleet, and assisted by European science.

Sir Sidney Smith was, beyond doubt, the man who did us the greatest injury.¹ Much has been said respecting his conduct

¹ Sir Sidney Smith was the only Englishman besides the Duke of Wellington who defeated Napoleon in military operations. The third Englishman opposed to him, Sir John Moore, was compelled to make a precipitate retreat through the weakness of his force.



LANNES
DUC DE MONTEBELLO.

cations with the General-in-Chief. The reproaches which the latter cast upon him for endeavoring to seduce the soldiers and officers of the army by tempting offers were the more singular, even if they were well founded, inasmuch as these means are frequently employed by leaders in war.¹ As to the embarking of French prisoners on board a vessel in which the plague existed, the improbability of the circumstance alone, but especially the notorious facts of the case, repel this odious accusation. I observed the conduct of Sir Sidney Smith closely at the time, and I remarked in him a chivalric spirit, which sometimes hurried him into trifling eccentricities; but I affirm that his behavior towards the French was that of a gallant enemy. I have seen many letters, in which the writers informed him that they "were very sensible of the good treatment which the French experienced when they fell into his hands." Let any one examine Sir Sidney's conduct before the capitulation of El-Arish, and after its rupture, and then they can judge of his character.²

¹ At one time the French General was so disturbed by them as to endeavor to put a stop to them, which object he effected by interdicting all communication with the English, and signifying, in an order of the day, that their Commodore was a madman. This, being believed in the army, so enraged Sir Sidney Smith, that in his wrath he sent a challenge to Napoleon. The latter replied, that he had too many weighty affairs on his hands to trouble himself in so trifling a matter. Had it, indeed, been the great Marlborough, it might have been worthy his attention. Still, if the English sailor was absolutely bent upon fighting, he would send him a bravo from the army, and allow them a small portion of neutral ground, where the mad Commodore might land, and satisfy his humor to the full. — *Editor of 1836 Edition.*

² Napoleon, when at St. Helena, in speaking of the siege of Acre, said, "Sidney Smith is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He took advantage of the discontent which he found to prevail amongst the French troops at being so long away from France, and other circumstances. He manifested great honor in sending immediately to Kléber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army; if he had kept it a secret seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army necessarily obliged to surrender to the English. He also showed great humanity and honor in all his proceedings towards the French who fell into his hands. He landed at Havre, for some *sottise* of a bet he had made, according to some to go to the theatre; others said it was for espionage; however that may be, he was arrested and confined in the Temple as a spy; and at one time it was intended to try and execute him. Shortly after I returned from Italy he wrote to me from his prison, to request that I would intercede for him; but, under the circumstances in which he was taken, I could do nothing for him. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable; but I believe that he is *mezzo pazzo*."

"The chief cause of the failure at Acre was, that he took all my battering

All our manœuvres, our works, and attacks were made with that levity and carelessness which over-confidence inspires. Kléber, whilst walking with me one day in the lines of our camp, frequently expressed his surprise and discontent. "The trenches," said he, "do not come up to my knees." Besieging artillery was, of necessity, required: we commenced with field artillery. This encouraged the besieged, who perceived the weakness of our resources. The besieging artillery, consisting only of three twenty-four pounders and six eighteen pounders, was not brought up until the end of April, and before that period three assaults had taken place with very serious loss. On the 4th of May our powder began to fail us. This cruel event obliged us to slacken our fire. We also wanted shot; and an order of the day fixed a price to be given for all balls, according to their calibre, which might be picked up after being fired from the fortress or the two ships of the line, the *Tiger* and *Theseus*, which were stationed on each side of the harbor. These two vessels embarrassed the communication between the camp and the trenches; but though they made much noise, they did little harm. A ball from one of them killed an officer on the evening the siege was raised.

The enemy had within the walls some excellent riflemen, chiefly Albanians. They placed stones, one over the other, on the walls, put their firearms through the interstices, and thus, completely sheltered, fired with destructive precision.

train, which was on board of several small vessels. Had it not been for that, I would have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely, and was well seconded by Phillipeaux, a Frenchman of talent, who had studied with me as an engineer. There was a Major Douglas also, who behaved very gallantly. The acquisition of five or six hundred seamen as gunners was a great advantage to the Turks, whose spirits they revived, and whom they showed how to defend the fortress. But he committed a great fault in making sorties, which cost the lives of two or three hundred brave fellows without the possibility of success. For it was impossible he could succeed against the number of the French who were before Acre. I would lay a wager that he lost half of his crew in them. He dispersed proclamations amongst my troops, which certainly shook some of them, and I in consequence published an order, stating that he was *mad*, and forbidding all communication with him. Some days after he sent, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or a midshipman with a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him at some place he pointed out in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man" (*Voice from St. Helena*, vol. i. p. 208).

On the 9th of April, General Caffarelli, so well known for his courage and talents, was passing through the trench, his hand resting as he stooped on his hip, to preserve the equilibrium which his wooden leg impaired; his elbow only was raised above the trench. He was warned that the enemy's shot, fired close upon us, did not miss the smallest object. He paid no attention to any observation of this kind, and in a few instants his elbow-joint was fractured. Amputation of the arm was judged indispensable. The General survived the operation eighteen days. Bonaparte went regularly twice a day to his tent. By his order, added to my friendship for Caffarelli, I scarcely ever quitted him. Shortly before he expired he said to me, "My dear Bourrienne, be so good as to read to me Voltaire's preface to the *Esprit des Lois*." When I returned to the tent of the General-in-Chief he asked, "How is Caffarelli?" I replied, "He is near his end; but he asked me to read him Voltaire's preface to the *Esprit des Lois*. He has just fallen asleep." Bonaparte said, "Bah! to wish to hear that preface? how singular!" He went to see Caffarelli, but he was still asleep. I returned to him that evening, and received his last breath. He died with the utmost composure. His death was equally regretted by the soldiers and the men of science who accompanied us. It was a just regret, fully due to that distinguished man, in whom very extensive information was united with great courage and an amiable disposition.

On the 10th of May, when an assault took place, Bonaparte proceeded at an early hour to the trenches.¹ Croisier, who was mentioned on our arrival at Damanhour, and on the capture of Jaffa, had in vain courted death since the commencement of the siege. Life had become insupportable to him since the unfortunate affair at Jaffa. He as usual accompanied his General to the trenches. Believing that the termination of the siege, which was supposed to be near, would postpone indefinitely the death which he sought, he mounted a battery. In this situation his tall figure uselessly provoked

¹ Sir Sidney Smith, in his official report of the assault of the 8th of May, says that Napoleon was distinctly seen directing the operation.

all the enemy's shots. "C'est bien," he said to me, "but I have no business there; I must go." He said this in a calm and imperative tone. "C'est bien," he replied, "but I must go." A moment after a ball struck him in the chest. Amputation was not considered for him. He died the next day. Of our departure he was placed on a stretcher, and carried off by sixteen men alternately, one at each end. It was the last farewell between Giza and I. A few days later he died of tetanus. His modest touch with a pencil was his only art.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre began on the 18th of May, at that time eight assaults and three days had elapsed. On the 25th the assault of the 8th of May more than doubled the number of men into the town. Victory was almost complete, the French having been taken in reserve and the British and French forces approached without some degree of surprise. The British and French men who had entered were not able to hold out for long. They were barricaded. The cries, the beating of drums, the firing of guns, the dust in the air, excited the French to a desperate resistance, which rendered the occupation of the town by a handful of British and French themselves left without assistance, and without a breach. Many who could not bear the heat of the sun, and the

During this assault Duroc, who was in the front, was wounded in the right thigh by the splinter of a cannon ball against the fortifications. Fortunately he was not killed, but he carried away the flesh from the bone, and he was in great pain. He had a tent in command with several *aides de camp*; but for his better accommodation, he had a mine, and I scarcely ever quitted him. I was with him one day about noon, I found him in a great deal of pain. The excessive heat had compelled him to take off his coat, and part of his wound was exposed. I perceived a snake which had crawled up the leg of the camp bed and was very near to the wound. I was just in time to kill it. The sudden motion of my hand made Duroc

We often bathed in the sea, and sometimes the French perhaps after taking a double allowance of wine was

at our heads, which appeared above water. I am not aware that any accident was occasioned by their cannonade; but as we were beyond reach of their guns, we paid scarcely any attention to the firing. It was even a subject of amusement to us.

Had our attack on St. Jean d'Acre been less precipitate and had the siege been undertaken according to the rules of war, the place would not have held out three days; our assault, like that of the 8th of May, would have been sufficient. If, in the situation in which we were on the day when we first came in sight of the ramparts of Acre, we had made a less inconsiderate estimate of the strength of the place; if we had likewise taken into consideration the active co-operation of the English and the Ottoman Porte, our absolute want of artillery of sufficient calibre, our scarcity of gunpowder and the difficulty of procuring food, we certainly should not have undertaken the siege; and that would have been by far the wisest course.

Towards the end of the siege the General-in-Chief received intelligence of some trifling insurrections in northern Egypt. An angel had excited them, and the heavenly messenger who had condescended to assume a name, was called the Mahdi, or El Môhdy. This religious extravagance, however, did not last long, and tranquillity was soon restored. As that the fanatic Mahdi, who shrouded himself in mystery, succeeded in doing was to attack our rear by some vagabond whose illusions were dissipated by a few musket shots.

CHAPTER XIX.

1799.

The siege of Acre raised — Attention to names in bulletins — Gigantic project — The Druses — Mount Carmel — The wounded and infected — Order to march on foot — Loss of our cannon — A Nablousian fires at Bonaparte — Return to Jaffa — Bonaparte visits the plague hospital — A potion given to the sick — Bonaparte's statement at St. Helena.

THE siege of St. Jean d'Acre was raised on the 20th of May. It cost us a loss of nearly 3000 men, in killed, deaths by the plague, or wounds. A great number were wounded mortally. In those veracious documents, the bulletins, the French loss was made 500 killed, and 1000 wounded, and the enemy's more than 15,000.¹

Our bulletins may form curious materials for history ; but their value certainly will not depend on the credit due to their details. Bonaparte attached the greatest importance to those documents, generally drawing them up himself, or correcting them, when written by another hand, if the composition did not please him.

It must be confessed that at that time nothing so much flattered self-love as being mentioned in a bulletin. Bonaparte was well aware of this ; he knew that to insert a name in a bulletin was conferring a great honor, and that its exclusion was a severe disappointment. General Berthier, to whom I had expressed a strong desire to examine the works of the siege, took me over them ; but, notwithstanding his promise of secrecy, he mentioned the circumstance to the General-in-Chief, who had desired me not to approach the works. "What did you go there for ?" said Bonaparte to me, with some severity ; "that is not your place." I replied

that Berthier told me that no assault would take place that day; and he believed there would be no sortie, as the garrison had made one the preceding evening. "What matters that? There might have been another. Those who have nothing to do in such places are always the first victims.¹ Let every man mind his own business. Wounded or killed, I would not even have noticed you in the bulletin. You would have been laughed at, and that justly."

Bonaparte, not having at this time experienced reverses, having continually proceeded from triumph to triumph, confidently anticipated the taking of St. Jean d'Acre. In his letters to the generals in Egypt he fixed the 25th of April for the accomplishment of that event. He reckoned that the grand assault against the tower could not be made before that day; it took place, however, twenty-four hours sooner. He wrote to Desaix on the 19th of April, "I count on being master of Acre in six days." On the 2d of May he told Junot, "Our 18 and 24 pounders have arrived. We hope to enter Acre in a few days. The fire of their artillery is completely extinguished." Letters have been printed, dated 30th Floréal² (19th May), in which he announces to Dugua and to Poussielgue that they can rely on his being in Acre on 6th Floréal (25th April). Some mistake has evidently been made. "The slightest circumstances produce the greatest events," said Napoleon, according to the *Memorial of St. Helena*: "had St. Jean d'Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world." And again, "the fate of the East lay in that small town." This idea is not one which he first began to entertain at St. Helena; he often repeated the very same words at St. Jean d'Acre. On the shore of Ptolemais gigantic projects agitated him, as doubtless, regret for not having carried them into execution tormented him at St. Helena.

Almost every evening Bonaparte and myself used to walk

¹ It may be noted that this has always been a common belief among soldiers, an idea supported by the frequent wounds and death of persons voluntarily engaged in operations.

² If in these latter letters for 30th Floréal we read 30th Germinal (19th April), the letters to Caffarelli, Dugua, and to Poussielgue will agree in their dates with those to Desaix.

As soon as I returned to my tent I committed to paper this conversation, which was then quite fresh in my memory; and I may venture to say that every word I put down is correct. I may add, that during the siege our camp was constantly filled with the inhabitants, who invoked Heaven to favor our arms, and prayed fervently at every assault for our success, many of them on their knees, with their faces to the city. The people of Damascus, too, had offered the keys to Bonaparte. Thus everything contributed to make him confident in his favorite plan.

The troops left St. Jean d'Acre on the 20th of May, taking advantage of the night to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to conceal the retreat of the army, which had to march three leagues along the shore, exposed to the fire of the English vessels lying in the roads of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick commenced on the 18th and 19th of May.

Bonaparte then made a proclamation, which from one end to the other offends against truth. It has been published in many works. The season of the year for hostile landing is there very dexterously placed in the foreground; all the rest is a deceitful exaggeration. It must be observed that the proclamations which Bonaparte regarded as calculated to dazzle an ever too-credulous public were amplifications often ridiculous and incomprehensible upon the spot, and which only excited the laughter of men of common sense. In all Bonaparte's correspondence there is an endeavor to disguise his reverses, and impose on the public, and even on his own generals. For example, he wrote to General Dugua, commandant of Cairo, on the 15th of February, "I will bring you plenty of prisoners and flags!" One would almost be inclined to say that he had resolved, during his stay in the East, thus to pay a tribute to the country of fables.¹

¹ The prisoners and flags were sent. The Turkish flags were entrusted by Berthier to the Adjutant-Commandant Boyer, who conducted a convoy of sick and wounded to Egypt. Sidney Smith acknowledges the loss of some flags by the Turks. The Turkish prisoners were used as carriers of the litters for the wounded, and were, for the most part, brought into Egypt (*Erreurs*, tome i. pp. 47 and 160). See also *Lanfrey* (tome i. p. 403) as to prisoners and flags.

unclouded sky in all its brightness, was often darkened by our conflagrations. On our right lay the sea; on our left, and behind us, the desert made by ourselves; before were the privations and sufferings which awaited us. Such was our true situation.

We reached Tentoura on the 20th of May, when a most oppressive heat prevailed, and produced general dejection. We had nothing to sleep on but the parched and burning sand; on our right lay a hostile sea; our losses in wounded and sick were already considerable since leaving Acre; and there was nothing consolatory in the future. The truly afflicting condition in which the remains of an army called *triumphant* were plunged, produced, as might well be expected, a corresponding impression on the mind of the General-in-Chief. Scarcely had he arrived at Tentoura when he ordered his tent to be pitched. He then called me, and with a mind occupied by the calamities of our situation, dictated an order that every one should march on foot; and that all the horses, mules, and camels should be given up to the wounded, the sick, and infected who had been removed, and who still showed signs of life. "Carry that to Berthier," said he; and the order was instantly despatched. Scarcely had I returned to the tent when the elder Vigogne, the General-in-Chief's groom, entered, and raising his hand to his cap, said, "General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?" In the state of excitement in which Bonaparte was this question irritated him so violently that, raising his whip, he gave the man a severe blow on the head, saying in a terrible voice, "Every one must go on foot, you rascal—I the first! Do you not know the order? Be off."

Every one in parting with his horse was now anxious to avoid giving it to any unfortunate individual supposed to be suffering from plague. Much pains were taken to ascertain the nature of the diseases of the sick; and no difficulty was made in accommodating the wounded or amputated. For my part, I had an excellent horse, a mule, and two camels, all which I gave up with the greatest pleasure; but I confess that I directed my servant to do all he could to prevent an infected

person from getting my horse. But I succeeded in doing so in a very short time. The same thing happened to my brother. The cause may be easily conjectured.

The remains of our baggage were sent to the camp of the Arabs of Tentoura, the tents of which were pitched in the plain that remained better watered than the others. The soldiers seemed to get rid of their baggage with great relief at the loss of their horses, and to be glad to be near their triumphs, and which had made them so famous.

We halted at Casan on the 24th of May, and remained all the following night. I was obliged to go to the front in a bush upon the left of the camp, and to be out of the way from us on the right, but I was not far from the head of the General in Chief, whom I saw several times. I lay beside him. The wood being very thick, the Arabs were taken without difficulty, and were sent to the front. Four guides pulled him towards the front, and the three carbines again killed him; when he fell, the Arabs drew the trigger, but all the balls went into the air, and the circumstance which was intended to kill him failed. I was out the night. The Arabs, on the side of the water, and swimming with great agility, were able to take the boats of rocks so far off that not a shot was fired at them, which fired as it passed, reached him. He rose to his feet, and in march, he ordered me to wait for Koutoub, and to command the rearguard, and to tell him not to leave the Nababians. He was, I believe, hot at last.

We returned to Jaffa on the 24th of May, and stopped there during the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. I observed that it had been the scene of a horrible tragedy, and that it was now a ruin. It was a ruin, and it was a ruin. I have a part to perform. I will perform it. I will do what I know.

I have seen the following persons in a certain work: Bonaparte, having arrived at Jaffa, and of these remained of the infatigable and brave Bonaparte, and also by land, the second to G. and the third to L. Asadullah, and the

Some tents were pitched on an eminence near the garden east of Jaffa. Orders were given directly to undermine the fortifications and blow them up; and on the 27th of May upon the signal being given, the town was in a moment laid bare. An hour afterwards the General-in-Chief left his tent and repaired to the town, accompanied by Berthier, some physicians and surgeons, and his usual staff. I was also one of the party. A long and sad deliberation took place on the question which now arose relative to the men who were incurably ill of the plague, or who were at the point of death. After a discussion of the most serious and conscientious kind it was decided to accelerate a few moments, by a potion, death which was inevitable, and which would otherwise be painful and cruel.

Bonaparte took a rapid view of the destroyed ramparts of the town and returned to the hospital, where there were men whose limbs had been amputated, many wounded, many afflicted with ophthalmia, whose lamentations were distressing, and some infected with the plague. The beds of the last description of patients were to the right on entering the first ward. I walked by the General's side, and I assert that I never saw him touch any one of the infected. And why should he have done so? They were in the last stage of the disease. Not one of them spoke a word to him, and Bonaparte well knew that he possessed no protection against the plague. Is Fortune to be again brought forward here? She had, in truth, little favored him during the last few months when he had trusted to her favors. I ask, why should he have exposed himself to certain death, and have left his army in the midst of a desert created by our ravages, in a desolate town, without succor, and without the hope of ever receiving any? Would he have acted rightly in doing so—he who was evidently so necessary, so indispensable to his army; he on whom depended at that moment the lives of all who had survived the last disaster, and who had proved their attachment to him by their sufferings, their privations, and their unshaken courage, and who had done all that he could have required of men, and whose only trust was in him?

Bonaparte walked quickly through the town, at the yellow top of his boot with a whip he drove the horse, he passed along with hasty step, he rode to the front, "The fortifications are destroyed. Fort d'Acre is taken. St. Jean d'Acre. I must return to Egypt to oppose the enemy, who will soon be there. In a few days he will be here. Let all those who have faith in me, and come along with us. They shall be rewarded with horses." There were scarcely sixty men left in the hospital; and all accounts stating a greater number exaggerated. The perfect silence, complete absence of the stupor of the patients announced their death. They carry them away in the state in which they have evidently have been doing nothing, excepting to succumb to the plague. I have, on my return to Europe, that some persons had died with impunity; nay, that others would sacrifice themselves with the plague in order to learn, by touching whom it might attack. It certainly was a singular proof from Heaven to be preserved from it, that, to such a degree the absurdity of such a story, that no one knew how to *elude* the danger, and that any one who braved it without using precaution met with death by temerity. This is, in fact, the whole point of the story. Either those privileged persons took respectable precautions, and in that case their boasted heroism was a glazier's trick; or they touched the infected without precautions, and inoculated themselves with the plague voluntarily encountering death, and then the story is a good one.

The infected were confided, it has been stated, to the apothecary of the army, Royer, who, five or six years after, earned the secret with him. It is, however, a moment's reflection it will be observed that the army of Royer alone in Jaffa would have been sufficient to destroy death, and that a prompt and cruel execution would have been extremely useful to the army, and that the story is a

left with him, and that the Turks were close at our heels. Bonaparte truly said, while walking through the rooms of the hospital, that the Turks would be at Jaffa in a few hours. With this conviction, would he have left the head apothecary in that town ?

Recourse has been had to suppositions to support the contrary belief to what I state. For example, it is said that the infected patients were embarked in ships of war. There were no such ships. Where had they disembarked, who had received them, what had been done with them ? No one speaks of them.¹ Others, not doubting that the infected men died at Jaffa, say that the rearguard under Kléber, by order of Bonaparte, delayed its departure for three days, and only began its march when death had put an end to the sufferings of these unfortunate beings, unshortened by any sacrifice. All this is incorrect. No rearguard was left — it could not be done. Pretence is made of forgetting that the ramparts were destroyed, that the town was as open and as defenceless as any village, so this small rearguard would have been left for certain destruction. The dates themselves tell against these suppositions. It is certain, as can be seen by the official account, that we arrived at Jaffa on 24th May, and stayed there the 25th, 26th, and 27th. We left it on the 28th. Thus the rearguard, which, according to these writers, left on the 29th, did not remain, even according to their own hypothesis, three days after the army to see the sick die. In reality it left on the 29th of May, the day after we did. Here are the very words of the Major-General (Berthier) in his official account, written under the eye and under the dictation of the Commander-in-Chief : —

The army arrived at Jaffa 5th Prairial (24th May), and remained there the 6th, 7th, and 8th (25th-27th May). This time was employed in punishing the village, which had behaved badly. The fortifications of Jaffa

¹ *Erreurs* (tome i. pp. 36, 37, 87, and 163, etc.) fully proves that many sick were sent by sea as well as by land, and gives the names of the vessels employed, the officers in charge, the ports of landing, etc. Sir Sidney Smith reports that he captured, but released and sent to Damietta, some if not all those sent by sea. Bourrienne himself seems to have afterwards practically admitted he was wrong about the difficulty of removing the sick (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 41).

were blown up. All the iron guns of the place were thrown into the sea. The wounded were removed by sea and by land. There were only five ships, and to give time to complete the evacuation by land, the departure of the army had to be deferred until the 25th (26th May). Koutouzev's division formed the rearguard, and only left Jaffa on the 19th (20th May).

The official report of what passed at Jaffa was drawn up by Berthier, under the eye of Bonaparte. It has been printed here, but it may be remarked that not a word about the infected, not a word of the visit to the hospital, or the treatment of the plague-patients with impunity, is there mentioned. The official report is anything said about the matter. Why the silence? Bonaparte was not the man to make a fact which would have afforded him so excellent and allowable a text for talking about his fortune. If the infection were removed, why not mention it? Why be silent on so important an event? But it would have been too difficult to confess that being obliged to have recourse to such means was only the unavoidable consequence of the circumstances of the expedition. Very disagreeable details must have been entered into, and it was thought more advisable to be silent on the subject.

But what did Napoleon himself say on the subject of St Helena? His statement there was to the following effect: "I ordered a consultation as to what was best to be done. The report which was made stated that there were seven or eight men (the question is not about the numbers) dangerously ill that they could not live beyond twenty-four hours, and would besides infect the rest of the army with the plague. It was thought it would be an act of charity to anticipate their death a few hours." [Then came the tale of the four men of the rearguard, who, it is pretended, saw them die. "I make no doubt that the story of the prisoners was the invention of Den—. He was a liar or, he understood the story badly, and repeated it wrongly. I do not think it would have been a crime to have given opium to the infected. On the contrary, it would have been objectionable, the object of reason. Where is the man who would not, in such a situation, have preferred a prompt death, to being exposed to the plague."

"I believe I love him as much as any father does his, had been in such a state, my advice would have been the same; if I had been among the infected myself, I should have demanded to be so treated."

Such was the reasoning at St. Helena, and such was the view which he and every one else took of the case twenty years ago at Jaffa!

The *Mémoires* of Bonaparte's description of the extraordinary scene in the hospital of Jaffa does not precisely correspond with that given by some other writers. The reader must feel interested in comparing it with the account given by the Duc de Rohan in his *Mémoires*, tome i. p. 161. It is as follows.

"The hospital contained many soldiers who were in a state bordering upon madness, much more owing to the terror which the malady inspired than to the intensity of the pain. General Bonaparte determined to restore them to their wonted energy. He paid them a visit, reproached them for having weakly deserted and soldiers' technique of fears, and in order to convince them, by the most obvious proof, that their apprehensions were groundless, he ordered that the bleeding tumor of one of the soldiers should be removed before him, and procured it with his own hand. This act of courage restored confidence to the sick, who no longer thought their case desperate. Each one recruited his remaining strength, and prepared to quit a place which, but a moment before he had expected never to leave. A general surgeon, when the general had made greater ravages, could hardly see himself in his brother's bed. The general perceiving this addressed to him a few encouraging words. 'You are right, General,' replied the warrior; 'your recollections are not made to die in a hospital.' Affected at the courage displayed by these unfortunate men, who were exhausted by uneasiness of mind more than by the complaint, General Bonaparte would not quit them until he saw them all placed upon camels, and the other means of transport at the disposal of the army. These, however, being found inadequate, he made a requisition for the officers' horses, delivered up his own, and, finding none of the remaining moment for the groom, who was keeping it for him, was obliged to dismount to give it up. The general, growing impatient at this necessity, and started a third steed, which, the whole stud was placed at the disposal of the sick, and yet it was this very act of magnanimity which the voraciousness of human nature has delighted in distorting. I feel ashamed to relate the various scenes attending it, but the man whose simple assertion was found sufficient to save it, certainly has not been able to stifle it by his eloquent eloquence. I must, therefore, descend to the task of proving the necessity of the change. I do not wish to urge, as an argument, the desperate want of medicines to which the army was reduced by the rapacity of the apothecaries, or the mortal fatigue felt by General Bonaparte when he learned that they were to be instead of employing his camels to transport pharmaceutical preparations, and loaded them with provisions, upon which he expected to derive a profit. The necessity to which we were driven of using camels, the fatigue, the common fact known to the whole army. Suppose, now, I declare that a general had been so plentifully as it was scarce, and that even all the camels of the world contemplated the expedient attributed to him, where could these beasts have been sufficiently determined in mind, or clothed to the fore with of human nature, to before open the jaws of fifty scathed men on the point of death, and thrust a deadly preparation down their throats? The most intrepid soldier turned pale at the sight of an infected person. The warmest heart dared not believe a friend afflicted with the plague, and is it to be credited that brutal ferocity could execute what the

but his constant reply was, "My dear fellow, you are a simpleton: you do not understand this business." And he observed, when signing the bulletin, that he would yet fill the world with admiration, and inspire historians and poets.

Our return to Cairo has been attributed to the insurrections which broke out during the unfortunate expedition into Syria. Nothing is more incorrect. The term insurrection cannot be properly applied to the foolish enterprises of the angel El-Mahdi in the Bohahire'h, or to the less important disturbances in the Charkyeh. The reverses experienced before St. Jean d'Acre, the fear, or rather the prudent anticipation of a hostile landing, were sufficient motives, and the only ones, for our return to Egypt. What more could we do in Syria but lose men and time, neither of which the General had to spare?

CHAPTER XX.

1799.

Murat and Mourad Bey at the Natron Lakes. — Bonaparte's departure for the Pyramids. — Sudden appearance of an Arabian shepherd. — News of the landing of the Turks at Aboukir. — Bonaparte's march to meet them. — They are immediately attacked and destroyed in the battle of Aboukir. — Interchange of communication with the English. — Struggle to determine to return to Europe. — Onset of two friends. — Bonaparte's determination. — His pretended journey to the Delta. — General Belkader of Kairouan. — Bonaparte's artifice. — His bad treatment of General Kitcher.

BONAPARTE had hardly set foot in Cairo when he was informed that the brave and indefatigable Mourad Bey was descending by the Fayoum, in order to join his army with reinforcements which had been for some time preparing in the Bahahire'h. In all probability the movement of Mourad Bey was the result of news he had received respecting plans formed at Constantinople, and the landing which took place a short time after in the road of Aboukir. Mourad had selected the Natron Lakes for his place of rendezvous. To these lakes Murat was dispatched. The Bey no sooner got notice of Murat's presence than he determined to retreat and to proceed to the desert to the Nile and the great Pyramids. I certainly never heard, until I returned to France, that Mourad had ascended to the summit of the great Pyramid for the purpose of passing his time in contemplating Cairo!

Napoleon said at St. Helena that Murat might have taken Mourad Bey had the latter remained longer at his rendezvous in the Natron Lakes. Now the fact is, that when the Bey heard of Murat's arrival he was off. The Arab spies were far more serviceable to our enemies than to us; we had not, indeed, a single friend in Egypt. Mourad Bey

that General Desaix was despatching a column from the of Egypt against him, that the General-in-Chief was about to follow his footsteps along the frontier of Gizeh, that the Natron Lakes and the Bohahire'h were occupied by forces superior to his own, retired into Fayoum.

Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of Mamlouk, whom he looked upon as the bravest, the most able and most dangerous of his enemies in Egypt. As all his generals concurred in stating that Mourad, supported by the British, was hovering about the skirts of the desert of the province of Gizeh, Bonaparte proceeded to the Pyramids, there to meet the different corps against that able and dangerous partisan. He indeed, reckoned him so redoubtable that he wrote to Desaix, saying he wished fortune might reserve for him the opportunity of putting the seal on the conquest of Egypt by the destruction of this opponent.

On the 14th of July Bonaparte left Cairo for the Pyramids. He intended spending three or four days in examining the ruins of the ancient necropolis of Memphis; but he was suddenly obliged to alter his plan. This journey to the Pyramids, occasioned by the course of war, has given an opportunity for the invention of a little piece of romance. Some curious people have related that Bonaparte gave audiences to the mufti and ulemas, and that on entering one of the Pyramids he cried out, "Glory to Allah! God only is true and Mahomet is his prophet!" Now the fact is, that Bonaparte never even entered the great Pyramid. He never had any thought of entering it. I certainly should have accompanied him had he done so, for I never quitted his side for a moment in the desert. He caused some persons to be taken into one of the great Pyramids while he remained outside, and received from them on their return, an account of what they had seen. In other words, they informed him that there was nothing to be seen!

In the evening of the 15th of July, while we were taking a walk, we perceived, on the road leading from Alexandria, an Arab riding up to us in all haste. He brought to the General-in-Chief a despatch from General Marmont, who was intrusted

with the command of Alexandria, and he exposed himself so well, opposing the plague, that he had the honor of being named by Bonaparte. The Turkish fleet was destroyed at Aboukir under the command of the British Admiral. The news of this event was received in Egypt with war. The news of the destruction of the Turkish fleet did not surprise the British, as they had expected it. It was not, however, the only event in his favor, whose appearance was not conjectured, he had ordered the British to retreat to Marmout, who had been ordered to retreat. He had the more reason to be satisfied with the result.

The army which was to be sent to the left Constantineople on the 1st of July, under the walls of Acre. The British had embarked the remainder of the army at Aboukir, I do not believe there was any more.

He wrote in the following manner to the British, who had the command of Cairo.

The English Commanders, who were to be sent to the combined army, the English Commanders, who were to be sent to it arrived a fortnight before the British.

As soon as he arrived at Cairo, he wrote to the British, Desaix, he said:

The time has now arrived when I shall be no more able. I shall be no more able to do anything. I shall be no more able to do anything. I shall be no more able to do anything.

What other language could I have used? I shall be no more able to do anything. I shall be no more able to do anything. I shall be no more able to do anything.

interior. At this moment I observed in him the development of that vigorous character of mind which was excited by obstacles until it overcame them, that celerity of thought which foresaw everything. He was all action, and never for a moment hesitated. On the 16th of July, at four in the morning, he was on horseback and the army in full march. I cannot help doing justice to the presence of mind, promptitude of decision, and rapidity of execution which at this period of his life never deserted him on great occasions.

We reached Ouardan, to the north of Gizeh, on the evening of the 16th; on the 19th we arrived at Rahmahanie'h, and on the 23d at Alexandria, where every preparation was made for that memorable battle which, though it did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval conflict of the same name, will always recall to the memory of Frenchmen one of the most brilliant achievements of their arms.¹

After the battle, which took place on the 25th of July, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board the English Admiral's

¹ As M. de Bourrienne gives no details of the battle, the following extract from the Duc de Rovigo's *Memoirs*, tome i. p. 167, will supply the deficiency:—

“General Bonaparte left Cairo in the utmost haste to place himself at the head of the troops which he had ordered to quit their cantonments and march down to the coast.

“Whilst the General was making these arrangements and coming in person from Cairo, the troops on board the Turkish fleet had effected a landing and taken possession of the fort of Aboukir, and of a redoubt placed behind the village of that name which ought to have been put into a state of defence six months before, but had been completely neglected.

“The Turks had nearly destroyed the weak garrisons, that occupied those two military points when General Marmont (who commanded at Alexandria) came to their relief. This general, seeing the two posts in the power of the Turks, returned to shut himself up in Alexandria, where he would probably have been blockaded by the Turkish army had it not been for the arrival of General Bonaparte with his forces, who was very angry when he saw that the fort and redoubt had been taken; but he did not blame Marmont for retreating to Alexandria with the forces at his disposal.

“General Bonaparte arrived at midnight with his guides and the remaining part of his army, and ordered the Turks to be attacked the next morning. In this battle, as in the preceding ones, the attack, the encounter, and the rout were occurrences of a moment, and the result of a single movement on the part of our troops. The whole Turkish army plunged into the sea to regain its ships, leaving behind them everything they had brought on shore.

“Whilst this event was occurring on the seashore a pasha had left the field of battle with a corps of about 3000 men in order to throw himself into the fort of Aboukir. They soon felt the extremities of thirst, which compelled them, after the lapse of a few days, to surrender unconditionally to General Menou, who was left to close the operations connected with the recently defeated Turkish army.”

tion that the English cruisers might have no knowledge of what was going on. He afterwards arranged with Ganthéaume the course he wished to take. No details escaped his attention.

Bonaparte concealed his preparations with much care, but still some vague rumors crept abroad. General Dugua, the commandant of Cairo, whom he had just left for the purpose of embarking, wrote to him on the 18th of August to the following effect :

I have this moment heard that it is reported at the Institute you are about to return to France, taking with you Monge, Berthollet, Berthier, Lannes, and Murat. This news has spread like lightning through the city, and I should not be at all surprised if it produce an unfavorable effect, which, however, I hope you will obviate.

Bonaparte embarked five days after the receipt of Dugua's letter, and, as may be supposed, without replying to it.

On the 18th of August he wrote to the divan of Cairo as follows :

I set out to-morrow for Menouf, whence I intend to make various excursions in the Delta, in order that I may myself witness the acts of oppression which are committed there, and acquire some knowledge of the people.

He told the army but half the truth :

The news from Europe (said he) has determined me to proceed to France. I leave the command of the army to General Kléber. The army shall hear from me forthwith. At present I can say no more. It costs me much pain to quit troops to whom I am so strongly attached. But my absence will be but temporary, and the general I leave in command has the confidence of the Government as well as mine.

I have now shown the true cause of General Bonaparte's departure for Europe. This circumstance, in itself perfectly natural, has been the subject of the most ridiculous conjectures to those who always wish to assign extraordinary causes for simple events. There is no truth whatever in the assertion of his having planned his departure before the battle of Aboukir. Such an idea never crossed his mind. He had no thought whatever of his departure for France when he made

the journey to the Pyramids, nor even when he received the news of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish force.

At the end of December, 1798 Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory: "We are without any news from France. No courier has arrived since the month of June."

Some writers have stated that we received news by the way of Tunis, Algiers, or Morocco; but there is no contradicting a positive fact. At that period I had been with Bonaparte more than two years, and during that time not a single despatch on any occasion arrived of the contents of which I was ignorant. How then should the news alluded to have escaped me? ¹

Almost all those who endeavor to avert from Bonaparte the reproach of desertion quote a letter from the Directory, dated the 26th of May, 1799. This letter may certainly have been written, but it never reached its destination. Why then should it be put upon record?

The circumstance I have stated above determined the resolution of Bonaparte, and made him look upon Egypt as an exhausted field of glory, which it was high time he had

¹ Details on the question of the correspondence of Napoleon with France while he was in Egypt will be found in Colonel Jung's work, *Lucien Bonaparte* (Paris, Charpentier, 1882), tome i. pp. 251-274. It seems most probable that Napoleon was in occasional communication with his family and with some of the Directors by way of Tunis and Tripoli. It would not be his interest to let his army or perhaps even Bourrienne know of the disasters in Italy till he found that they were sure to hear of them through the English. This would explain his affected ignorance till such a late date. On the 11th of April Barras received a despatch by which Napoleon stated his intention of returning to France if the news brought by Hamelin was confirmed. On the 26th of May 1799, three of the Directors, Barras, Rewbell, and La Révellère-Lépeaux, wrote to Napoleon that Admiral Bruix had been ordered to attempt every means of bringing back his army. On the 15th of July Napoleon seems to have received this and other letters. On the 20th of July he warns Admiral Gantheaume to be ready to start. On the 11th of September, the Directors formally approved the recall of the army from Egypt. Thus at the time Napoleon landed in France (on the 8th October), his intended return had been long known to and approved by the majority of the Directors, and had at last been formally ordered by the Directory. At the most he anticipated the order. He cannot be said to have deserted his post. Lanfrey (tome i. p. 411) remarks that the existence and receipt of the letter from Joseph denied by Bourrienne is proved by Miot (the commissary, the brother of Miot de Melito) and by Joseph himself. Talleyrand thanks the French Consul at Tripoli for sending news from Egypt, and for letting Bonaparte know what passed in Europe. See also *Raguse* (Marmont), tome i. p. 411, writing on the 24th December, 1798: "I have found an Arab of whom I am sure, and who shall start to-morrow for Derna. . . . This means can be used to send a letter to Tripoli, for boats often go there."

quitted, to play another part in France. On his departure from Europe Bonaparte felt that his reputation was tottering. He wished to do something to raise up his glory, and to fix upon him the attention of the world. This object he had in great part accomplished; for, in spite of serious disasters, the French flag waved over the cataracts of the Nile and the ruins of Memphis, and the battles of the Pyramids and Aboukir were calculated in no small degree to dazzle the imagination. Cairo and Alexandria too were ours. Finding that the glory of his arms no longer supported the feeble power of the Directory, he was anxious to see whether he could not share it, or appropriate it to himself.

A great deal has been said about letters and secret communications from the Directory, but Bonaparte needed no such thing. He could do what he pleased: there was no power to check him; such had been the nature of his arrangements on leaving France. He followed only the dictates of his own will, and probably, had not the fleet been destroyed, he would have departed from Egypt much sooner. To will and to do were with him one and the same thing. The latitude he enjoyed was the result of his verbal agreement with the Directory, whose instructions and plans he did not wish should impede his operations.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August, and on the 10th arrived at Cairo. He at first circulated the report of a journey to Upper Egypt. This seemed so much the more reasonable, as he had really entertained that design before he went to the Pyramids, and the fact was known to the army and the inhabitants of Cairo. Up to this time our secret had been studiously kept. However, General Lanusse, the commandant at Menouf, where we arrived on the 20th of August, suspected it. "You are going to France," said he to me. My negative reply confirmed his suspicion. This almost induced me to believe the General-in-Chief had been the first to make the disclosure. General Lanusse, though he envied our good fortune, made no complaints. He expressed his sincere wishes for our prosperous voyage, but never opened his mouth on the subject to any one.

On the 21st of August we reached the wells of Birkett. The Arabs had rendered the water unfit for use, but the General-in-Chief was resolved to quench his thirst, and for this purpose squeezed the juice of several lemons into a glass of the water; but he could not swallow it without holding his nose and exhibiting strong feelings of disgust.

The next day we reached Alexandria, where the General informed all those who had accompanied him from Cairo that France was their destination. At this announcement joy was pictured in every countenance.

General Kléber, to whose command Bonaparte had resigned the army, was invited to come from Damietta to Rosetta to confer with the General-in-Chief on affairs of extreme importance. Bonaparte, in making an appointment which he never intended to keep, hoped to escape the unwelcome freedom of Kléber's reproaches. He afterwards wrote to him all he had to say; and the cause he assigned for not keeping his appointment was, that his fear of being observed by the English cruisers had forced him to depart three days earlier than he intended. But when he wrote Bonaparte well knew that he would be at sea before Kléber could receive his letter. Kléber, in his letter to the Directory, complained bitterly of this deception. The singular fate that befell this letter will be seen by and by.

CHAPTER XXI.

1799.

Our departure from Egypt — Nocturnal embarkation — M. Parseval Grand-maison — Our course — Adverse winds — Fear of the English — Favorable weather — Vingt-et-un — Chess — We land at Ajaccio — Bonaparte's pretended relations — Family domains — Want of money — Battle of Novi — Death of Joubert — Visionary schemes — Purchase of a boat — Departure from Corsica — The English squadron — Our escape — The roads of Frejus — Our landing in France — The plague or the Austrians — Joy of the people — The sanitary laws — Bonaparte falsely accused.

WE were now to return to our country — again to cross the sea, to us so pregnant with danger — Cæsar and his fortune were once more to embark. But Cæsar was not now advancing to the East to add Egypt to the conquests of the Republic. He was revolving in his mind vast schemes, unawed by the idea of venturing everything to change in his own favor the Government for which he had fought. The hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the East no longer excited the imagination, as on our departure from France. Our last visionary dream had vanished before the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, and we were leaving on the burning sands of Egypt most of our companions in arms. An inconceivable destiny seemed to urge us on, and we were obliged to obey its decrees.

On the 23d of August¹ we embarked on board two frigates, the *Muiron*² and *Carrère*. Our number was between four and five hundred. Such was our squadron, and such the formidable army with which Bonaparte had resolved, as he wrote to the divan of Cairo, "to annihilate all his enemies." This boasting might impose on those who did not see the real

state of things; but what were we to think of it? What Bonaparte himself thought the day after.

The night was dark when we embarked in the frigates, which lay at a considerable distance from the port of Alexandria; but by the faint light of the stars we perceived a corvette, which appeared to be observing our silent nocturnal embarkation.¹

Next morning, just as we were on the point of setting sail, we saw coming from the port of Alexandria a boat, on board of which was M. Parseval Grandmaison. This excellent man, who was beloved by all of us, was not included among the persons whose return to France had been determined by the General-in-Chief. In his anxiety to get off Bonaparte would not hear of taking him on board. It will readily be conceived how urgent were the entreaties of Parseval; but he would have sued in vain had not Gantheaume, Monge, Berthollet, and I interceded for him. With some difficulty we overcame Bonaparte's resistance, and our colleague of the Egyptian Institute got on board after the wind had filled our sails.

It has been erroneously said that Admiral Gantheaume had full control of the frigates, as if any one could command when Bonaparte was present. On the contrary, Bonaparte declared to the admiral, in my hearing, that he would not take the ordinary course and get into the open sea. "Keep close along the coast of the Mediterranean," said he, "on the African side, until you get south of Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows and a few pieces of artillery; if the English should appear I will run ashore, and with my party make my way by land to Oran, Tunis, or some other

¹ The horses of the escort had been left to run loose on the beach, and all was perfect stillness in Alexandria, when the advanced posts of the town were alarmed by the wild galloping of horses, which, from a natural instinct, were returning to Alexandria through the desert. The picket ran to arms on seeing horses ready saddled and bridled, which were soon discovered to belong to the regiment of guides. They at first thought that a misfortune had happened to some detachment in its pursuit of the Arabs. With these horses came also those of the generals who had embarked with General Bonaparte; so that Alexandria was for a time in considerable alarm. The cavalry was ordered to proceed in all haste in the direction whence the horses came, and every one was giving himself up to the most gloomy conjectures, when the cavalry returned to the city with the Turkish groom, who was bringing back General Bonaparte's horse to Alexandria (*Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo*) tome i. p. 182).

port, whence we may find an opportunity of getting home." This was his irrevocable determination.

For twenty-one days adverse winds, blowing from west or northwest, drove us continually on the coast of Syria, or in the direction of Alexandria. At one time it was even proposed that we should again put into the port; but Bonaparte declared he would rather brave every danger than do so. During the day we tacked to a certain distance northward, and in the evening we stood towards Africa until we came within sight of the coast. Finally, after no less than twenty-one days of impatience and disappointment, a favorable east wind carried us past that point of Africa on which Carthage formerly stood, and we soon doubled Sardinia. We kept very near the western coast of that island, where Bonaparte had determined to land in case of our falling in with the English squadron. From thence his plan was to reach Corsica, and there to await a favorable opportunity of returning to France.

Everything had contributed to render our voyage dull and monotonous; and, besides, we were not entirely without uneasiness as to the steps which might be taken by the Directory, for it was certain that the publication of the intercepted correspondence must have occasioned many unpleasant disclosures. Bonaparte used often to walk on deck to superintend the execution of his orders. The smallest sail that appeared in view excited his alarm. The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him. That was what he dreaded most of all, and yet, at a subsequent period, he trusted to the generosity of his enemies.

However, in spite of our well-founded alarm, there were some moments in which we sought to amuse ourselves, or, to use a common expression, to kill time. Cards afforded us a source of recreation, and even this frivolous amusement served to develop the character of Bonaparte. In general he was not fond of cards; but if he did play, *vingt-et-un* was his favorite game, because it is more rapid than many others, and because, in short, it afforded him an opportunity of cheating. For example, he would ask for a card; if it proved a bad one he would say nothing, but lay it down on the table and wait

till the dealer had drawn his. If the dealer produced a good card, then Bonaparte would throw aside his hand, without showing it, and give up his stake. If, on the contrary, the dealer's card made him exceed twenty one, Bonaparte also threw his cards aside without showing them, and asked for the payment of his stake. He was much diverted by these little tricks, especially when they were played off undetected; and I confess that even then we were courteous enough to humor him, and wink at his cheating. I must, however, mention that he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these little dishonesties, for at the end of the game he gave up all his winnings, and they were equally divided. Gaming may readily be supposed, was not his object; but he always expected that fortune would grant him an ace or a ten at the right moment with the same confidence with which he looked for fine weather on the day of battle. If he were disappointed he wished nobody to know it.

Bonaparte also played at chess, but very seldom, because he was only a third rate player, and he did not like to be beaten at that game, which, I know not why, is said to bear a resemblance to the grand game of war. At this latter game Bonaparte certainly feared no adversary. This reminds me that when we were leaving Paderborn he announced his intention of passing through Mantua. He was told that the commandant of that town, I believe General Beauvoir, was a great chess-player, and he expressed a wish to play a game with him. General Beauvoir asked him to point out any particular pawn with which he would be checkmated; adding that if the pawn were taken, he, Bonaparte, should be declared the winner. Bonaparte pointed out the last pawn on the left of his adversary. A mark was put upon it, and it turned out that he actually was checkmated with that very pawn. Bonaparte was not very well pleased at this. He liked to play with me because, though rather a better player than himself, I was not always able to beat him. As soon as a game was decided in his favor he declined playing any longer, preferring to rest on his laurels.

the first twenty days of our voyage still continued while we kept along the coast of Sardinia; but after we had passed that island the wind again blew violently from the west, and on the 1st of October we were forced to enter the Gulf of Ajaccio. We sailed again next day; but we found it impossible to work our way out of the gulf. We were therefore obliged to put into the port and land at Ajaccio. Adverse winds obliged us to remain there until the 7th of October. It may readily be imagined how much this delay annoyed Bonaparte. He sometimes expressed his impatience, as if he could enforce the obedience of the elements as well as of men. He was losing time, and time was everything to him.

There was one circumstance which seemed to annoy him as much as any of his more serious vexations. "What will become of me," said he, "if the English, who are cruising hereabout, should learn that I have landed in Corsica? I shall be forced to stay here. That I could never endure. I have a torrent of relations pouring upon me." His great reputation had certainly prodigiously augmented the number of his family. He was overwhelmed with visits, congratulations, and requests. The whole town was in a commotion. Every one of its inhabitants wished to claim him as their cousin; and from the prodigious number of his pretended godsons and goddaughters, it might have been supposed that he had held one-fourth of the children of Ajaccio at the baptismal font.

Bonaparte frequently walked with us in the neighborhood of Ajaccio; and when in all the plenitude of his power he did not count his crowns with greater pleasure than he evinced in pointing out to us the little domains of his ancestors.

While we were at Ajaccio M. Fesch¹ gave Bonaparte French money in exchange for a number of Turkish sequins,

¹ Joseph Fesch (1763-1839), son of Napoleon's maternal grandmother by her second marriage with Captain Francis Fesch, Archdeacon 1792, Commissary in War Department, 1793; re-entered clerical orders, 1799; Bishop, 1802; Archbishop of Lyons, 1802; Cardinal, 1803; Grand Almoner under the Empire; nominated Archbishop of Paris, but never held that see; Coadjutor to Archbishop of Ratisbon (Prince Primate), 1806; retired to Rome, 1815.

amounting in value to 17,000 francs. This sum was all that the General brought with him from Egypt. I mention this fact because he was unjustly calumniated in letters written after his departure, and which were intercepted and published by the English. I ought also to add, that as he would never for his own private use resort to the money chest of the army, the contents of which were, indeed, never half sufficient to defray the necessary expenses, he several times drew on Genoa, through M. James, and on the funds he possessed in the house of Clary, 15,000, 25,000, and up to 33,000 francs.¹ I can bear witness that in Egypt I never saw him touch any money beyond his pay; and that he left the country poorer than he had entered it is a fact that cannot be denied. In his notes on Egypt it appears that in one year 12,600,000 francs were received. In this sum were included at least 2,000,000 of contributions, which were levied at the expense of many decapitations. Bonaparte was fourteen months in Egypt, and he is said to have brought away with him 20,000,000. Calumny may be very gratifying to certain persons, but they should at least give it a coloring of probability. The fact is, that Bonaparte had scarcely enough to maintain himself at Ajaccio and to defray our posting expenses to Paris.

On our arrival at Ajaccio we learnt the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, which was fought on the 15th of August. Bonaparte was tormented by anxiety; he was in a state of utter uncertainty as to the future. From the time we left Alexandria till our arrival in Corsica he had frequently talked of what he should do during the quarantine, which he supposed he would be required to observe on reaching Toulon, the port at which he had determined to land.

Even then he cherished some illusions respecting the state of affairs; and he often said to me, "But for that confounded quarantine, I would hasten ashore, and place myself at the head of the army of Italy. All is not over; and I am sure

¹ Joseph Bonaparte says that his brother had no funds with the house of Clary (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 248). It will be remembered that Joseph had married a daughter of M. Clary.

that there is not a general who would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me would reach Paris as soon as the battle of Aboukir; that, indeed, would be excellent."

In Corsica his language was very different. When he was informed of our reverses, and saw the full extent of the evil, he was for a moment overwhelmed. His grand projects then gave way to the consideration of matters of minor import, and he thought about his detention in the Lazaretto of Toulon. He spoke of the Directory, of intrigues, and of what would be said of him. He accounted his enemies those who envied him, and those who could not be reconciled to his glory and the influence of his name. Amidst all these anxieties Bonaparte was outwardly calm, though he was moody and reflective.

Providing against every chance of danger, he had purchased at Ajaccio a large launch which was intended to be towed by the *Muiron*, and it was manned by twelve of the best sailors the island could furnish. His resolution was, in case of inevitable danger, to jump into this boat and get ashore. This precaution had well-nigh proved useful.¹

After leaving the Gulf of Ajaccio the voyage was prosperous and undisturbed for one day; but on the second day, just at sunset, an English squadron of fourteen sail hove in sight. The English, having advantage of the light, which we had in our faces, saw us better than we could see them. They recognized our two frigates as Venetian built; but, luckily for us, night came on, for we were not far apart. We saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to our left, and we thought it was the intention of the cruisers to intercept us on the southeast. Under these circumstances Bonaparte had reason to thank fortune; for it was very evident that had the English suspected our two frigates of coming from the East and going to France, they would have shut us out from land by

¹ Sir Walter Scott, at the commencement of his *Life of Napoleon*, says that Bonaparte did not see his native city after 1793. Probably to avoid contradicting himself, the Scottish historian observes that Bonaparte was near Ajaccio on his return from Egypt. He spent eight days there. — *Bourrienne*.

running between us and it, which to them was very easy. Probably they took us for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the darkness that we were indebted for escaping with no worse consequence than a fright.¹

During the remainder of the night the utmost agitation prevailed on board the *Muiron*. Gantheaume especially was in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness: he was quite beside himself, for a disaster appeared inevitable. He proposed to return to Corsica. "No, no!" replied Bonaparte imperiously. "No! Spread all sail! Every man at his post! To the north-west! To the northwest!" This order saved us; and I am enabled to affirm that in the midst of almost general alarm Bonaparte was solely occupied in giving orders. The rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in the face of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my mind. The hours lingered on; and none of us could enquire upon what new dangers the morrow's sun would shine.

However, Bonaparte's resolution was taken: his orders were given, his arrangements made. During the evening he had resolved upon throwing himself into the long boat; he had already fixed on the persons who were to share his fate, and had already named to me the papers which he thought it most important to save. Happily our terrors were vain and our arrangements useless. By the first rays of the sun we discovered the English fleet sailing to the northeast, and we stood for the wished-for coast of France.

The 8th of October, at eight in the morning, we entered the roads of Frejus. The sailors not having recognized the coast during the night, we did not know where we were.

¹ Here Bourrienne says in a note, "Where did Sir Walter learn that we were neither seen nor recognized? We were not recognized, but certainly seen." This is corroborated by the testimony of the Duc de Rovigo, who, in his *Memoirs*, says, "I have met officers of the French navy who assured me that the two frigates had been seen, but were considered by the Admiral to belong to his squadron, as they steered their course towards him; and as he knew we had only one frigate in the Mediterranean, and one in Toulon harbor, he was far from supposing that the frigates which he had despatched could have General Bonaparte on board" (*Saragossa*, tome i. p. 226).

There was, at first, some hesitation whether we should advance. We were by no means expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which had been changed during our absence. Some guns were even fired upon us by the batteries on the coast; but our bold entry into the roads, the crowd upon the decks of the two frigates, and our signs of joy, speedily banished all doubt of our being friends. We were in the port, and approaching the landing-place, when the rumor spread that Bonaparte was on board one of the frigates. In an instant the sea was covered with boats. In vain we begged them to keep at a distance; we were carried ashore, and when we told the crowd, both of men and women who were pressing about us, the risk they ran, they all exclaimed, "*We prefer the plague to the Austrians!*"

What were our feelings when we again set foot on the soil of France I will not attempt to describe. Our escape from the dangers that threatened us seemed almost miraculous. We had lost twenty days at the beginning of our voyage, and at its close we had been almost taken by an English squadron. Under these circumstances, how rapturously we inhaled the balmy air of Provence! Such was our joy that we were scarcely sensible of the disheartening news which arrived from all quarters. At the first moment of our arrival, by a spontaneous impulse, we all repeated, with tears in our eyes, the beautiful lines which Voltaire has put into the mouth of the exile of Sicily.

Bonaparte has been reproached with having violated the sanitary laws; but, after what I have already stated respecting his intentions, I presume there can remain no doubt of the falsehood of this accusation. All the blame must rest with the inhabitants of Frejus, who on this occasion found the law of necessity more imperious than the sanitary laws. Yet when it is considered that four or five hundred persons, and a quantity of effects, were landed from Alexandria, where the plague had been raging during the summer, it is almost a miracle that France, and indeed Europe, escaped the scourge.

CHAPTER XXII.

1799.

Effect produced by Bonaparte's return — His justification — Melan-
letter to my wife — Bonaparte's intended dinner at Sens — Louis Bonaparte and Josephine — He changes his intended route — Melancholy
ation of the provinces — Necessity of a change — Bonaparte's ambiv-
views — Influence of popular applause — Arrival in Paris — His r-
tion of Josephine — Their reconciliation — Bonaparte's visit to the I-
tory — His contemptuous treatment of Seyès.

THE effect produced in France and throughout Europe by mere intelligence of Bonaparte's return is well known. I shall not yet speak of the vast train of consequences, which that event entailed. I must, however, notice some accusations which were brought against him from the time of our landing to the 9th of November. He was reproached for having Egypt, and it was alleged that his departure was the result of long premeditation. But I, who was constantly with him, am enabled positively to affirm that his return to France was merely the effect of a sudden resolution. Of this the following fact is in itself sufficient evidence.

While we were at Cairo, a few days before we heard of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish fleet, and at the moment when we were on the point of setting off to encamp at the Pyramids, Bonaparte despatched a courier to France. I took advantage of this opportunity to write to my wife. I only bade her an eternal adieu. My letter breathed expression of grief, such as I had not before evinced. I said, among other things, that we knew not when or how it would be possible for us to return to France. If Bonaparte had then entertained any thought of a speedy return I must have known and in that case I should not certainly have distressed my family by a desponding letter, when I had not had an opportunity of writing for seven months before.

Two days after the receipt of my letter, my wife was awoke very early in the morning to be informed of our arrival in France. The courier who brought this intelligence was the bearer of a second letter from me, which I had written on board ship, and dated from Frejus. In this letter I mentioned that Bonaparte would pass through Sens and dine with my mother.

In fulfilment of my directions Madame de Bourrienne set off for Paris at five in the morning. Having passed the first post-house she met a berlin containing four travellers, among whom she recognized Louis Bonaparte going to meet the General on the Lyons road. On seeing Madame de Bourrienne Louis desired the postilion to stop, and asked her whether she had heard from me. She informed him that we should pass though Sens, where the General wished to dine with my mother, who had made every preparation for receiving him. Louis then continued his journey. About nine o'clock my wife met another berlin, in which were Madame Bonaparte and her daughter. As they were asleep, and both carriages were driving at a very rapid rate, Madame de Bourrienne did not stop them. Josephine followed the route taken by Louis. Both missed the General, who changed his mind at Lyons, and proceeded by way of Bourbonnais. He arrived fifteen hours after my wife; and those who had taken the Burgundy road proceeded to Lyons uselessly.

Determined to repair in all haste to Paris, Bonaparte had left Frejus on the afternoon of the day of our landing. He himself had despatched the courier to Sens to inform my mother of his intended visit to her; and it was not until he got to Lyons that he determined to take the Bourbonnais road. His reason for doing so will presently be seen. All along the road, at Aix, at Lyons, in every town and village, he was received as at Frejus, with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy.¹ Only those who witnessed his triumphal

¹ From Frejus to Aix a crowd of men kindly escorted us, carrying torches alongside the carriage of the General, not so much to show their enthusiasm as to ensure our safety (*Bourrienne*). These brigands became so bad in France that at one time soldiers were placed in the imperials of all the diligences, receiving from the wits the curiously anticipative name of "imperial armies."

journey, can form any notion of it; and it required no great discernment to foresee something like the 18th Brumaire.

The provinces, a prey to anarchy and civil war, were continually threatened with foreign invasion. Almost all the south presented the melancholy spectacle of one vast arena of conflicting factions. The nation groaned beneath the yoke of tyrannical laws; despotism was systematically established; the law of hostages struck a blow at personal liberty, and forced loans menaced every man's property. The generality of the citizens had declared themselves against a pentarchy devoid of power, justice, and morality, and which had become the sport of faction and intrigue. Disorder was general; but in the provinces abuses were felt more sensibly than elsewhere. In great cities it was found more easy to elude the hand of despotism and oppression.

A change so earnestly wished for could not fail to be realized, and to be received with transport. The majority of the French people longed to be relieved from the situation in which they then stood. There were two dangers to cope with — anarchy and the Bourbons. Every one felt the urgent and indispensable necessity of concentrating the power of the Government in a single hand; at the same time maintaining those institutions which the spirit of the age demanded, and which France, after having so dearly purchased, was now about to lose. The country looked for a man who was capable of restoring her to tranquillity; but as yet no such man had appeared. A soldier of fortune presented himself, covered with glory; he had planted the standard of France on the Capitol and on the Pyramids. The whole world acknowledged his superior talent; his character, his courage, and his victories had raised him to the very highest rank. His great works, his gallant actions, his speeches, and his proclamations ever since he had risen to eminence left no doubt of his wish to secure happiness and freedom to France, his adopted country. At that critical moment the necessity of a temporary dictatorship, which sometimes secures the safety of a state, banished all reflections on the consequences of such a power, and no body seemed to think glory incompatible with personal liberty.

All eyes were therefore directed on the General, whose past conduct guaranteed his capability of defending the Republic abroad, and liberty at home, — on the General whom his flatterers, and indeed some of his sincere friends, styled, "*the hero of liberal ideas*," the title to which he aspired.

Under every point of view, therefore, he was naturally chosen as the chief of a generous nation, confiding to him her destiny, in preference to a troop of mean and fanatical hypocrites, who, under the names of republicanism and liberty, had reduced France to the most abject slavery.

Among the schemes which Bonaparte was incessantly revolving in his mind may undoubtedly be ranked the project of attaining the head of the French Government; but it would be a mistake to suppose that on his return from Egypt he had formed any fixed plan. There was something vague in his ambitious aspirations; and he was, if I may so express myself, fond of building those imaginary edifices called castles in the air. The current of events was in accordance with his wishes; and it may truly be said that the whole French nation smoothed for Bonaparte the road which led to power. Certainly the unanimous plaudits and universal joy which accompanied him along a journey of more than 200 leagues must have induced him to regard as a national mission that step which was at first prompted merely by his wish of meddling with the affairs of the Republic.

This spontaneous burst of popular feeling, unordered and unpaid for, loudly proclaimed the grievances of the people, and their hope that the man of victory would become their deliverer. The general enthusiasm excited by the return of the conqueror of Egypt delighted him to a degree which I cannot express, and was, as he has often assured me, a powerful stimulus in urging him to the object to which the wishes of France seemed to direct him.

Among people of all classes and opinions an 18th Brumaire was desired and expected. Many royalists even believed that a change would prove favorable to the King. So ready are we to persuade ourselves of the reality of what we wish.

As soon as it was suspected that Bonaparte would accept

the power offered him, an outcry was raised about a conspiracy against the Republic, and measures were sought for preserving it. But necessity, and indeed, it must be confessed, the general feeling of the people, consigned the execution of those measures to him who was to subvert the Republic. On his return to Paris Bonaparte spoke and acted like a man who felt his own power; he cared neither for flattery, dinners, nor balls, — his mind took a higher flight.

We arrived in Paris on the 24th Vendémiaire (the 16th of October). As yet he knew nothing of what was going on; for he had seen neither his wife nor his brothers, who were looking for him on the Burgundy road. The news of our landing at Frejus had reached Paris by a telegraphic despatch. Madame Bonaparte, who was dining with M. Gohier when that despatch was communicated to him, as president of the Directory, immediately set off to meet her husband, well knowing how important it was that her first interview with him should not be anticipated by his brothers.

The imprudent communications of Junot at the fountains of Messoudiah will be remembered; but, after the first ebullition of jealous rage, all traces of that feeling had apparently disappeared. Bonaparte, however, was still harassed by secret suspicion, and the painful impressions produced by Junot were either not entirely effaced or were revived after our arrival in Paris. We reached the capital before Josephine returned. The recollection of the past, the ill-natured reports of his brothers,¹ and the exaggeration of facts had irritated Napoleon to the very highest pitch, and he received Josephine with studied coldness, and with an air of the most cruel indifference. He had no communication with her for three days, during which time he frequently spoke to me of suspicions which his imagination converted into certainty; and threats of divorce escaped his lips with no less vehemence than when we were on the confines of Syria. I took upon me the office of conciliator, which I had before discharged with success. I represented to him the dangers to be apprehended

¹ Joseph Bonaparte remarks on this that Napoleon met Josephine at Paris before his brothers arrived there. (*Compare d'Abrantès*, vol. 4. pp. 220-222.)

from the publicity and scandal of such an affair; and that the moment when his grand views might possibly be realized was not the fit time to entertain France and Europe with the details of a charge of adultery. I spoke to him of Hortense and Eugène, to whom he was much attached. Reflection, seconded by his ardent affection for Josephine, brought about a complete reconciliation. After these three days of conjugal misunderstanding their happiness was never afterwards disturbed by a similar cause.¹

¹ In speaking of the unexpected arrival of Bonaparte from Egypt, and of the meeting between him and Josephine, Madame Junot says:—

“On the 10th October Josephine set off to meet her husband, but without knowing exactly what road he would take. She thought it likely he would come by way of Burgundy, and therefore Louis and she set off for Lyons.

“Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well-founded uneasiness. Whether she was guilty or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce. The elder M. de Caulaincourt stated to us his apprehensions on this point; but whenever the subject was introduced my mother changed the conversation, because, knowing as she did the sentiments of the Bonaparte family, she could not reply without either committing them or having recourse to falsehood. She knew, moreover, the truth of many circumstances which M. de Caulaincourt seemed to doubt, and which her situation with respect to Bonaparte prevented her from communicating to him.

“Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault in neglecting at this juncture to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her against those who sought her ruin, and effected it nine years later; for the divorce in 1809 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon's most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte or as Empress, had done nothing to make her friends.

“Bonaparte, on his arrival in Paris, found his house deserted; but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and, in short, every member of his family, except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, came to him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home and its desertion by its mistress was profound and terrible, and nine years afterwards, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed for ever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. He considered her journey to Lyons as a mere pretence.

“M. de Bourrienne says that for some days after Josephine's return Bonaparte treated her with *extreme coldness*. As he was an eyewitness, why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return Bonaparte *refused to see her, and did not see her*? It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age. Bonaparte was at this period much attached to Eugène Beauharnais, who, to do him justice, was a charming youth. He knew less of Hortense; but her youth and sweetness of temper, and the protection of which, as his adopted daughter, she besought him not to deprive her, proved powerful advocates, and overcame his resistance.

“In this delicate negotiation it was good policy not to bring any other

On the day after his arrival Bonaparte visited the Directors.¹ The interview was cold. On the 24th of October he said to me, "I dined yesterday at Gohier's; Siéyès was present, and I pretended not to see him. I observed how much he was enraged at this mark of disrespect." "But are you sure he is against you?" inquired I. "I know nothing yet; but he is a scheming man, and I don't like him." Even at that time Bonaparte had thoughts of getting himself elected a member of the Directory in the room of Siéyès.

person into play, whatever might be their influence with Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte did not, therefore, have recourse either to Barras, Bourrienne, or Berthier. It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say something without the possibility of a reply. Now Bonaparte could not with any degree of propriety explain to such children as Eugene or Hortense the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was therefore constrained to silence, and had no argument to combat the tear of two innocent creatures at his feet exclaiming, "Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart! And ought you too to take from us, poor orphans, whose natural protector the scaffold has already deprived us of, the support of one whom Providence has sent to replace him?"

"The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and painful, and the two children at length introduced their mother, and placed her in her arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his descent at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the most pangs of mental torture.

"Whatever might be his wife's errors, Bonaparte appeared entirely to forget them, and the reconciliation was complete. Of all the members of the family Madame Leclerc was most grieved at the pardon which Napoleon had granted to his wife. Bonaparte's mother was also very ill pleased, but she said nothing. Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who was always very amiable, took no part in these family quarrels; therefore she could easily determine what part to take when fortune smiled on Josephine. As to Madame Bacciocchi, she gave free vent to her ill-humour and disdain, the consequence was, that her sister-in-law could never embrace her. Christine, who was a beautiful creature, followed the example of Madame Joseph, and Caroline was so young that her opinion could have no weight in such an affair. As to Bonaparte's brothers, they were at open war with Josephine."

¹ The Directors at this time were Barras, Siéyès, Moulin, Gohier, and Roger Ducos.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1799.

Moreau and Bernadotte — Bonaparte's opinion of Bernadotte — False report — The crown of Sweden and the Constitution of the year III. — Intrigues of Bonaparte's brothers — Angry conversation between Bonaparte and Bernadotte — Bonaparte's version — Josephine's version — An unexpected visit — The Manège Club — Salicetti and Joseph Bonaparte — Bonaparte invites himself to breakfast with Bernadotte — Country excursion — Bernadotte dines with Bonaparte — The plot and conspiracy — Conduct of Lucien — Dinner given to Bonaparte by the Council of the Five Hundred — Bonaparte's wish to be chosen a member of the Directory — His reconciliation with Siéyès — Offer made by the Directory to Bonaparte — He is falsely accused by Barras.

To throw a clear light on the course of the great events which will presently be developed it is necessary to state briefly what intrigues had been hatched and what ambitious hopes had risen up while we were in Egypt. When in Egypt Bonaparte was entirely deprived of any means of knowing what was going on in France; and in our rapid journey from Frejus to Paris we had no opportunity of collecting much information. Yet it was very important that we should know the real state of affairs, and the sentiments of those whom Bonaparte had counted among his rivals in glory, and whom he might now meet among his rivals in ambition.

Moreau's military reputation stood very high, and Bernadotte's firmness appeared inflexible. Generally speaking, Bonaparte might have reckoned among his devoted partisans the companions of his glory in Italy, and also those whom he subsequently denominated "his Egyptians." But brave men had distinguished themselves in the army of the Rhine; and if they did not withhold their admiration from the conqueror of Italy, they felt at least more personally interest d in the admiration which they lavishe on him who

borne in mind that a republican spirit prevailed, almost without exception, in the army, and that the Directory appeared to be a government invented expressly to afford patronage to intriguers. All this planted diffidence in the way, and rendered it indispensably necessary that we should know our ground. We had, it is true, been greeted by the rifle-tromp of popular enthusiasm on our arrival; but this was not enough. We wanted suffrage of a more solid kind.

During the campaign of Egypt Bernadotte, who was a zealous republican, had been War Minister, but he had resigned the portfolio to Dubois-Crancé three weeks before Bonaparte's return to France. Some partisans of the old Minister were endeavoring to get him recalled, and it was very important to Bonaparte's interests that he should prevent the success of this design. I recollect that on the second day of our arrival Bonaparte said to me, "I have learned many things; but we shall see what will happen. Bernadotte is a singular man. When he was War Minister Anzenberger, Schöller, and some others informed him that the Constitution was in danger, and that it was necessary to get rid of Spéyer, Barre, and Fouché, who were at the head of a plot. What did Bernadotte do? Nothing. He asked for proof. None could be produced. He asked for powers. Who could grant them? Nobody. He should have taken them; but he would not venture on that. He wavered. He said he could not enter into the scheme which were proposed to him. He only promised to be silent on condition that they were renounced. Bernadotte is not a help; he is an obstacle. I have heard from good authority that a great number of influential persons wished to invest him with extensive power for the public good; but he was obstinate, and would listen to nothing."

After a brief interval of silence, during which Bonaparte rubbed his forehead with his right hand, he then resumed: "I believe I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. I know he would prefer military to political power. The promise of

¹ Bernadotte was Minister of War from 24 July, 1799, to 14th September, 1799.

the command of an army would gain him over. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He is allied to my brothers.¹ He does not like me, and I am almost certain that he will oppose me. If he should *become* ambitious he will venture anything. And yet, you recollect in what a lukewarm way he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. This devil of a fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But, after all, we have but just arrived, and know not what may happen."

Bernadotte, it was reported, had advised that Bonaparte should be brought to a court-martial, on the twofold charge of having abandoned his army and violated the quarantine laws. This report came to the ears of Bonaparte; but he refused to believe it, and he was right. Bernadotte thought himself bound to the Constitution which he had sworn to defend. Hence the opposition he manifested to the measures of the 18th Brumaire. But he cherished no personal animosity against Bonaparte as long as he was ignorant of his ambitious designs. The extraordinary and complicated nature of subsequent events rendered his possession of the crown of Sweden in no way incompatible with his fidelity to the Constitution of the year III.

On our first arrival in Paris, though I was almost constantly with the General, yet, as our routine of occupation was not yet settled, I was enabled now and then to snatch an hour or two from business. This leisure time I spent in the society of my family and a few friends, and in collecting information as to what had happened during our absence, for which purpose I consulted old newspapers and pamphlets. I was not surprised to learn that Bonaparte's brothers — that

¹ Joseph Bonaparte and Bernadotte had married sisters, Marie-Julie and Eugénie Bernadine-Desirée Clary. The feeling of Bourrienne for Bernadotte makes this passage doubtful. It is to be noticed that in the same conversation he makes Napoleon describe Bernadotte as not venturing to act without powers and as enterprising. The stern republican becoming Prince de Monte-Corvo and King of Sweden, in a way compatible with his fidelity to the Constitution of the year III., is good. Lanfrey attributes Bernadotte's refusal to join more to rivalry than to principle (*Lanfrey*, tome i. p. 440). But in any case Napoleon did not dread Bernadotte, and was soon threatening to shoot him; see *Lucien*, tome ii. p. 107.

is to say, Joseph and Lucien — had been engaged in many intrigues. I was told that Stéyes had for a moment thought of calling the Duke of Brunswick to the head of the Government; that Barras would not have been very averse to favoring the return of the Bourbons; and that Modène, Roger Ducos, and Gohier alone believed, or affected to believe, in the possibility of preserving the existing form of government. From what I heard at the time I have good reason for believing that Joseph and Lucien made all sorts of endeavors to inveigle Bernadotte into their brother's party, and in the hope of accomplishing that object they had actually got him appointed War Minister. However, I cannot vouch for the truth of this. I was told that Bernadotte had at first submitted to the influence of Bonaparte's two brothers; but that their urgent interference in their client's behalf induced him to shake them off, to proceed freely in the exercise of his duties, and to open the eyes of the Directory on what the Republic might have to apprehend from the enterprising character of Bonaparte. It is certain that what I have to relate respecting the conduct of Bernadotte to Bonaparte is calculated to give credit to the latter's contention.

All the generals who were in Paris, with the exception of Bernadotte, had visited Bonaparte during the first three days, which succeeded his arrival. Bernadotte's absence was the more remarkable because he had served under Bonaparte in Italy. It was not until a fortnight had elapsed, and then only on the reiterated entreaties of Joseph and Madame Joseph Bonaparte (his sister-in-law), that he determined to go and see his old General-in-Chief. I was not present at their interview, being at that moment occupied in the little cabinet of the Rue Chantierine. But I could discern that their conversation had been long and warm; for as soon as it was ended Bonaparte entered the cabinet exceedingly agitated, and said to me, "Bourrienne, how do you think Bernadotte has behaved? You have traversed France with me — you witnessed the enthusiasm which my return excited — you yourself told me that you saw in that enthusiasm the desire of the French people to be relieved from the domination of a

in which our reverses have placed them. Well! would believe it? Bernadotte boasts, with ridiculous exaggeration of the brilliant and victorious situation of France! He talks about the defeat of the Russians, the occupation of Poland, the innumerable armies that are rising up everywhere. "I know not what nonsense he has got in his head." — "What can all this mean?" said I. "Did he speak about that?" — "Oh, yes! Now you remind me. He actually reproached me for not having brought the army back with me."

"But," observed I, "have you not just told me that we are absolutely overrun with troops; that all your frontiers are secure, that immense levies are going on, and that we will have 200,000 infantry? — If this be true, what do we want with a few thousand men who may ensure the liberation of Egypt?" He could make no answer to this. He is quite elated by the honor of having been War Minister; and he told me boldly that he looked upon the loss of Egypt as lost. Nay, more. He made insinuations, spoke of enemies abroad and enemies at home; and as he uttered these last words he looked significantly at me. I too cast him a glance! But stay a little. The pear will soon be ripe! You know Josephine's grace and address. She was present. The scrutinizing glance of Bernadotte did not offend her, and she adroitly turned the conversation. Bernadotte saw from my countenance that I had had enough of it, and he took his leave. But don't let me interrupt you further. I am going back to speak to Josephine."

I must confess that this strange story made me very impatient to find myself alone with Madame Bonaparte, for I wished to hear her account of the scene. An opportunity occurred that very evening. I repeated to her what I had heard from the General, and all that she told me tended to confirm its accuracy. She added that Bernadotte seemed to be in the utmost pains to exhibit to the General a flattering picture of the prosperity of France; and she reported to me the following, that part of the conversation which was peculiarly calculated to irritate Bonaparte: — "I do not despair of the liberty of the Republic, which I am certain can restrain her

enemies both abroad and — at home.’ As Bernadotte uttered these last words,” continued Josephine, “his glance made me shudder. One word more and Bonaparte could have commanded himself no longer! It is true,” added she, “that it was in some degree his own fault, for it was he who turned the conversation on politics; and Bernadotte, in describing the flourishing condition of France, was only replying to the General, who had drawn a very opposite picture of the state of things. You know, my dear Bourrienne, that Bonaparte is not always very prudent. I fear he has said too much to Bernadotte about the necessity of changes in the Government.” Josephine had not yet recovered from the agitation into which this violent scene had thrown her. After I took leave of her I made notes of what she had told me.

A few days after, when Bonaparte, Josephine, Hortense, Eugène, and I were together in the drawing-room, Bernadotte unexpectedly entered. His appearance, after what had passed, was calculated to surprise us. He was accompanied by a person whom he requested permission to introduce to Bonaparte. I have forgotten his name, but he was, I think, secretary-general while Bernadotte was in office. Bonaparte betrayed no appearance of astonishment. He received Bernadotte with perfect ease, and they soon entered into conversation. Bonaparte, who seemed to acquire confidence from the presence of those who were about him, said a great deal about the agitation which prevailed among the republicans, and expressed himself in very decided terms against the Manège Club.¹ I seconded him by observing that M. Moreau de Worms of my department, who was a member of that club, had himself complained to me of the violence that prevailed in it. “But, General,” said Bernadotte, “your brothers were its most active originators. Yet,” added he in a tone of firmness, “you accuse me of having favored that club, and I repel the charge. It cannot be otherwise than false. When I came

¹ The Manège Club, the last resort of the Jacobins, formed in 1799, and closed seven or eight months afterwards. Joseph Bonaparte (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 251) denies that he or Lucien — for whom the allusion is meant — were members of this club, and he disputes this conversation ever having taken place. Lucien (tome i. p. 219) treats this club as opposed to his party.

into office I found everything in the greatest disorder. I had no leisure to think about any club to which my duties did not call me. You know well that your friend Salicetti, and that your brother, who is in your confidence, are both leading men in the Manège Club. To the instructions of *I know not whom* is to be attributed the violence of which you complain." At these words, and especially the tone in which Bernadotte uttered *I know not whom*, Bonaparte could no longer restrain himself. "Well, General," exclaimed he furiously, "I tell you plainly, I would rather live wild in the woods than in a state of society which affords no security." Bernadotte then said, with great dignity of manner, "Good God! General, what security would you have?" From the warmth evinced by Bonaparte I saw plainly that the conversation would soon be converted into a dispute, and in a whisper I requested Madame Bonaparte to change the conversation, which she immediately did by addressing a question to some one present. Bernadotte, observing Madame Bonaparte's design, checked his warmth. The subject of conversation was changed, and it became general. Bernadotte soon took up his hat and departed.

One morning, when I entered Bonaparte's chamber—it was, I believe, three or four days after the second visit of Bernadotte—he said:

"Well, Bourrienne, I wager you will not guess with whom I am going to breakfast this morning?" "Really, General, I ——" —"With Bernadotte; and the best of the joke is, that I have invited myself. You would have seen how it was all brought about if you had been with us at the Théâtre Français, yesterday evening. You know we are going to visit Joseph to-day at Mortfontaine. Well, as we were coming out of the theatre, last night, finding myself side by side with Bernadotte, and not knowing what to talk about, I asked him whether he was to be of our party to-day? He replied in the affirmative; and as we were passing his house in the Rue Cisalpine,¹ I told him, without any ceremony, that I

¹ Joseph Bonaparte lays great stress on the fact that Napoleon would not have passed this house, which was far from the theatre (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 251).

should be happy to come and take a cup of coffee with him in the morning. He seemed pleased. What do you think of that, Bourrienne ? ” — “ Why, General, I hope you may have reason on your part to be pleased with him.” — “ Never fear, never fear. I know what I am about. This will compromise him with Gohier. Remember, you must always meet your enemies with a bold face, otherwise they think they are feared, and that gives them confidence.”

Bonaparte stepped into the carriage with Josephine, who was always ready when she had to go out with him, for he did not like to wait. They proceeded first to Bernadotte's to breakfast, and from thence to Mortfontaine. On his return Bonaparte told me very little about what had passed during the day, and I could see that he was not in the best of humors. I afterwards learned that Bonaparte had conversed a good deal with Bernadotte, and that he had made every effort to render himself agreeable, which he very well knew how to do when he chose ; but that, in spite of all his conversational talent, and supported as he was by the presence of his three brothers, and Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely,¹ he could not withstand the republican firmness of Bernadotte. However, the number of his partisans daily augmented ; for all had not the uncompromising spirit of Bernadotte ; and it will soon be seen that Moreau himself undertook charge of the Directors who were made prisoners on the 18th Brumaire.

Bernadotte's shrewd penetration made him one of the first to see clearly into Bonaparte's design. He was well convinced of his determination to overthrow the Constitution and possess himself of power. He saw the Directory divided into two parties ; the one duped by the promises and assurances of Bonaparte, and the other conniving with him for the accomplishment of his plans. In these circumstances Bernadotte offered his services to all persons connected with the Government who, like himself, were averse to the change which he saw good reason to apprehend. But Bonaparte wa-

¹ Etienne Regnault or Regnaud (de St. Jean d'Angely) became Count, and a member of the Council of State, *Secrétaire d'Etat de la Famille Impériale*, etc., but was, though much employed, and showing much character,

not the man to be outdone in cunning or activity; and every moment swelled the ranks of his adherents.

On the 16th Brumaire I dined in the Rue de la Victoire. Bernadotte was present, and I believe General Jourdan also. While the grand conspiracy was hastening to its accomplishment, Madame Bonaparte and I had contrived a little plot of a more innocent kind. We let no one into our secret, and our 16th Brumaire was crowned with complete success. We had agreed to be on the alert to prevent any fresh exchange of angry words. All succeeded to the utmost of our wishes. The conversation languished during dinner; but it was not dulness that we were afraid of. It turned on the subject of war, and in that vast field Bonaparte's superiority over his interlocutors was undeniable.

When we retired to the drawing-room a great number of evening visitors poured in, and the conversation then became animated, and even gay. Bonaparte was in high spirits. He said to some one, smiling, and pointing to Bernadotte, "You are not aware that the General yonder is a Chouan." — "A Chouan?" repeated Bernadotte, also in a tone of pleasantry. "Ah! General, you contradict yourself. Only the other day you taxed me with favoring the violence of the friends of the Republic, and now you accuse me of protecting the Chouans.¹ You should at least be consistent." A few moments after, availing himself of the confusion occasioned by the throng of visitors, Bernadotte slipped off.

As a mark of respect to Bonaparte, the Council of the Five Hundred appointed Lucien its president. The event proved how important this nomination was to Napoleon. Up to the 19th Brumaire, and especially on that day, Lucien evinced a degree of activity, intelligence, courage, and presence of mind which are rarely found united in one individual. I have no hesitation in stating that to Lucien's nomination and exertions must be attributed the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The General had laid down a plan of conduct from which

¹ The "Chouans," so called from their use of the cry of the screech-owl (chat-houan) as a signal, were the revolted peasants of Brittany and of

he never deviated during the twenty-three days which intervened between his arrival in Paris and the 18th Brumaire. He refused almost all private invitations, in order to avoid indiscreet questions, unacceptable offers, and answers which might compromise him.

It was not without some degree of hesitation that he yielded to a project started by Lucien, who, by all sorts of manœuvring, had succeeded in prevailing on a great number of his colleagues to be present at a grand subscription dinner to be given to Bonaparte by the Council of the Ancients.

The disorder which unavoidably prevailed in a party amounting to upwards of 250 persons, animated by a diversity of opinions and sentiments; the anxiety and distrust arising in the minds of those who were not in the grand plot, rendered this meeting one of the most disagreeable I ever witnessed. It was all restraint and dulness. Bonaparte's countenance sufficiently betrayed his dissatisfaction; besides, the success of his schemes demanded his presence elsewhere. Almost as soon as he had finished his dinner, he rose, saying to Berthier and me, "I am tired: let us be gone." He went round to the different tables, addressing to the company compliments and trifling remarks, and departed, leaving at the table persons by whom he had been invited.

This short political crisis was marked by nothing more grand, dignified, or noble than the previous revolutionary commotions. All these plots were so contemptible, and were accompanied by so much trickery, falsehood, and treachery, that, for the honor of human nature, it is desirable to cover them with a veil.

General Bonaparte's thoughts were first occupied with the idea he had conceived even when in Italy, namely, to be chosen a Director. Nobody dared yet to accuse him of being a deserter from the army of the East. The only difficulty was to obtain a dispensation on the score of age. And was this not to be obtained? No sooner was he installed in his humble abode in the Rue de la Victoire than he was assured that, on the retirement of Rewbell, the majority of suffrages would have devolved on him had he been in France, and had

not the fundamental law required the age of forty ; but that not even his warmest partisans were disposed to violate the yet infant Constitution of the year III.

Bonaparte soon perceived that no efforts would succeed in overcoming this difficulty, and he easily resolved to possess himself wholly of an office of which he would nominally have had only a fifth part had he been a member of the Directory.

As soon as his intentions became manifest he found himself surrounded by all those who recognized in him the man they had long looked for. These persons, who were able and influential in their own circles, endeavored to convert into friendship the animosity which existed between Siéyès and Bonaparte. This angry feeling had been increased by a remark made by Siéyès, and reported to Bonaparte. He had said, after the dinner at which Bonaparte treated him so disrespectfully, "Do you see how that little insolent fellow behaves to a member of a Government which would do well to order him to be shot ?"

But all this was changed when able mediators pointed out to Bonaparte the advantage of uniting with Siéyès for the purpose of overthrowing a constitution which he did not like. He was assured how vain it would be to think of superseding him, and that it would be better to flatter him with the hope of helping to subvert the constitution and raising up a new one. One day some one said to Bonaparte in my hearing, "Seek for support among the party who call the friends of the Republic Jacobins, and be assured that Siéyès is at the head of that party."

On the 25th Vendémiaire (17th of October) the Directory summoned General Bonaparte to a private sitting. "They offered me the choice of any army I would command," said he to me the next morning. "I would not refuse, but I asked to be allowed a little time for the recovery of my health ; and, to avoid any other embarrassing offers, I withdrew. I shall go to no more of their sittings." [He attended only one after this.] "I am determined to join Siéyès's party. It includes a greater diversity of opinions than that of the profligate

Barras. He proclaims everywhere that he is the author of my fortune. He will never be content to play an inferior part, and I will never bend to such a man. He cherishes the mad ambition of being the support of the Republic. What would he do with me? Siéyès, on the contrary, has no political ambition."

No sooner did Siéyès begin to grow friendly with Bonaparte than the latter learned from him that Barras had said, "The 'little corporal' has made his fortune in Italy and does not want to go back again." Bonaparte repaired to the Directory for the sole purpose of contradicting this allegation. He complained to the Directors of its falsehood, boldly affirmed that the fortune he was supposed to possess had no existence, and that even if he had made his fortune it was not, at all events, at the expense of the Republic. "You know," said he to me, "that the mines of Hydria have furnished the greater part of what I possess."—"Is it possible," said I, "that Barras could have said so, when you know so well of all the peculations of which he has been guilty since your return?"

Bonaparte had confided the secret of his plans to very few persons—to those only whose assistance he wanted. The rest mechanically followed their leaders and the impulse which was given to them; they passively awaited the realization of the promises they had received, and on the faith of which they had pledged themselves.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1799.

Cambacérés and Lebrun — Gohier deceived — My nocturnal visit to Barras — The command of the army given to Bonaparte — The morning of the 18th Brumaire — Meeting of the generals at Bonaparte's house — Bernadotte's firmness — Josephine's interest for Madame Gohier — Disappointment of the Directors — Review in the gardens of the Tuileries — Bonaparte's harangue — Proclamation of the Ancients — Moreau, jailer of the Luxembourg — My conversation with La Vallette — Bonaparte at St. Cloud.

THE parts of the great drama which was shortly to be enacted were well distributed. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire every one was at his post. Lucien, with equal activity and intelligence, forwarded the conspiracy in the two Councils; Siéyès had the management of the Directory; Réal,¹ under the instructions of Fouché,² negotiated with the departments, and dexterously managed, without compromising Fouché, to ruin those from whom that Minister had received his power. There was no time to lose; and Fouché said to me on the 14th Brumaire, "Tell your General to be speedy; if he delays, he is lost."

On the 17th Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély told Bonaparte that the overtures made to Cambacérés and Lebrun had not been received in a very decided way. "I will have no tergiversation," replied Bonaparte, with warmth. "Let them not flatter themselves that I stand in need of them. They must decide to-day; to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself strong enough now to stand alone."

¹ Pierre François Réal (1757-1831); public accuser before the revolutionary criminal tribunal, became, under Napoleon, Conseiller d'État and Comte, and was charged with the affairs of the "haute police."

² Joseph Fouché (1754-1820); Conventionalist; member of extreme Jacobin party; Minister of Police under the Directory, August 1799; retained by Napoleon in that Ministry till 1802, and again from 1804 to 1810; became Duc d'Orante in 1809; disgraced in 1810, and sent in 1813 as governor of the

Cambacérès¹ and Lebrun² were almost utter strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte had cast his eyes on the Minister of Justice to be one of his colleagues when he should be at liberty to name them, because his previous conduct had pledged him as a partisan of the Revolution. To him Bonaparte added Lebrun, to counter-balance the first choice. Lebrun was distinguished for honorable conduct and moderate principles. By selecting these two men Bonaparte hoped to please every one; besides, neither of them were able to contend against his fixed determination and ambitious views.

What petty intrigues marked the 17th Brumaire! On that day I dined with Bonaparte; and after dinner he said, "I have promised to dine to-morrow with Gohier; but, as you may readily suppose, I do not intend going. However, I am very sorry for his obstinacy. By way of restoring his confidence Josephine is going to invite him to breakfast with us to-morrow. It will be impossible for him to suspect anything. I saw Barras this morning, and left him much disturbed. He asked me to return and visit him to night. I promised to do so, but I shall not go. To-morrow all will be over. There is but little time; he expects me at eleven o'clock to-night. You shall therefore take my carriage, go there, send in my name, and then enter yourself. Tell him that a severe headache confines me to my bed, but that I will be with him without fail to-morrow. Bid him not be alarmed, for all will soon be right again. Elude his questions as much as possible; do not stay long, and come to me on your return."

At precisely eleven o'clock I reached the residence of Barras, in General Bonaparte's carriage. Solitude and silence prevailed in all the apartments through which I passed to

¹ Cambacérès (J. J. Régis de) (1753-1824), Conventionalist; Minister of Justice under Directory, 1799; Second Consul, 25th December 1799; Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, 1804; Duc de Parma, 1806; Minister of Justice during the *Cent Jours*; took great part in all the legal and administrative projects of the Consulate and Empire.

² Charles François Lebrun (1737-1824), Deputy to the National Assembly, and member of the Council of the Five Hundred; Third Consul, 25th December 1799; Arch-Treasurer of the Empire, 1804; Duc de Plaisance, 1806; Governor-General of Holland, 1805; Lieutenant-Governor of Holland, 1810 to 1813; chiefly engaged in financial measures.

Barras's cabinet. Bonaparte was announced, and when Barras saw me enter instead of him, he manifested the greatest astonishment and appeared much cast down. It was easy to perceive that he looked on himself as a lost man. I executed my commission, and stayed only a short time. I rose to take my leave, and he said, while showing me out, "I see that Bonaparte is deceiving me: he will not come again. He has settled everything; yet to me he owes all." I repeated that he would certainly come to-morrow, but he shook his head in a way which plainly denoted that he did not believe me. When I gave Bonaparte an account of my visit he appeared much pleased. He told me that Joseph was going to call that evening on Bernadotte, and to ask him to come to-morrow. I replied that, from all I knew, he would be of no use to him. "I believe so too," said he; "but he can no longer injure me, and that is enough. Well, good-night; be here at seven in the morning." It was then one o'clock.

I was with him a little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and on my arrival I found a great number of generals and officers assembled. I entered Bonaparte's chamber and found him already up—a thing rather unusual with him. At this moment he was as calm as on the approach of a battle. In a few moments Joseph and Bernadotte arrived. Joseph had not found him at home on the preceding evening, and had called for him that morning. I was surprised to see Bernadotte in plain clothes, and I stepped up to him and said, in a low voice, "General, every one here, except you and I, is in uniform."—"Why should I be in uniform?" said he. As he uttered these words Bonaparte, struck with the same surprise as myself, stopped short while speaking to several persons around him, and turning quickly towards Bernadotte said, "How is this? you are not in uniform!"—"I never am on a morning when I am not on duty," replied Bernadotte.—"You will be on duty presently."—"I have not heard a word of it: I should have received my orders sooner."¹

¹ All this account is denied by Joseph Bonaparte, who says (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 252) that Bernadotte did not see Napoleon or enter his house on

Bonaparte then led Bernadotte into an adjoining room. Their conversation was not long, for there was no time to spare.

On the other hand, by the influence of the principal conspirators the removal of the legislative body to St. Cloud was determined on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and the command of the army was given to Bonaparte.

All this time Barras was no doubt waiting for Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte was expecting Gohier to breakfast. At Bonaparte's were assembled all the generals who were devoted to him. I never saw so great a number before in the Rue de la Victoire. They were all, except Bernadotte, in full uniform: and there were, besides, half a dozen persons there initiated in the secrets of the day. The little hôtel of the conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage, and several persons were standing in the courtyard. Bonaparte was acquainted with the decree of the Council of the Ancients, and only waited for its being brought to him before he should mount his horse. That decree was adopted in the Council of the Ancients by what may be called a false majority, for the members of the Council were summoned at different hours, and it was so contrived that sixty or eighty of them, whom Lucien and his friends had not been able to gain over, should not receive their notices in time.

As soon as the message from the Council of the Ancients arrived Bonaparte requested all the officers at his house to follow him. At that announcement a few who were in ignorance of what was going on did not follow—at least I saw two groups separately leave the hotel. Bernadotte said to me, "I shall stay with you." I perceived there was a good deal of suspicion in his manner. Bonaparte, before going down the stairs which led from the small round dining-room into the courtyard, returned quickly to bid Bernadotte follow him. He would not, and Bonaparte then said to me, while hurrying off, "Gohier is not come—so much the worse for

(tome v. p. 494) and Lanfrey (tome i. p. 451) follow Bourrienne. A letter of Bernadotte to Joseph (*Lucien*, tome i. pp. 362, 363) seems to show that Bernadotte, believing he could resist, had yielded to Joseph's advice; see also his reference to his youth at that time (*Lucien*, tome ii. p. 393).

him," and leaped on his horse. Scarcely was he off when Bernadotte left me. Josephine and I being now left alone, she acquainted me with her anxiety. I assured her that everything had been so well prepared that success was certain. She felt much interest about Gohier on account of her friendship for his wife. She asked me whether I was well acquainted with Gohier? "You know, Madame," replied I, "that we have been only twenty days in Paris, and that during that time I have only gone out to sleep in the Rue Martel. I have seen M. Gohier several times, when he came to visit the General, and have talked to him about the situation of our affairs in Switzerland, Holland, France, and other political matters, but I never exchanged a word with him as to what is now going on. This is the whole extent of my acquaintance with him."

"I am sorry for it," resumed Josephine, "because I should have asked you to write to him, and beg him to make no stir, but imitate Siéyès and Roger, who will voluntarily retire, and not to join Barras, who is probably at this very moment forced to do so. Bonaparte has told me that if Gohier voluntarily resigns, he will do everything for him." I believe Josephine communicated directly with the President of the Directory through a friend of Madame Gohier's.

Gohier and Moulins, no longer depending on Siéyès and Roger Ducos, waited for their colleague, Barras, in the hall of the Directory, to adopt some measure on the decree for removing the Councils to St. Cloud. But they were disappointed; for Barras, whose eyes had been opened by my visit on the preceding night, did not join them. He had been invisible to his colleagues from the moment that Bruix and M. de Talleyrand had informed him of the reality of what he already suspected, and insisted on his retirement.

On the 18th Brumaire a great number of military, amounting to about 10,000 men, were assembled in the gardens of the Tuileries, and were reviewed by Bonaparte, accompanied by Generals Beurnonville, Moreau, and Macdonald. Bonaparte read to them the decree just issued by the commission of inspectors of the Council of the Ancients, by which the

legislative body was removed to St. Cloud, and by which he himself was entrusted with the execution of that decree, and appointed to the command of all the military force in Paris, and afterwards delivered an address to the troops.

Whilst Bonaparte was haranguing the soldiers, the Council of the Ancients published an address to the French people, in which it was declared that the seat of the legislative body was changed, in order to put down the factions, whose object was to control the national representation.

While all this was passing abroad I was at the General's house in the Rue de la Victoire; which I never left during the whole day. Madame Bonaparte and I were not without anxiety in Bonaparte's absence. I learned from Josephine that Joseph's wife had received a visit from Adjutant-General Rapatel, who had been sent by Bonaparte and Moreau to bring her husband to the Tuileries. Joseph was from home at the time, and so the message was useless. This circumstance, however, awakened hopes which we had scarcely dared to entertain. Moreau was then in accordance with Bonaparte, for Rapatel was sent in the name of both Generals. This alliance, so long despaired of, appeared to augur favorably. It was one of Bonaparte's happy strokes. Moreau, who was a slave to military discipline, regarded his successful rival only as a chief nominated by the Council of the Ancients. He received his orders and obeyed them. Bonaparte appointed him commander of the guard of the Luxembourg, where the Directors were under confinement. He accepted the command, and no circumstance could have contributed more effectually to the accomplishment of Bonaparte's views and to the triumph of his ambition.

At length Bonaparte, whom we had impatiently expected, returned. Almost everything had gone well with him, for he had had only to do with soldiers. In the evening he said to me, "I am sure that the committee of inspectors of the hall are at this very moment engaged in settling what is to be done at St. Cloud to-morrow. It is better to let them decide the matter, for by that means their vanity is flattered. I will obey orders which I have myself concerted." What Bona-

speaking of had been arranged nearly two or three
iously. The committee of inspectors was under the
of the principal conspirators.

evening of this anxious day, which was destined to
led by a stormy morrow, Bonaparte, pleased with
ined over Moreau, spoke to me of Bernadotte's visit
orning. "I saw," said he, "that you were as much
l as I at Bernadotte's behavior. A general out of

He might as well have come in slippers. Do you
at passed when I took him aside? I told him all; I
at the best way. I assured him that his Directory
d, and his Constitution worn out; that it was neces-
urn them all off, and give another impulse to the
ent. 'Go and put on your uniform,' said I: 'I can-
for you long. You will find me at the Tuileries,
rest of our comrades. Do not depend on Moreau,
ille, or the generals of your party. When you know
er you will find that they promise much but perform
o not trust them.' Bernadotte then said that he
t take part in what he called a rebellion. A rebel-
urienne, only think of that! A set of imbeciles,
morning to night do nothing but debate in their
But all was in vain. I could not move Bernadotte.

ar of iron. I asked him to give me his word that he
nothing against me; what do you think was his
' -- "Something unpleasant, no doubt." -- "Un-
that is too mild a word. He said, 'I will remain
a citizen; but if the Directory order me to act, I
h against all disturbers.' But I can laugh at all

My measures are taken, and he will have no com-
however, I set him at ease as to what would take
flattered him with a picture of private life, the
of the country, and the charms of Malmaison;
t him with his head full of pastoral dreams. In
I am very well satisfied with my day's work.
t, Bourrienne; we shall see what will turn up
."

19th I went to St. Cloud with my friend La Val-

lette.¹ As we passed the Place Louis XV., now Louis XVI., he asked me what was doing, and what my opinion was as to the coming events? Without entering into any detail I replied, "My friend, either we shall sleep to-morrow at the Luxembourg, or there will be an end of us." Who could tell which of the two things would happen! Success legalized a bold enterprise, which the slightest accident might have changed into a crime.

The sitting of the Ancients, under the presidency of Lemercier, commenced at one o'clock. A warm discussion took place upon the situation of affairs, the resignation of the members of the Directory, and the immediate election of others. Great heat and agitation prevailed during the debate. Intelligence was every minute carried to Bonaparte of what was going forward, and he determined to enter the hall and take part in the discussion. He entered in a hasty and angry way, which did not give me a favorable foreboding of what he was about to say. We passed through a narrow passage to the centre of the hall; our backs were turned to the door. Bonaparte had the President to his right. He could not see him full in the face. I was close to the General on his right. Berthier was at his left.

All the speeches which have been subsequently passed off as having been delivered by Bonaparte on this occasion differ from each other; as well they may, for he delivered none to the Ancients, unless his confused conversation with the President, which was alike devoid of dignity and sense, is to be called a speech. He talked of his "brothers in arms" and the "frankness of a soldier." The questions of the President followed each other rapidly: they were clear; but it is impossible to conceive anything more confusing or worse delivered than the ambiguous and perplexed replies of Bonaparte. He talked without end of "volcanoes, secret agitations, victories, a violated Constitution!" He blamed the proceedings of the 18th Fructidor, of which he was the first promoter

¹ Marie Chamans, Comte de La Vallette (1769-1830) *aide de camp* to Napoleon from 1796; married, 1798, Louise Emilie de Beauharnais, niece of Josephine; Minister of Posts from 1800 to 1814, and during the *Cent Jours*; condemned to death by the Bourbons in 1815, but escaped.

and the most powerful supporter. He pretended to be ignorant of everything until the Council of Ancients had called him to the aid of his country. Then came "Caesar -- Cromwell -- tyrant!" and he several times repeated, "I have nothing more to say to you!" though, in fact, he had said nothing. He alleged that he had been called to assume the supreme authority, on his return from Italy, by the desire of the nation, and afterwards by his comrades in arms. Next followed the words "liberty -- equality!" though it was evident he had not come to St. Cloud for the sake of either. No sooner did he utter these words than a member of the Ancients, named, I think, Linglet, interrupting him, exclaimed, "You forget the Constitution!" His countenance immediately lighted up; yet nothing could be distinguished but "The 18th Fructidor -- the 30th Prairial -- hypocrites -- intriguers -- I will disclose all! -- I will resign my power, when the danger which threatens the Republic shall have passed away!"

Bonaparte, believing all his assertions to be admitted as proved, assumed a little confidence, and accused the two Directors Barras and Moulins "of having proposed to put him at the head of a party whose object was to oppose all men professing liberal ideas."

At these words, the falsehood of which was odious, a great tumult arose in the hall. A general committee was loudly called for to hear the disclosures. "No, no!" exclaimed others, "no general committee! Conspirators have been denounced: it is right that France should know all!"

Bonaparte was then required to enter into the particulars of his accusation against Barras and Moulins, and of the proposals which had been made to him: "You must no longer conceal anything."

Embarrassed by these interruptions and interrogatories, Bonaparte believed that he was completely lost. Instead of giving an explanation of what he had said, he began to make fresh accusations; and against whom? The Council of the Five Hundred, who, he said, wished for "scaffolds, revolutionary committees, and a complete overthrow of everything."

Violent murmurs arose, and his language became more and more incoherent and inconsequent. He addressed himself at one moment to the representatives of the people, who were quite overcome by astonishment; at another to the military in the courtyard, who could not hear him. Then, by an unaccountable transition, he spoke of "the thunderbolts of war!" and added that he was "attended by the God of war and the God of fortune."

The President, with great calmness, told him that he saw nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which the Council could deliberate; that there was vagueness in all he had said. "Explain yourself; reveal the plot which you say you were urged to join."

Bonaparte repeated again the same things. But only those who were present can form any idea of his manner. There was not the slightest connection in what he stammered out. Bonaparte was then no orator. It may well be supposed that he was more accustomed to the din of war than to the discussions of the tribunes. He was more at home before a battery than before a President's chair.

Perceiving the bad effect which this unconnected babbling produced on the assembly, as well as the embarrassment of Bonaparte, I said, in a low voice, pulling him gently by the skirt of his coat, "Withdraw, General; you know not what you are saying." I made signs to Berthier, who was on his left, to second me in persuading him to leave the hall; and all at once, after having stammered out a few more words, he turned round exclaiming, "Let those who love me follow me!" The sentinels at the door offered no opposition to his passing. The person who went before him quietly drew aside the tapestry which concealed the door, and General Bonaparte leaped upon his horse, which stood in the courtyard. It is hard to say what would have happened if, on seeing the General retire, the President had said, "Grenadiers, let no one pass!" Instead of sleeping next day at the Luxembourg he would, I am convinced, have ended his career on the Place de la Révolution!

CHAPTER XXV.

1799.

The two Councils — Barras's letter — Bonaparte at the Council of the Five Hundred — False reports — Tumultuous sitting — Lucien's speech — He resigns the Presidency of the Council of the Five Hundred — He is carried out by grenadiers — He harangues the troops — A dramatic scene — Murat and his soldiers drive out the Five Hundred — Council of Thirty — Consular commission — Decree — Return to Paris — Conversation with Bonaparte and Josephine respecting Gohier and Bernadotte — The Directors Gohier and Moulins imprisoned.

THE scene which occurred at the sitting of the Council of the Ancients was very different from that which passed outside. Bonaparte had scarcely reached the courtyard and mounted his horse when cries of "*Vive Bonaparte!*" resounded on all sides. But this was only a sunbeam between two storms. He had yet to brave the Council of the Five Hundred, which was far more excited than the Council of the Ancients. Everything tended to create a dreadful uncertainty; but it was too late to draw back. We had already staked too heavily. The game was desperate, and everything was to be ventured. In a few hours all would be determined.

Our apprehensions were not without foundation. In the Council of the Five Hundred agitation was at its height. The most serious alarm marked its deliberations. It had been determined to announce to the Directory the installation of the Councils, and to inquire of the Council of the Ancients their reasons for resolving upon an extraordinary convocation. But the Directory no longer existed. Siéyès and Roger Ducos had joined Bonaparte's party. Gohier and Moulins were prisoners in the Luxembourg, and in the custody of General Moreau; and at the very moment when the Council of the Five Hundred had drawn up a message to the Directory, the Council of the Ancients transmitted to them the following letter, received from Barras. This letter, which

was addressed to the Council of the Ancients, was immediately read by Lucien Bonaparte, who was President of the Council of the Five Hundred.

CITIZEN PRESIDENT — Having entered into public affair solely from my love of liberty, I consented to share the first magistracy of the State only that I might be able to defend it in danger; to protect against their enemies the patriots compromised in its cause; and to inure to the defenders of their country that attention to their interests which no one was more calculated to feel than a citizen, long the witness of their heroic virtues, and always sensible to their wants.

The glory which accompanies the return of the illustrious warrior to whom I had the honor of opening the path of glory, the striking marks of confidence given him by the legislative body, and the decree of the National Convention, convince me that, to whatever post he may henceforth be called, the dangers to liberty will be averted, and the interests of the army insured.

I cheerfully return to the rank of a private citizen: happy, after so many storms, to resign, unimpaired, and even more glorious than ever, the destiny of the Republic, which has been, in part, committed to my care.

(Signed)

BARRAS.

This letter occasioned a great sensation in the Council of the Five Hundred. A second reading was called for, and a question was started, whether the retirement was legal, or was the result of collusion, and of the influence of Bonaparte's agents; whether to believe Barras, who declared the dangers of liberty averted, or the decree for the removal of the legislative corps, which was passed and executed under the pretext of the existence of imminent peril? At that moment Bonaparte appeared, followed by a party of grenadiers, who remained at the entrance of the hall.

I did not accompany him to the Council of the Five Hundred. He had directed me to send off an express to ease the apprehensions of Josephine, and to assure her that everything would go well. It was some time before I joined him again.

However, without speaking as positively as if I had myself been an eyewitness of the scene, I do not hesitate to declare that all that has been said about assaults and pommands is pure invention. I rely on what was told me, on the very night, by persons well worthy of credit, and who were witnesses of all that passed.

As to what passed at the sitting, the accounts, given both at the time and since, have varied according to opinions. Some have alleged that unanimous cries of indignation were excited by the appearance of the military. From all parts of the hall resounded, "The sanctuary of the laws is violated. Down with the tyrant! — down with Cromwell! — down with the Dictator!" Bonaparte stammered out a few words, as he had done before the Council of the Ancients, but his voice was immediately drowned by cries of "Vive la République!" "Vive la Consitution!" "Outlaw the Dictator!" The grenadiers are then said to have rushed forward, exclaiming "Let us save our General!" at which indignation reached its height, and cries, even more violent than ever, were raised; — that Bonaparte, falling insensible into the arms of the grenadiers, said, "They mean to assassinate me!" All that regarded the exclamations and threats I believe to be correct; but I Frank with the story of the poniards the assertion of the members of the Five Hundred being provided with firearms, and the grenadiers rushing into the hall; because Bonaparte never mentioned a word of anything of the sort to me, either on the way home, or when I was with him in his chamber. Neither did he say anything on the subject to his wife, who had been extremely agitated by the different reports which reached her.

After Bonaparte left the Council of the Five Hundred the deliberations were continued with great violence. The excitement caused by the appearance of Bonaparte was nothing like subsided when propositions of the most furious nature were made. The President, Lucien, did all in his power to restore tranquillity. As soon as he could make himself heard, he said, "The scene which has just taken place in the Council proves what are the sentiments of all; sentiments which I declare are also mine. It was, however, natural to believe that the General had no other object than to render an account of the situation of affairs, and of something interesting to the public. But I think none of you can suppose him capable of projects hostile to liberty."

Each sentence of Lucien's address was interrupted by cries

of "Bonaparte has tarnished his glory! He is a disgrace to the Republic!"

Lucien¹ made fresh efforts to be heard, and wished to be allowed to address the assembly as a member of the Council, and for that purpose resigned the Presidentship to Chasal. He begged that the General might be introduced again, and heard with calmness. But this proposition was furiously opposed. Exclamations of "Outlaw Bonaparte! outlaw him!" rang through the assembly, and were the only reply given to the President. Lucien, who had reassumed the President's chair, left it a second time, that he might not be constrained to put the question of outlawry demanded against his brother. Braving the displeasure of the assembly, he mounted the tribune, resigned the Presidentship, renounced his seat as a deputy, and threw aside his robes.

Just as Lucien left the Council I entered. Bonaparte, who was well informed of all that was passing,² had sent in soldiers to the assistance of his brother; they carried him out from the midst of the Council, and Bonaparte thought it a matter of no little importance to have with him the President of an assembly which he treated as rebellious. Lucien was reinstalled in office; but he was now to discharge his duties, not in the President's chair, but on horseback, and at the head of a party of troops ready to undertake anything. Roused by the danger to which both his brother and himself were exposed, he delivered on horseback the following words, which can never be too often remembered, as showing what a

¹ The next younger brother of Napoleon, President of the Council of the Five Hundred in 1799; Minister of the Interior, 1st December, 1799 to 1801. Ambassador in Spain, 1801 to December, 1801, left France in disgrace in 1804; retired to Papal States; prisoner in Malta and England, 1810 to 1814, created by Pope in 1814 Prince de Canino and Duc de Musignano; married first, 1794, Christine Boyer, who died 1800; married secondly, 1802 or 1804, a Madame Joubert. Of his part in the 18th Brumaire, Napoleon said to him in 1807, "I well know that you were *useful* to me on the 18th Brumaire, but it is not clear to me that you saved me then" (Jung's *Lucien*, tome iii. p. 89).

² Jung distinctly states that he himself, acting within his right as President, had demanded an escort of the grenadiers of the Council as soon as he saw his withdrawal might be opposed. Thus the first entry of the soldiers with Napoleon would be illegal. The second, to withdraw Lucien, was nominally legal (see Jung's *Lucien*, tome i. pp. 318-322).

man then dared to say, who was never anything except from the reflection of his brother's glory.

CITIZENS! SOLDIERS!—The President of the Council of the Five Hundred declares to you that the majority of that Council is at this moment held in terror by a few representatives of the people, who are armed with stilettoes, and who surround the tribune, threatening their colleagues with death, and maintaining most atrocious discussions.

I declare to you that these brigands, who are doubtless in the pay of England, have risen in rebellion against the Council of the Ancients, and have dared to talk of outlawing the General, who is charged with the execution of its decree, as if the word "outlaw" was still to be regarded as the death warrant of persons most beloved by their country.

I declare to you that these madmen have outlawed themselves by their attempts upon the liberty of the Council. In the name of that people, which for so many years have been the sport of terrorism, I consign to you the charge of rescuing the majority of their representatives; so that, delivered from stilettoes by bayonets, they may deliberate on the fate of the Republic.

General, and you, soldiers, and you, citizens, you will not acknowledge, as legislators of France, any but those who rally round me. As for those who remain in the orangery, let force expel them. They are not the representatives of the people, but the representatives of the poniard. Let that be their title, and let it follow them everywhere; and whenever they dare show themselves to the people, let every finger point at them, and every tongue designate them by the well-merited title of representatives of the poniard!

Vive la République!

Notwithstanding the cries of "*Vive Bonaparte!*" which followed this harangue, the troops still hesitated. It was evident that they were not fully prepared to turn their swords against the national representatives. Lucien then drew his sword, exclaiming, "I swear that I will stab my own brother to the heart if he ever attempt anything against the liberty of Frenchmen." This dramatic action was perfectly successful; hesitation vanished; and at a signal given by Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of his grenadiers, rushed into the hall, and drove out the representatives. Every one yielded to the reasoning of bayonets, and thus terminated the employment of the armed force on that memorable day.

At ten o'clock at night the palace of St. Cloud, where so many tumultuous scenes had occurred, was perfectly tranquil

All the deputies were still there, pacing the hall, the corridors, and the courts. Most of them had an air of consternation; others affected to have foreseen the event, and to appear satisfied with it; but all wished to return to Paris, which they could not do until a new order revoked the order for the removal of the Councils to St. Cloud.

At eleven o'clock Bonaparte, who had eaten nothing all day, but who was almost insensible to physical wants in moments of great agitation, said to me, "We must go and write, Bourrienne; I intend this very night to address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow morning I shall be all the conversation of the capital." He then dictated to me the following proclamation, which proves, no less than some of his reports from Egypt, how much Bonaparte excelled in the art of twisting the truth to his own advantage:—

TO THE PEOPLE.

19th Brumaire, 11 o'clock p. m.

Frenchmen!—On my return to France I found division reigning amongst all the authorities. They agreed only on this single point, that the Constitution was half destroyed, and was unable to protect liberty!

Each party in turn came to me, confided to me their designs, imparted their secrets, and requested my support. I refused to be the man of a party.

The Council of the Ancients appealed to me. I answered their appeal. A plan of general restoration had been concerted by men whom the nation has been accustomed to regard as the defenders of liberty, equality, and property. This plan required calm and free deliberation, exempt from all influence and all fear. The Ancients, therefore, resolved upon the removal of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud. They placed at my disposal the force necessary to secure their independence. I was bound, in duty to my fellow-citizens, to the soldiers perishing in our armies, and to the national glory, acquired at the cost of so much blood, to accept the command.

The Councils assembled at St. Cloud. Republican troops guaranteed their safety from without, but assassins created terror within. Many members of the Council of the Five Hundred, armed with silletoes and pistols, spread menaces of death around them.

The plans which ought to have been developed were withheld. The majority of the Council was rendered inefficient; the boldest orators were disconcerted, and the inutility of submitting any salutary proposition was quite evident.

I proceeded, filled with indignation and grief, to the Council of the Ancients. I besought them to carry their noble designs into execution. I directed their attention to the evils of the nation, which were their motives for conceiving those designs. They concurred in giving me new proofs of their uniform good will.

I presented myself before the Council of the Five Hundred, alone, unarmed, my head uncovered, just as the Ancients had received and applauded me. My object was to restore to the majority the expression of its will, and to secure to it its power.

The stilettoes which had menaced the deputies were instantly raised against their deliverer. Twenty assassins rushed upon me and aimed at my breast. The grenadiers of the legislative body, whom I had left at the door of the hall, ran forward, and placed themselves between me and the assassins. One of these brave grenadiers (Thomé)¹ had his clothes pierced by a stiletto. They bore me off.

At the same moment cries of "Outlaw him!" were raised against the defender of the law. It was the horrid cry of assassins against the power destined to repress them.

They crowded round the President, uttering threats. With arms in their hands they commanded him to declare "the outlawry." I was informed of this. I ordered him to be rescued from their fury, and six grenadiers of the legislative body brought him out. Immediately afterwards some grenadiers of the legislative body charged into the hall and cleared it.

The factious, intimidated, dispersed and fled. The majority, freed from their assaults, returned freely and peaceably into the hall, listened to the propositions made for the public safety, deliberated, and drew up the salutary resolution which will become the new and provisional law of the Republic.

Frenchmen, you doubtless recognize in this conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, of a citizen devoted to the Republic. Conservative, tutelary, and liberal ideas resumed their authority upon the dispersion of the factious, who domineered in the Councils, and who, in rendering themselves the most odious of men, did not cease to be the most contemptible.

(Signed) BONAPARTE, *General, etc.*

The day had been passed in destroying a Government; it was necessary to devote the night to framing a new one. Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Siéyès were at St. Cloud. The Council of the Ancients assembled, and Lucien set himself about finding some members of the Five Hundred on whom

¹ Thomé merely had a small part of his coat torn by a deputy, who took him by the collar. This constituted the whole of the attempted assassination of the 18th Brumaire.

All the hurrying about, the brief notes which I had to write to many friends, and the conversations in which I was compelled to take part, prevented me from dining before one o'clock in the morning. It was not till then that Bonaparte, having gone to take the oath as Consul before the Five Hundred, afforded me an opportunity of taking some refreshment with Admiral Bruix and some other officers.

At three o'clock in the morning I accompanied Bonaparte, in his carriage to Paris. He was extremely fatigued after so many trials and fatigues. A new future was opened before him. He was completely absorbed in thought, and did not utter a single word during the journey. But when he arrived at his house in the Rue de la Victoire, he had no sooner entered his chamber and wished good-morning to Josephine, who was in bed, and in a state of the greatest anxiety on account of his absence, than he said before her, "Bourrienne, I said many ridiculous things?" — "Not so very bad, General." — "I like better to speak to soldiers than to lawyers. Those fellows disconcerted me. I have not been used to public assemblies; but that will come in time."

We then began, all three, to converse. Madame Bonaparte became calm, and Bonaparte resumed his wonted confidence. The events of the day naturally formed the subject of our conversation. Josephine, who was much attached to the Gohier family, mentioned the name of that Director in a tone of kindness. "What would you have, my dear?" said Bonaparte to her. "It is not my fault. He is a respectable man, but a simpleton. He does not understand me! — I ought, perhaps, to have him transported. He wrote against me to the Council of the Ancients; but I have his letter, and they know nothing about it. Poor man! he expected me to dinner yesterday. And this man thinks himself a statesman! — Speak no more of him."

During our discourse the name of Bernadotte was also mentioned. "Have you seen him, Bourrienne?" said Bonaparte to me. — "No, General." — "Neither have I. I have not heard him spoken of. Would you imagine it? I had intelligence to-day of many intrigues in which he is concerned.

Would you believe it? I was appointed by the Emperor to be his aide-de-camp, and he appointed my colleague in the same office. He gave me his horse and machine, with the uniform of a colonel, and under his command. He said to me, "I have confidence in you, and I have confidence in your Government; and I am sure that you will be able to carry out the Emperor's orders." The General, should give you the same answer. He said to me, "Yes, I am well, and I am sure that I shall be able to do that: he is honest. But he is not a man who has been hit him over the head with a stick, who is Joseph? He is not a man who is for me, have I not? I am a man who is for him? You have a man who is a man of military reputation, then, and I am sure that ever, I repeat to him, and I am sure that I am of separating him from me, and I am sure that I am able to find fault with the Emperor. He is not sold in any other manner, and I am sure that I am everybody's man. I am sure that I am not a lie! Good night, Bonaparte. By the way, I am in the Luxembourg tomorrow."

I then left the General, whom, before I was First Consul, after having been named by the Emperor, I had nearly twenty years known, with whom I met when he was at the Council of the Five Hundred, and to my lodging, in the Rue Martenot, at five o'clock morning.

It is certain that if Godeau had come to the meeting of the First Bonaparte, as ordered by M. de la Fayette's invitation, he would have been one of the men of the Government. But Godeau was not a man of a republican. He placed himself, according to the principle of the time, at the side of the Council of the Five Hundred; and as he had made a great name, he was

It was a singular circumstance, when presented by

CASTILIAN ETIQUETTE.

Constitution. It was from their respect for the Constitution that they allowed it to perish, because they would have been obliged to violate the article which did not allow less than three Directors to deliberate together. Thus a king of Castile was burned to death, because there did not happen to be in his apartment men of such rank as etiquette would permit to touch the person of the monarch.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1799.

General approbation of the 18th Brumaire — Distress of the treasury — M. Collot's generosity — Bonaparte's ingratitude — Gohier set at liberty — Constitution of the year VIII. — The Senate, Tribunate, and Council of State — Notes required on the character of candidates — Bonaparte's love of integrity and talent — Influence of habit over him — His hatred of the Tribunate — Provisional concessions — The first Consular Ministry — Mediocrity of La Place — Proscription lists — Cambacérès's report — M. Moreau de Worms — Character of Siéyès — Bonaparte at the Luxembourg — Distribution of the day and visits — Lebrun's opposition — Bonaparte's singing — His boyish tricks — Resumption of the titles "Madame" and "Monseigneur" — The men of the Revolution and the partisans of the Bourbons — Bonaparte's fears — Confidential notes on candidates for office and the assemblies.

It cannot be denied that France hailed, almost with unanimous voice, Bonaparte's accession to the Consulship as a blessing of Providence. I do not speak now of the ulterior consequences of that event; I speak only of the fact itself, and its first results, such as the repeal of the law of hostages, and the compulsory loan of a hundred millions. Doubtless the legality of the acts of the 18th Brumaire may be disputed; but who will venture to say that the immediate result of that day ought not to be regarded as a great blessing to France? Whoever denies this can have no idea of the wretched state of every branch of the administration at that deplorable epoch. A few persons blamed the 18th Brumaire; but no one regretted the Directory, with the exception, perhaps, of the five Directors themselves. But we will say no more of the Directorial Government. What an administration! In what a state were the finances of France! Would it be believed? on the second day of the Consulate, when Bonaparte wished to send a courier to General Championet, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, the treasury had not 1200 francs disposable to give to the courier!

It may be supposed that in the first moments of a new Government money would be wanted. M. Collot, who had served under Bonaparte in Italy, and whose conduct and administration deserved nothing but praise, was one of the first who came to the Consul's assistance. In this instance M. Collot was as zealous as disinterested. He gave the Consul 500,000 francs in gold, for which service he was badly rewarded. Bonaparte afterwards behaved to M. Collot as though he was anxious to punish him for being rich. This sum, which at the time made so fine an appearance in the Consular treasury, was not repaid for a long time after, and then without interest.¹ This was not, indeed, the only instance in which M. Collot had cause to complain of Bonaparte, who was never inclined to acknowledge his important services, nor even to render justice to his conduct.

On the morning of the 20th Brumaire Bonaparte sent his brother Louis to inform the Director Gohier that he was free. This haste in relieving Gohier was not without a reason, for Bonaparte was anxious to install himself in the Luxembourg, and we went there that same evening.

Everything was to be created. Bonaparte had with him almost the whole of the army, and on the soldiers he could rely. But the military force was no longer sufficient for him. Wishing to possess a great civil power established by legal forms, he immediately set about the composition of a Senate and Tribunal; a Council of State and a new legislative body, and, finally, a new Constitution.²

As Bonaparte had not time to make himself acquainted

¹ Joseph Bonaparte states, however, that this sum was lent by M. Collot with an express declaration that he did not wish to receive interest (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 254).

² The Constitution of the year VIII. was presented on the 13th of December, 1799 (22d Frimaire, year VIII.), and accepted by the people on the 7th of February, 1800 (18th Pluviose, year VIII.) It established a Consular Government, composed of Bonaparte, First Consul, appointed for ten years; Cambacères, Second Consul, also for ten years; and Lebrun, Third Consul, appointed for five years. It established a conservative Senate, a legislative body of 300 members, and a Tribunal composed of 100 members. The establishment of the Council of State took place on the 24th of December, 1799. The installation of the new legislative body and the Tribunal was fixed for the 1st of January, 1800. — *Bourrienne*. Lanfrey (tome i. p. 329) sees this Constitution foreshadowed in that proposed by Napoleon in 1797 for the Cisalpine Republic.

with the persons by whom he was about to be surrounded, he requested from the most distinguished men of the period, well acquainted with France and the Revolution, notes respecting the individuals worthy and capable of entering the Senate, the Tribune, and the Council of State. From the manner in which all these notes were drawn up it was evident that the writers of them studied to make their recommendation correspond with what they conceived to be Bonaparte's views, and that they imagined he participated in the opinions which were at that time popular. Accordingly they stated, as grounds for preferring particular candidates, their patriotism, their republicanism, and their having had seats in preceding assemblies.

Of all qualities, that which most influenced the choice of the First Consul was inflexible integrity; and it is but just to say that in this particular he was rarely deceived. He sought earnestly for talent; and although he did not like the men of the Revolution, he was convinced that he could not do without them. He had conceived an extreme aversion for mediocrity, and generally rejected a man of that character when recommended to him; but if he had known such a man long, he yielded to the influence of habit, dreading nothing so much as change, or, as he was accustomed to say himself, new faces.¹

Bonaparte then proceeded to organize a complaisant Senate, a mute legislative body and a Tribune which was to have the semblance of being independent, by the aid of some fine speeches and high-sounding phrases. He easily appointed the Senators, but it was different with the Tribune. He hesitated long before he fixed upon the candidates for that body, which inspired him with an anticipatory fear. However, on arriving at power he dared not oppose himself to the exigencies of the moment, and he consented for a time to delude the ambitious dupes who kept up a buzz of fine sentiments of liberty around him. He saw that circumstances were not yet favorable for refusing a share in the Constitution to this

¹ Napoleon loved only men with strong passions and great weaknesses; he judged the most opposite qualities in men by these defects (*Metternich*, tome iii. p. 589).

third portion of power, destined apparently to advocate the interests of the people before the legislative body. But in yielding to necessity, the mere idea of the Tribunate filled him with the utmost uneasiness; and, in a word, Bonaparte could not endure the public discussions on law projects.¹

Bonaparte composed the first Consular Ministry as follows: Berthier was Minister of War; Gauden, formerly employed in the administration of the Post Office, was appointed Minister of Finance; Cambacérès remained Minister of Justice; Forfait was Minister of Marine; La Place of the interior; Fouché of Police; and Reinhard of Foreign Affairs.²

Reinhard and La Place were soon replaced, the former by the able M. Talleyrand, the latter by Lucien Bonaparte.³ It may be said that Lucien merely passed through the Ministry on his way to a lucrative embassy in Spain. As to La Place, Bonaparte always entertained a high opinion of his talents. His appointment to the Ministry of the Interior was a compliment paid to science; but it was not long before the First Consul repented of his choice. La Place, so happily calculated for science, displayed the most inconceivable mediocrity in administration. He was incompetent to the most trifling matters; as if his mind, formed to embrace the system of the world, and to interpret the laws of Newton

¹ The Tribunate under this Constitution of year VIII. was the only body allowed to debate in public on proposed laws, the legislative body simply hearing in silence the orators sent by the Council of State and by the Tribunate to state reasons for or against propositions, and then voting in silence. Its orators were constantly giving umbrage to Napoleon. It was at first purified, early in 1802, by the Senate naming the members to go out in rotation, then reduced to from 100 to 50 members later in 1802, and suppressed in 1807; its disappearance being regarded by Napoleon as his last break with the Revolution.

² Berthier remained Minister of War till 1807; Gaudin, later Duc de Gaëta, held the same office till the end of Napoleon's reign; Cambacérès was soon replaced by Abrial; Forfait was replaced by Decrès; Fouché held the Police till 1802, when the Ministry was suppressed; and again from its re-establishment in 1804 till 1810. He became Duc d'Otranto.

In giving to Abrial the portfolio of the Ministry of Justice, Bonaparte said to him, "Citizen Abrial, I do not know you, but I am told you are the honestest man in the magistracy, and that is why I name you Minister of Justice." *Bourrienne*.

³ When I quitted the service of the First Consul Talleyrand was still at the head of the Foreign Department. I have frequently been present at this great statesman's conferences with Napoleon, and I can declare that I never saw him flatter his dreams of ambition; but, on the contrary, he always endeavored to make him sensible of his true interests. — *Bourrienne*.

and Kepler, could not descend to the level of subjects of detail, or apply itself to the duties of the department with which he was intrusted for a short, but yet, with regard to him, too long a time.

On the 26th Brumaire (17th November, 1799) the Consuls issued a decree, in which they stated that, conformably with Article III. of the law of the 19th of the same month, which specially charged them with the re-establishment of public tranquillity, they decreed that thirty-eight individuals, who were named, should quit the continental territory of the Republic, and for that purpose should proceed to Rochefort, to be afterwards conducted to, and detained in, the department of French Guiana. They likewise decreed that twenty-three other individuals, who were named, should proceed to the commune of Rochelle, in the department of the lower Charente, in order to be afterwards fixed and detained in such part of that department as should be pointed out by the Minister of General Police. I was fortunate enough to keep my friend M. Moreau de Worms, deputy from the Yonne, out of the list of exiles. This proscription produced a mischievous effect. It bore a character of wanton severity quite inconsistent with the assurances of mildness and moderation given at St. Cloud on the 19th Brumaire. Cambacérès afterwards made a report, in which he represented that it was unnecessary for the maintenance of tranquillity to subject the proscribed to banishment, considering it sufficient to place them under the supervision of the superior police. Upon receiving the report the Consuls issued a decree, in which they directed all the individuals included in the proscription to retire respectively into the different communes which should be fixed upon by the Minister of Justice, and to remain there until further orders.

At the period of the issuing of these decrees Siéyès was still one of the Consuls, conjointly with Bonaparte and Roger Ducos; and although Bonaparte had, from the first moment, possessed the whole power of the government, a sort of apparent equality was, nevertheless, observed amongst them. It was not until the 25th of December that Bonaparte

assumed the title of First Consul, Cambacérès and Lebrun being then joined in the office with him. He had fixed his eyes on them previously to the 18th Brumaire, and he had no cause to reproach them with giving him much embarrassment in his rapid progress towards the imperial throne.

I have stated that I was so fortunate as to rescue M. Moreau de Worms from the list of proscription. Some days after Siéyès entered Bonaparte's cabinet and said to him, "Well, this M. Moreau de Worms, whom M. Bourrienne induced you to save from banishment, is acting very finely! I told you how it would be! I have received from Sens, his native place, a letter which informs me that Moreau is in that town, where he has assembled the people in the market-place, and indulged in the most violent declamations against the 18th Brumaire." — "Can you rely upon your agent?" asked Bonaparte. "Perfectly. I can answer for the truth of his communication." Bonaparte showed me the bulletin of Siéyès's agent, and reproached me bitterly. "What would you say, General," I observed, "if I should present this same M. Moreau de Worms, who is declaiming at Sens against the 18th Brumaire, to you within an hour?" — "I defy you to do it." — "I have made myself responsible for him, and I know what I am about. He is violent in his politics; but he is a man of honor, incapable of failing in his word." — "Well, we shall see. Go and find him." I was very sure of doing what I had promised, for within an hour before I had seen M. Moreau de Worms. He had been concealed since the 19th Brumaire, and had not quitted Paris. Nothing was easier than to find him, and in three-quarters of an hour he was at the Luxembourg. I presented him to Bonaparte, who conversed with him a long time concerning the 18th Brumaire. When M. Moreau departed Bonaparte said to me, "You are right. That fool Siéyès is as inventive as a Cassandra. This proves that one should not be too ready to believe the reports of the wretches whom we are obliged to employ in the police." Afterwards he added, "Bourrienne, Moreau is a nice fellow: I am satisfied with him; I will do something for him." It was not long before M. Moreau experienced the effect of the

Consul's good opinion. Some days after, whilst framing the council of prizes, he, at my mere suggestion, appointed M. Moreau one of the members, with a salary of 10,000 francs. On what extraordinary circumstances the fortunes of men frequently depend! As to Siéyès, in the intercourse, not very frequent certainly, which I had with him, he appeared to be far beneath the reputation which he then enjoyed.¹ He reposed a blind confidence in a multitude of agents, whom he sent into all parts of France. When it happened, on other occasions, that I proved to him, by evidence as sufficient as that in the case of M. Moreau, the falseness of the reports he had received, he replied, with a confidence truly ridiculous, "I can rely on my men." Siéyès had written in his countenance, "Give me money!" I recollect that I one day alluded to this expression in the anxious face of Siéyès to the First Consul. "You are right," observed he to me, smiling; "when money is in question, Siéyès is quite a matter-of-fact man. He sends his ideology to the right about, and thus becomes easily manageable. He readily abandons his constitutional dreams for a good round sum, and that is very convenient."²

Bonaparte occupied, at the Little Luxembourg, the apartments on the ground floor which lie to the right on entering from the Rue de Vaugirard. His cabinet was close to a private staircase, which conducted me to the first floor, where Josephine dwelt. My apartment was above.

After breakfast, which was served at ten o'clock, Bonaparte would converse for a few moments with his usual guests, that is to say, his *aides de camp*, the persons he invited, and myself, who never left him. He was also visited very often by Defermont, Regnault (of the town of St. Jean d'Angély),

¹ M. de Talleyrand, who is so capable of estimating men, and whose admirable sayings well deserve to occupy a place in history, had long entertained a similar opinion of Siéyès. One day, when he was conversing with the Second Consul concerning Siéyès, Cambacérès said to him, "Siéyès, however, is a very profound man."—"Profound?" said Talleyrand. "Yes, he is a cavity, a perfect cavity, as you would say."—*Bourrienne*.

² Everybody knows, in fact, that Siéyès refused to resign his Consular dignities unless he received in exchange a beautiful farm situated in the park of Versailles, and worth about 15,000 livres a year. The good abbé consoled himself for no longer forming a third of the republican sovereignty by making himself at home in the ancient domain of the Kings of France.—*Bourrienne*.

Boulay (de la Meurthe), Monge, and Berlier, who were, with his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, those whom he most delighted to see; he conversed familiarly with them. Cambacérés generally came at mid-day, and stayed some time with him, often a whole hour. Lebrun visited but seldom. Notwithstanding his elevation, his character remained unaltered; and Bonaparte considered him too moderate, because he always opposed his ambitious views and his plans to usurp power. When Bonaparte left the breakfast table it was seldom that he did not add, after bidding Josephine and her daughter Hortense good-day, "Come, Bourrienne, come, let us to work."

After the morning audiences I stayed with Bonaparte all the day, either reading to him, or writing to his dictation. Three or four times in the week he would go to the Council. On his way to the hall of deliberation he was obliged to cross the courtyard of the Little Luxembourg and ascend the grand staircase. This always vexed him, and the more so as the weather was very bad at the time. This annoyance continued till the 25th of December, and it was with much satisfaction that he saw himself quit of it. After leaving the Council he used to enter his cabinet singing, and God knows how wretchedly he sung! He examined whatever work he had ordered to be done, signed documents, stretched himself in his arm-chair, and read the letters of the preceding day and the publications of the morning. When there was no Council he remained in his cabinet, conversed with me, always sang, and cut, according to custom, the arm of his chair, giving himself sometimes quite the air of a great boy. Then, all at once starting up, he would describe a plan for the erection of a monument, or dictate some of those extraordinary productions which astonished and dismayed the world. He often became again the same man who, under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, had dreamed of an empire worthy his ambition.

At five o'clock dinner was served up. When that was over the First Consul went upstairs to Josephine's apartments, where he commonly received the visits of the Ministers. He was always pleased to see among the number the Minister for

Foreign Affairs, especially since the portfolio of that department had been intrusted to the hands of M. de Talleyrand. At midnight, and often sooner, he gave the signal for retiring by saying in a hasty manner, "*Allons nous coucher.*"

It was at the Luxembourg, in the *salons* of which the adorable Josephine so well performed the honors, that the word *Madame* came again into use. This first return towards the old French politeness was startling to some susceptible Republicans; but things were soon carried farther at the Tuileries by the introduction of *Votre Altesse* on occasions of state ceremony, and *Monseigneur* in the family circle.

If, on the one hand, Bonaparte did not like the men of the Revolution, on the other he dreaded still more the partisans of the Bourbons. On the mere mention of the name of those princes he experienced a kind of inward alarm; and he often spoke of the necessity of raising a wall of brass between France and them. To this feeling, no doubt, must be attributed certain nominations, and the spirit of some recommendations contained in the notes with which he was supplied on the characters of candidates, and which for ready reference were arranged alphabetically. Some of the notes just mentioned were in the handwriting of Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, and some in Lucien Bonaparte's.¹

At the commencement of the First Consul's administration, though he always consulted the notes he had collected, he

¹ Among them was the following, under the title of "General Observations:"—"In choosing among the men who were members of the Constituent Assembly it is necessary to be on guard against the Orleans' party, which is not altogether a chimera, and may one day or other prove dangerous.

"There is no doubt that the partisans of that family are intriguing secretly; and among many other proofs of this fact the following is a striking one: the journal called the *Aristarque*, which undisguisedly supports royalism, is conducted by a man of the name of Voidel, one of the hottest patriots of the Revolution. He was for several months president of the committee of inquiry which caused the Marquis de Favras to be arrested and hanged, and gave so much uneasiness to the Court. There was no one in the Constituent Assembly more hateful to the Court than Voidel, as much on account of his violence as for his connection with the Duke of Orleans, whose advocate and counsel he was. When the Duke of Orleans was arrested, Voidel, braving the fury of the revolutionary tribunals, had the courage to defend him, and placarded all the walls of Paris with an apology for the Duke and his two sons. This man writing now in favor of royalism, can have no other object than to advance a member of the Orleans family to the throne."—*Bourrienne*.

yet received with attention the recommendations of persons with whom he was well acquainted; but it was not safe for them to recommend a rogue or a fool. The men whom he most disliked were those whom he called *babblers*, who are continually prating of everything and on everything. He often said, "I want more head and less tongue." What he thought of the regicides will be seen farther on, but at first the more a man had given a gage to the Revolution, the more he considered him as offering a guarantee against the return of the former order of things. Besides, Bonaparte was not the man to attend to any consideration when once his policy was concerned.

As I have said a few pages back, on taking the government into his own hands Bonaparte knew so little of the Revolution and of the men engaged in civil employments that it was indispensably necessary for him to collect information from every quarter respecting men and things. But when the conflicting passions of the moment became more calm and the spirit of party more prudent, and when order had been, by his severe investigations, introduced where hitherto unbridled confusion had reigned, he became gradually more scrupulous in granting places, whether arising from newly-created offices, or from those changes which the different departments often experienced. He then said to me, "Bourrienne, I give up your department to you. Name whom you please for the appointments; but remember you must be responsible to me."

What a list would that be which should contain the names of all the prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, and other civil officers to whom I gave places! I have kept no memoranda of their names; and indeed, what advantage would there have been in doing so? It was impossible for me to have a personal knowledge of all the fortunate candidates; but I relied on recommendations in which I had confidence.

I have little to complain of in those I obliged; though it is true that, since my separation from Bonaparte, I have seen many of them take the opposite side of the street in which I was walking, and by that delicate attention save me the trouble of raising my hat.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1799-1800.

Difficulties of a new Government — State of Europe — Bonaparte's wish for peace — M. de Talleyrand Minister for Foreign Affairs — Negotiations with England and Austria — Their failure — Bonaparte's views on the East — His sacrifices to policy — General Bonaparte denounced to the First Consul — Kléber's letter to the Directory — Accounts of the Egyptian expedition published in the *Moniteur* — Proclamation to the army of the East — Favor and disgrace of certain individuals accounted for.

WHEN a new Government rises on the ruins of one that has been overthrown, its best chance of conciliating the favor of the nation, if that nation be at war, is to hold out the prospect of peace; for peace is always dear to a people. Bonaparte was well aware of this; and if in his heart he wished otherwise, he knew how important it was to seem to desire peace. Accordingly, immediately after his installation at the Luxembourg he notified to all the foreign powers his accession to the Consulate, and, for the same purpose, addressed letters to all the diplomatic agents of the French Government abroad.

The day after he got rid of his first two colleagues, Siéyès and Roger Ducos, he prepared to open negotiations with the Cabinet of London. At that time we were at war with almost the whole of Europe. We had also lost Italy. The Emperor of Germany was ruled by his Ministers, who in their turn were governed by England. It was no easy matter to manage equally the organization of the Consular Government and the no less important affairs abroad; and it was very important to the interests of the First Consul to intimate to foreign powers, while at the same time he assured himself against the return of the Bourbons, that the system which he proposed to adopt was a system of order and regeneration, unlike either the demagogic violence of the Convention or the imbe-

cile artifice of the Directory. In fulfilment of this object Bonaparte directed M. de Talleyrand, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, to make the first friendly overtures to the English Cabinet. A correspondence ensued, which was published at the time, and which showed at once the conciliatory policy of Bonaparte and the arrogant policy of England.¹

¹ We give here the opening letters of this remarkable correspondence.

PARIS, *le 5 Nivôse, an. VIII.* (26th December, 1799).

"French Republic.

"Sovereignty of the People — Liberty — Equality.

"BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC, TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the First Magistracy of the Republic, I have thought proper, in commencing the discharge of the duties of this office, to communicate the event directly to your Majesty.

"Must the war which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation? How can the two most enlightened nations in Europe, stronger and more powerful than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants as well as the first of glories?

"These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your Majesty, who rules over a free nation with no other view than to render it happy.

"Your Majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually, for the second time, to a general pacification by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms which, however necessary to disguise the apprehensions of feeble States, only serve to discover in those that are powerful a mutual wish to deceive.

"France and England may, by the abuse of their strength, long defer the period of its utter exhaustion, unhappily for all nations. But I will venture to say that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world.

"I have the honor to be, etc.,

"(Signed)

BONAPARTE."

"LORD GRENVILLE IN REPLY TO THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN RELATIONS AT PARIS.

"DOWNING STREET, 4th January, 1800.

"Sir — I have received and laid before the King the two letters which you have transmitted to me; and his Majesty, seeing no reason to depart from those forms which have long been established in Europe for transacting business with Foreign States, has commanded me to return, in his name, the official answer which I send you herewith enclosed.

"I have the honor to be, with high consideration, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"(Signed)

GRENVILLE."

The official letter of Lord Grenville to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Talleyrand's reply to it, will be found in the edition of 1836, but are too lengthy to be reproduced here.

The exchange of notes which took place was of no immediate result. However, the First Consul attained his object: if the British Government entered into negotiations for peace, there was at least a presumption that subsequent overtures of the Continental Government might be listened to. The correspondence and events afforded Bonaparte the opportunity of stating his principles, and above all, it had enabled him to reject the return of the Bourbons to France (mentioned in the official reply of Lord Grenville) would not be a condition for the restoration of peace between the European powers.

Since M. de Talleyrand had been Minister of Foreign Affairs the business of that department had been in great activity. It was an important advantage to find a nobleman of the old *régime* among the Ministers. The choice of M. de Talleyrand was in some degree a courtesy to the foreign Courts. It was a delicate task for the diplomacy of Europe to introduce to it a man whose principles were not equal to their own, and who was unacquainted with the polished elegance of manner and the solid good qualities and real talents.

It was not only with England that Bonaparte endeavored to open negotiations; the Continental Government also offered peace to the House of Austria; at the same time. The object of this offer was to divide the European powers. Speaking to me of his earnest wish to obtain peace Bonaparte said, "Yvonne, I have two great enemies to cope with, the English and the Austrians. I shall be enabled to conclude peace with the one I find most easy to deal with, and will enable me immediately to assail the other. I confess that I should like best to be at peace with the Austrians. Nothing would then be more easy than to cope with the English. She has no money except what she gets through the sale of her colonies."

For a long time all negotiations proved abortive. The European powers would acknowledge the First Consul, of which Bonaparte was the head; and



TALLEYRAND.

le g^{re}nd, Talleyrand

Marengo was required before the peace of Amiens could be obtained.

Though the affairs of the new Government afforded abundant occupation to Bonaparte, he yet found leisure to direct attention to the East—to that land of despotism whence, judging from his subsequent conduct, it might be presumed he derived his first principles of government. On becoming the head of the State he wished to turn Egypt, which he had conquered as a general, to the advantage of his policy as Consul. If Bonaparte triumphed over a feeling of dislike in consigning the command of the army to Kléber, it was because he knew Kléber to be more capable than any other of executing the plans he had formed; and Bonaparte was not the man to sacrifice the interests of policy to personal resentment. It is certainly true that he then put into practice that charming phrase of Molière's—"I pardon you, but you shall pay me for this!"

With respect to all whom he had left in Egypt Bonaparte stood in a very singular situation. On becoming Chief of the Government he was not only the depositary of all communications made to the Directory; but letters sent to one address were delivered to another, and the First Consul received the complaints made against the General who had so abruptly quitted Egypt. In almost all the letters that were delivered to us he was the object of serious accusation. According to some he had not avowed his departure until the very day of his embarkation; and he had deceived everybody by means of false and dissembling proclamations. Others canvassed his conduct while in Egypt: the army which had triumphed under his command he had abandoned when reduced to two thirds of its original force and a prey to all the horrors of sickness and want. It must be confessed that these complaints and accusations were but too well founded, and one can never cease wondering at the chain of fortunate circumstances which so rapidly raised Bonaparte to the Consular seat. In the natural order of things, and in fulfilment of the design which he himself had formed, he should have disembarked at Toulon, where the quarantine laws would no doubt have been

observed; instead of which, the tenor of the letter, and the uncertainty of the pilots, can only be accounted for by the fact, that the quarantine laws were violated, and that the British were interested in respecting them. Let us suppose that the British had been forced to permit the passage of the Egyptian fleet. What would have ensued? The British fleet, which would have fallen into the hands of the French, would have been probably have been suspended, and the British fleet would have been suspended.

Among the letters, which bore the signature of Bonaparte, the reason of the abrupt character of the despatches, and the despatch of the 4th Ventose, signed VII. Bonaparte, General Kléber at Cairo to the Executive Directory, in which that general spoke in very strong terms of the conduct of Bonaparte and of the state in which the army in Egypt had been left. General Kléber expressed his opinion of having evaded, by his flight, the duties which he had undertaken to his successor's honour, and of the state of the army "without a sou in the chest," without pay, without food, and very little supply of munition or clothing.

The other letters from Egypt were not less extraordinary than Kléber's; and it cannot be denied that chance, of a peculiar nature, brought by the general who had now become commander-in-chief again this prediction, which had been of great weight, especially backed as they were by official complaints from other quarters. A trial would have been inevitable, and then, no 18th Brumaire, no Consulate, no Empire, no conquest of Europe—but also, it may be said, no St. Helena. None of these events would have ensued had not the English squadron, when it appeared off Corfu, obliged the *Wendell* to send about at hazard, and to touch at the first island she could reach.

The Egyptian expedition filled too important a place in the life of Bonaparte for him to neglect frequent references in the public mind the recollection of his conquests. In the first place, it was not to be forgotten that the head of the Republic was the first of her generals. While Moreau reserved the command of the armies of the Rhine, while Massena, as a reward for the victory of Zurich, was made Commander-in-Chief in

Italy, and while Brune was at the head of the army of Batavia, Bonaparte, whose soul was in the camps, consoled himself for his temporary inactivity by a retrospective glance on his past triumphs. He was unwilling that Fame should for a moment cease to blazon his name. Accordingly, as soon as he was established at the head of the Government, he caused accounts of his Egyptian expedition to be from time to time published in the *Moniteur*. He frequently expressed his satisfaction that the accusatory correspondence, and, above all, Kléber's letter, had fallen into his own hands.¹ Such was Bonaparte's perfect self command that immediately after perusing that letter he dictated to me the following proclamation, addressed to the army of the East:—

SOLDIERS! The Consuls of the French Republic frequently direct their attention to the army of the East.

France acknowledges all the influence of your conquests on the restoration of her trade and the civilization of the world.

The eyes of all Europe are upon you, and in thought I am often with you.

In whatever situation the chances of war may place you, prove yourselves still the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir—you will be invincible.

Place in Kléber the boundless confidence which you reposed in me. He deserves it.

Soldiers, think of the day when you will return victorious to the sacred territory of France. That will be a glorious day for the whole nation.

Nothing can more forcibly show the character of Bonaparte than the above allusion to Kléber, after he had seen the way in which Kléber spoke of him to the Directory. Could it ever have been imagined that the correspondence of the army, to whom he addressed this proclamation, teemed with accusation against him? Though the majority of these accusations were strictly just, yet it is but fair to state that the letters from Egypt contained some calumnies. In answer to the well founded portion of the charges Bonaparte said

¹ Joseph Bonaparte (*Œuvres*, tome i. p. 255) remarks on this passage: "Having communicated this letter to me, the Consul, laughing at my indignation, said, 'If Kléber were here, I would appoint him Governor of Paris, and he would do good service!'" But see also Miot's account of the reception of the news of the death of Kléber, when he says Napoleon (as reported by Joseph, it is true) looked on it as a fresh favor of fortune (*Miot*, tome i. p. 108).

little; but he seemed to feel deeply the attacks which were stated against him, one of which said that he had sent away millions from Egypt. He might have said that he had given rise to this false and injurious report, by not having touched the army one cent. Being a general, he received all his own pay. Before he left the army, and the Government the Government was his debtor.

Though he knew well all that was necessary for the success of the Egyptian expedition, yet those who were the most successful were regarded with a favorable eye by Bonaparte. The influence which had fallen into his hand was too important to him, the most important in enabling him to direct the army, which particular individuals, distinguished by their talents, were the source of favors and disgrace. All men were not equal, and the secret could not account for it. It was necessary that many men of mediocrity were created to fill the ranks of the army, and honors, while other men were distinguished by their talents, grace or were utterly neglected.¹

¹ Bonaparte's praise of General Kleber, after that general's death, and his recommendation of him to the Directory, afforded to every man, who was not a friend of the policy of the moment, should, however, be borne in mind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1800.

great and common men. Portrait of Bonaparte. — The varied expression of his countenance. His convulsive shrug. Presentiment of his corpulency. Partiality for bathing. His temperance. His alleged capability of dispensing with sleep. Good and bad news. Shaving, and reading the journals. Morning business. Breakfast. Coffee and snuff. — Bonaparte's idea of his own situation. His ill opinion of mankind. His dislike of a *fet-a-tête*. His hatred of the Revolutionists. Ladies in white. Anecdotes. Bonaparte's tokens of kindness, and his droll compliments. His fits of ill humor. Sound of bells. Gardens of Malmaison. His opinion of medicine. His memory. His poetic insensibility. His want of gallantry. — Cards and conversation. The dress-coat and black cravat. Bonaparte's payments. His religious ideas. His obstinacy.

In perusing the history of the distinguished characters of past ages, how often do we regret that the historian should have portrayed the hero rather than the man! We wish to know even the most trivial habits of those whom great talents and vast reputation have elevated above their fellow-creatures. Is this the effect of mere curiosity, or rather is it not an involuntary feeling of vanity which prompts us to console ourselves for the superiority of great men by reflecting on their faults, their weaknesses, their absurdities; in short, all the points of resemblance between them and common men? For the satisfaction of those who are curious in details of this sort, I will here endeavor to paint Bonaparte, I saw him, in person and in mind, to describe what were his tastes and habits, and even his whims and caprices.

Bonaparte was now in the prime of life, and about thirty. The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skillful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His oval-shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance,

fatigue, not only on horseback but on foot; he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession without being aware of it.

When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.

He used often to say to me, "You see, Bourrienne, how temperate and how thin I am; but, in spite of that, I cannot help thinking that at forty I shall become a great eater, and get very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take a great deal of exercise; but yet I feel assured that my presentiment will be fulfilled." This idea gave him great uneasiness, and as I observed nothing which seemed to warrant his apprehensions, I omitted no opportunity of assuring him that they were groundless. But he would not listen to me, and all the time I was about him, he was haunted by this presentiment, which, in the end, was but too well verified.

His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath he was continually turning on the warm water to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapor that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door.¹

Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at them. It has been repeated, over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but during the eleven years that I was

which were difficult to read. His notes, or the few lines he happened to write, and which did not require any effort of the mind, were generally exempt from faults of spelling, except in certain words which were always wrong. For instance, he wrote "cabinet" as "*gabinet*" (*Meneval*, tome iii. pp. 118-121).

¹ At St. Helena he is said to have continued in the bath three hours at a time. May not his immoderate use of baths of very high temperature have contributed to produce the premature corpulency which he so greatly dreaded? I recollect having several times hinted such a possibility to him. — *Bourrienne*.

almost constantly with him. I never observed any conduct in which in the least degree denoted that he was ill. His health was good and his constitution robust. His friends, however, of reproach, have attributed to him a disease, which, in my case, his flatterers, probably under the idea that it was incompatible with his character, did not speak of. I was tired of truth in speaking of his conduct. The people of the others watch, but he never did so. He said, "His orders were that I should call him once a month at noon. I was therefore the first to enter his chambers, not only frequently when I awoke him to avoid taking tea and coffee. "Ah, Bourrienne! let me see a little dinner." When there was no very pressing business, I did not do so when I could till eight o'clock. He usually slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, he being taken a nap upon the sofa noon."

Among the private in the collection at Beaupre's place, one was very curious. "Dress the girl," said he, "enter

1 Bonaparte rose at 4 o'clock, dressed himself, and went to bed. When he awoke in the morning, he found himself in a state of complete paralysis. His awakening was attended by the most violent convulsions, and infrequently he had violent vomitings, and he was unable to swallow any vomit. Sometimes he vomited blood, and he felt that he was about to die, and he dreaded having been poisoned, and therefore was afraid of the idea of poisoning him, and he was very much distressed, and he was very much distressed. I have therefore found that the most common cause of this disease is the use of opium, and he was very much distressed. ii. p. 3359.

Napoleon knew that I Monveaux had passed the previous day, as I had enjoyed by him of sleeping at will, and that it was impossible for me to sleep during the day. After my work which I had spent part of the night he recommended me to take a bath, but as he had a great deal to do, he was preparing one for me. Sometimes he passed entire days in the bath, and still he did not leave his powers of endurance. He would point out how to employ his time on such days of inactivity. He would say to me, "if for it the body were not as his mind is exerted." He would pass the day with the Empress, then return to his bath, and sleep or appear to sleep for some moments. He would then sit on a stool of iron, and rest his arm of my chair, some time, on my knee, he would put his arm round my neck, and amuse him self by gently pulling my ear or striking me on the shoulder or cheek. He talked cheerfully of himself, his family, and his organization, of me, or of any person I talked of to him. He liked to get alone, but never in a room where other people might be present, the contrary, he came and with real kindness. He pointed out to me the best and most pleasure were

[illegible]

"The principle of the matter is that if you have a right to life, liberty and property, you have a right to defend it."

my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate: with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost."

This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.

As soon as he rose, his *valet de chambre* shaved him and dressed his hair. While he was being shaved I read to him the newspapers, beginning always with the *Moniteur*.¹ He paid little attention to any but the German and English papers. "Pass over all that," he would say, while I was perusing the French papers; "I know it already. They say only what they think will please me." I was often surprised that his valet did not cut him while I was reading; for whenever he heard anything interesting he turned quickly round towards me.²

When Bonaparte had finished his toilet, which he did with great attention, for he was scrupulously neat in his person, we went down to his cabinet. There he signed the orders on important petitions which had been analyzed by me on the preceding evening. On reception and parade days he was particularly exact in signing these orders, because I used to

¹ Often enough I took the morning papers to the Emperor, and while he finished dressing I read to him the articles he pointed out to me, or those I believed likely to attract his attention. They almost always caused him to make some observations. His chief physician, Corvisart, or his surgeon-in-ordinary, Ivan, sometimes was present at his toilet. The Emperor liked challenging Corvisart about medical matters, and he always did so by sallies and bitter remarks against doctors. Corvisart, while acknowledging the uncertainty of medicine, defended its utility with arguments strong enough to often stop the sarcasms of his antagonist on his very lips (*Méneval*, tome i pp. 143, 144).

² It was Constant's task to shave Bonaparte, and he thus speaks of the difficulties he experienced in the discharge of this duty:

"While I was shaving him he would often converse, read the journals, move restlessly in his chair, or turn round suddenly, so that I was obliged to observe the utmost caution in order to avoid cutting him. Luckily that misfortune never occurred to me. When by chance he was not engaged in conversation or reading, he would sit as motionless as a statue, and I could not get him to raise, lower, or incline his head to facilitate my operation. He had a singular whim of having only one side of his face soaped and shaved at once; and he would not allow me to proceed to the other side until the first was finished" (*Mémoires de Constant*).

Constant adds that Bonaparte could not shave himself until he instructed him in the mode of holding and applying the razor; but that, owing to his natural impatience and hastiness of manner, he never attempted the operation without severely cutting himself.

remind him that he would be likely to see most of the petitioners, and that they would ask him for answers. To spare him this annoyance I used often to acquaint them beforehand of what had been granted or refused, and what had been the decision of the First Consul. He next perused the letters which I had opened and laid on his table, ranging them according to their importance. He directed me to answer them in his name; he occasionally wrote the answers himself, but not often.

At ten o'clock the *maître d'hôtel* entered, and announced breakfast, saying, "The General is served."¹ We went to breakfast, and the repast was exceedingly simple. He ate almost every morning some chicken dressed with oil and onions. This dish was then I believe called *poulet à la Provençale*; but our restaurateurs have since conferred upon it the more ambitious name of *poulet à la Marengo*.²

Bonaparte drank little wine, always either claret or Burgundy, and the latter by preference. After breakfast, as well

¹ This, of course, refers to the time when we were at the Luxembourg. — *Bourrienne*.

² Napoleon was irregular in his meals, and ate fast and ill; but there again was to be traced that absolute will which he carried into everything which he did. The moment appetite was felt it was necessary that it should be satisfied, and his establishment was so arranged that in all places, and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee might be forthcoming at a word (*Brillat Savarin*, tome i. p. 252).

The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralyzed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipzig. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too (as the German novelist Hoffman, who was in the town, asserts), the Emperor's energies were impaired by the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions. There can be no doubt that Napoleon's irregularity as to meals injured his health and shortened his life.

The general order to his household to have cutlets and roast chicken ready at all hours, night and day, was observed to the letter by his *maître d'hôtel*, Dunand, who had been a celebrated cook. In his more dignified capacity he contrived to fall in with the humors of his Imperial master, and by so doing to be of essential use at critical emergencies when an hour of prolonged flurry or irritation might have cost a province or a throne. On one occasion, when matters had gone wrong in some quarter, Napoleon returned from the *Conseil d'État* in one of his worst tempers and most discontented moods. A *déjeuner à la fourchette* comprising his favorite dishes was served up, and Napoleon, who had fasted since daybreak, took his seat. But he had hardly swallowed a mouthful when apparently some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness; receding from the table without rising from his chair he uplifted his foot, and crash went the *déjeuner* to the ground, while the Emperor, springing up, paced the room with rapid and perturbed strides, indicative of frenzied rage. Dunand looked on without

as after dinner, he took a cup of strong coffee.¹ I never saw him take any between his meals, and I cannot imagine what could have given rise to the assertion of his being particularly fond of coffee. When he worked late at night he never ordered coffee, but chocolate, of which he made me take a cup with him. But this only happened when our business was prolonged till two or three in the morning.²

All that has been said about Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff has no more foundation in truth than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true that at an early period of his life he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box; and if he bore any resemblance to Frederick the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat pockets with snuff, for I must again observe he carried his notions of personal neatness to a fastidious degree.³

Bonaparte had two ruling passions, glory and war. He was never more gay than in the camp, and never more morose than in the inactivity of peace. Plans for the construction of

moving a muscle, and quietly gave the fitting orders to his staff. Quick as thought the wreck was cleared away, an exact duplicate of the *déjeuner* appeared as if by magic, and its presence was quietly announced by the customary "*Sa Majesté est servie.*" Napoleon felt the delicacy and appreciated the tact of this mode of service. "*Merci bien, mon cher Dunand!*" and one of his inimitable smiles showed that the hurricane had blown over (Hayward's *Art of Dining*, p. 62).

¹ M. Brillat de Savarin, whose memory is dear to all gourmands, had established, as a gastronomic principle that "he who does not take coffee after each meal is assuredly not a man of taste." — *Bourrienne*.

² Meneval says of the night work of the Emperor: "I would find him in his white dressing-gown, with a Madras handkerchief on his head, walking up and down his cabinet, with his hands crossed behind his back, or else dipping in his snuff-box, less from liking than from pre-occupation, for he only smelt the snuff, and his handkerchiefs of white cambric were not soiled by it. His ideas developed under his dictation with an abundance and a clearness that showed his attention was much drawn to the object of his work. They leaped from his head as Minerva, all armed, from the head of Jupiter. When the work was ended, and sometimes in the middle of it, he had ices or sherbet brought. He asked me which I preferred, and his care went so far as to advise me which he thought best for my health. After this he returned to bed, if it were only for an hour, and fell asleep again as if he had not been interrupted. . . . When the Emperor rose in the night without any object except to occupy his sleepless hours, he forbade my being awakened before seven o'clock in the morning. Then I found my desk covered with reports and papers annotated by him" (*Meneval*, tome i. pp. 134-135).

³ It has been alleged that his Majesty took an inordinate deal of snuff, and that in order to take it with the greater facility he carried it in his waistcoat pockets, which for that purpose were lined with leather. This is altogether untrue. The fact is, the Emperor never took snuff except from a snuff-box, and though he used a great deal, he actually took but very little.

public monuments also pleased his imagination, and filled up the void caused by the want of active occupation. He was aware that monuments form part of the history of nations, of whose civilization they bear evidence for ages after those who created them have disappeared from the earth, and that they likewise often bear false witness to remote posterity of the reality of merely fabulous conquests. Bonaparte was, however, mistaken as to the mode of accomplishing the object he had in view. His ciphers, his trophies, and subsequently his eagles, splendidly adorned the monuments of his reign. But why did he wish to stamp false initials on things with which neither he nor his reign had any connection; as, for example, the old Louvre? Did he imagine that the letter "N," which everywhere obtruded itself on the eye, had in it a charm to controvert the records of history, or alter the course of time? ¹

He would frequently hold the snuff-box to his nose, merely to smell the snuff; at other times he would take a pinch, and after smelling it for a moment, he would throw it away. Thus it frequently happened that the spot where he was sitting or standing was strewn with snuff; but his handkerchiefs, which were of the finest cambric, were scarcely ever soiled. Napoleon had a great collection of snuff-boxes; but those which he preferred were of dark tortoiseshell, lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique medals in gold or silver. Their form was a narrow oval with hinged lids. He did not like round boxes, because it was necessary to employ both hands to open them, and in this operation he not unfrequently let the box or the lid fall. His snuff was generally very coarse rapée; but he sometimes liked to have several kinds of snuff mixed together (*Mémoires de Constant*).

¹ When Louis XVIII. returned to the Tuileries in 1814, he found that Bonaparte had been an excellent tenant, and that he had left everything in very good condition. Some one having called his attention to the profusion of N's which were conspicuous in every part of the palace, the monarch appropriately quoted the following lines of La Fontaine:—

"Il aura volontiers écrit sur son chapeau,
C'est moi qui suis Guillot, berger de ce troupeau." — *Bourrienne*.

The Bourbons might have been more grateful for the improvements in the Tuileries made by Napoleon. When the Comte d'Artois entered Paris in 1814, "he was struck when he saw how much had been made of the Tuileries, the beauty of the Place du Carrousel, and of the garden. 'Can you imagine that I have heard a hundred times people saying at Versailles that there was nothing to be made of the Tuileries, and that it was made up of a lot of garrets? And here are convenient and magnificent apartments! What! it was an officer of Bonaparte's Court that occupied the rooms where we now are? It is incredible!'" (*Beugnot*, tome ii. p. 122). Indeed Louis himself seems, later, to have acknowledged this, as on Metternich remarking that he had passed many hours with Napoleon in the same room in which in 1814 he found the King, "It must be allowed," answered the King, "that Napoleon was a very good tenant. He made everything most comfortable. He has arranged everything excellently for me!" (*Metternich*, tome i. p. 243).

Be this as it may, Bonaparte well knew that the fine arts entail lasting glory on great actions, and consecrate the memory of princes who protect and encourage them. He oftener than once said to me, "A great reputation is a great noise; the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages." This was one of his favorite ideas. "My power," he would say at other times, "depends on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall were I not to support it by new glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me." This was then, and probably always continued to be, his predominant idea, and that which prompted him continually to scatter the seeds of war through Europe. He thought that if he remained stationary he would fall, and he was tormented with the desire of continually advancing. Not to do something great and decided was, in his opinion, to do nothing. "A newly born Government," said he to me, "must dazzle and astonish. When it ceases to do that it falls." It was vain to look for rest from a man who was restlessness itself.

His sentiments towards France now differed widely from what I had known them to be in his youth. He long indignantly cherished the recollection of the conquest of Corsica, which he was once content to regard as his country. But that recollection was effaced, and it might be said that he now ardently loved France. His imagination was fired by the very thought of seeing her great, happy, and powerful, and, as the first nation in the world, dictating laws to the rest. He fancied his name inseparably connected with France, and resounding in the ears of posterity. In all his actions he lost sight of the present moment, and thought only of futurity; so, in all places where he led the way to glory, the opinion of France was ever present in his thoughts. As Alexander at Arbela prided himself less in having conquered Darius than in having gained the suffrage of the Athenians, so Bonaparte at Marengo was haunted by the idea of what would be said in France.

Before he fought a battle Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. I mention this as a fact of which I have often been a witness, and I leave to his brothers in arms to decide whether his calculations were always correct. He had it in his power to do much, for he risked everything and spared nothing. His inordinate ambition goaded him on to the attainment of power; and power when possessed served only to augment his ambition. Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the truth that trifles often decide the greatest events; therefore he watched rather than provoked opportunity, and when the right moment approached, he suddenly took advantage of it. It is curious that, amidst all the anxieties of war and government, the fear of the Bourbons incessantly pursued him, and the Faubourg St. Germain was to him always a threatening phantom.¹

He did not esteem mankind, whom, indeed, he despised more and more in proportion as he became acquainted with them. In him this unfavorable opinion of human nature was justified by many glaring examples of baseness, and he used frequently to repeat, "There are two levers for moving men, — interest and fear." What respect, indeed, could Bonaparte entertain for the applicants to the treasury of the opera? Into this treasury the gaming-houses paid a considerable sum, part of which went to cover the expenses of that magnificent theatre. The rest was distributed in secret gratuities, which were paid on orders signed by Duroc. Individuals of very different characters were often seen entering the little door in the Rue Rameau. The lady who was for a while the favorite of the General-in-Chief in Egypt, and whose husband was maliciously sent back by the English, was a frequent visitor to the treasury. On one occasion would be seen assembled there a distinguished scholar and an actor, a celebrated orator

¹ I have been informed on good authority that after I quitted France orders were given for intercepting even notes of invitation to dinners, etc. The object of this measure was, either to prevent assemblies of any kind, or to render them less numerous, and to ascertain the names of the guests. — *Bourrienne*.

and a musician; on another, the treasurer would have payments to make to a priest, a courtesan, and a cardinal.¹

One of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes was, that he neither believed in friendship nor felt the necessity of loving. How often have I heard him say, "Friendship is but a name; I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers. Perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him too. But why? Because his character pleases me. He is stern and resolute; and I really believe the fellow never shed a tear."² For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; it is their business. But men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government."

In his social relations Bonaparte's temper was bad; but his fits of ill-humor passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words. His violent language and bitter imprecations were frequently premeditated. When he was going to reprimand any one he liked to have a witness present. He would then say the harshest things, and level blows against which few could bear up. But he never gave way to those violent ebullitions of rage until he acquired undoubted proofs of the misconduct of those against whom they were directed. In scenes of this sort I have frequently observed that the presence of a third person seemed to give him confidence. Consequently, in a *tête-à-tête* interview, any one who knew his character, and who could maintain sufficient coolness and firmness, was sure to get the better of him. He told his friends at St. Helena that he admitted a third person on such occasions only that the blow might resound the farther. That was not his real motive, or the better way would have been to perform the scene in public. He had other reasons. I observed that he did not like a *tête-à-tête*; and when he expected any one, he would say to me beforehand, "Bourrienne, you

¹ This, of course, refers to Cardinal Fesch (see p. 215).

² Duroc must not be judged of from what Bonaparte said, under the idea that he was complimenting him. Duroc's manners, it is true, were reserved and somewhat cold, but there were few better or kinder men. — *Bourrienne*.

may remain ;" and when any one was announced whom he did not expect, as a minister or a general, if I rose to retire he would say in a half-whisper, "Stay where you are." Certainly this was not done with the design of getting what he said reported abroad ; for it belonged neither to my character nor my duty to gossip about what I had heard. Besides, it may be presumed, that the few who were admitted as witnesses to the conferences of Napoleon were aware of the consequences attending indiscreet disclosures under a Government which was made acquainted with all that was said and done.¹

Bonaparte entertained a profound dislike of the sanguinary men of the Revolution, and especially of the regicides. He felt, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling towards them. He spoke to me in terms of horror of those whom he called the assassins of Louis XVI., and he was annoyed at the necessity of employing them and treating them with apparent respect. How many times has he not said to Cambacères,

¹ Meneval (the successor of Bourrienne as secretary) says of this (tome iii. p. 3): "When Napoleon was excited by any violent passion his countenance took a severe and even terrible expression. His eyes flashed, while a sort of rotatory movement took place on his forehead between his eyebrows; and his nostrils distended from the passion within. But these transitory emotions, whatever was their cause, never disordered his mind. He seemed to govern at will these explosions, which indeed became less and less frequent with time. His head remained cold, his blood never ran to it, but flowed to his heart. In his ordinary state his face was calm and gently serious. A most gracious smile illuminated his countenance when he was cheered by good humor, or by the wish to be agreeable. In familiar conversation his laugh was sharp and mocking."

Madame de Rémusat (tome i. p. 119) gives a memorable instance of this rapid assumption of anger. Before the celebrated stormy scene with Lord Whitworth Napoleon had been playing with the young son of his brother Louis, and giving his wife and Madame de Rémusat advice as to their dress. "Suddenly they came to inform him that the circle was formed. While he rose abruptly, and his gayety disappeared from his lips, I was struck with the severe expression which suddenly replaced it. His color seemed to almost blanch at his will, his features contracted, and all this in less time than it takes to tell it." M. Paul de Rémusat himself says that once, after a violent scene, the Emperor went up to the Abbé de Pradt, and said to him, "You believed I was really angry? undeceive yourself. With me anger never passes that," and he glanced his hand before his neck, to indicate that the motion of his bile never reached so far as to trouble his head (*Rémusat*, tome i. p. 120).

Madame de Rémusat praises his smile (tome i. p. 101), and Molé said "qu'il n'a jamais vu de sourire plus aimable, ou du moins plus distingué, plus fin, que celui de Napoléon et celui de Chateaubriand. Mais ni l'un ni l'autre ne souriaient tous les jours" (*Sainte-Beuve, Chateaubriand*, tome i. p. 157).

pinching him by the ear, to soften, by that habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the remark, "My dear fellow, your case is clear; if ever the Bourbons come back you will be hanged." A forced smile would then relax the livid countenance of Cambacérès, and was usually the only reply of the Second Consul, who, however, on one occasion said in my hearing, "Come, come, have done with this joking."¹

One thing which gave Bonaparte great pleasure when in the country was to see a tall, slender woman, dressed in white, walking beneath an alley of shaded trees. He detested colored dresses, and especially dark ones. To fat women he had an invincible antipathy, and he could not endure the sight of a pregnant woman; it therefore rarely happened that a female in that situation was invited to his parties. He possessed every requisite for being what is called in society an agreeable man, except the will to be so. His manner was imposing rather than pleasing, and those who did not know him well experienced in his presence an involuntary feeling of awe. In the drawing-room, where Josephine did the honors with so much grace and affability, all was gayety and ease, and no one felt the presence of a superior; but on Bonaparte's entrance all was changed, and every eye was directed towards him, to read his humor in his countenance, whether he intended to be silent or talkative, dull or cheerful.

He often talked a great deal, and sometimes a little too much; but no one could tell a story in a more agreeable and interesting way. His conversation rarely turned on gay or humorous subjects, and never on trivial matters. He was so fond of argument that in the warmth of discussion it was easy to draw from him secrets which he was most anxious to conceal. Sometimes, in a small circle, he would amuse himself by relating stories of presentiments and apparitions. For this he always chose the twilight of evening, and he would prepare his hearers for what was coming by some solemn

¹ Napoleon's opinions were always strong on the regicides. "Let Salicetti know," said he to Mathieu Dumas in 1808, "that I am not powerful enough to defend the wretches who voted for the death of Louis XVI. from public contempt and indignation" (*Dumas*, tome iii. p. 316). See also his expression of distrust in Rœderer because he believed him guilty of treachery to Louis XVI. (*Miot*, tome i. p. 174).

remark. On one occasion of this kind he said, in a very grave tone of voice, "When death strikes a person whom we love, and who is distant from us, a foreboding almost always denotes the event, and the dying person appears to us at the moment of his dissolution." He then immediately related the following anecdote: "A gentleman of the Court of Louis XIV. was in the gallery of Versailles at the time that the King was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingen gained by Villars. Suddenly the gentleman saw, at the farther end of the gallery, the ghost of his son, who served under Villars. He exclaimed, 'My son is no more!' and next moment the King named him among the dead."

When travelling Bonaparte was particularly talkative. In the warmth of his conversation, which was always characterized by original and interesting ideas, he sometimes dropped hints of his future views, or, at least, he said things which were calculated to disclose what he wished to conceal. I took the liberty of mentioning to him this indiscretion, and, far from being offended, he acknowledged his mistake, adding that he was not aware he had gone so far. He frankly avowed this want of caution when at St. Helena.

When in good humor his usual tokens of kindness consisted in a little rap on the head or a slight pinch of the ear. In his most friendly conversations with those whom he admitted into his intimacy he would say, "You are a fool" — "a simpleton" — "a ninny" — "a blockhead." These, and a few other words of like import, enabled him to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never employed them angrily, and the tone in which they were uttered sufficiently indicated that they were meant in kindness.

Bonaparte had many singular habits and tastes. Whenever he experienced any vexation, or when any unpleasant thought occupied his mind, he would hum something which was far from resembling a tune, for his voice was very unmusical.¹

¹ Bonaparte could not sing, because nature had given him the most untunable voice imaginable. He was, however, very fond of humming any airs or fragments of musical compositions which pleased him, and which he happened to recollect. These little reminiscences usually came across his mind in the morning while I was dressing him. The air which he most fre-

He would, at the same time, seat himself before the writing table, and swing back in his chair so far that I have often been fearful of his falling.

He would then vent his ill-humor on the right arm of his chair, mutilating it with his penknife, which he seemed to keep for no other purpose. I always took care to keep good pens ready for him; for, as it was my business to decipher his writing, I had a strong interest in doing what I could to make it legible.

The sound of bells always produced in Bonaparte pleasurable sensations, which I could never account for. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the alley leading to the plain of Ruel, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations! He would stop, lest the noise of our footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful sound. He was almost angry with me because I did not experience the impressions he did. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells that his voice would falter as he said, "Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne! I was then happy!" When the bells ceased he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head, and dethrone kings.

Nowhere, except on the field of battle, did I ever see Bonaparte more happy than in the gardens of Malmaison.¹ At the commencement of the Consulate we used to go there every Saturday evening, and stay the whole of Sunday, and some-

quently hummed, though in a very imperfect way, was the "Marseillaise Hymn." The Emperor used also to whistle tunes occasionally; and whenever he whistled the air of "Marlbrook," I knew it to be a sure prognostic of his approaching departure for the army. I recollect that he never whistled so much or appeared so cheerful, as when on the eve of departing for the Russian campaign (*Memoires de Constant*).

¹ As Bonaparte was one day walking in these gardens with Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre, nee Madame de Edern, in whose agreeable conversation he took much delight, he suddenly addressed her thus: "Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre, what do you think of me?" This abrupt and unexpected question rendered the reply delicate and difficult. "Why, General," said the lady, after a moment's hesitation, "I think you are like a skilful architect who never allows his structure to be seen until it is quite finished. You are building behind a scaffolding which you will throw down when your work is completed." — "Just so, madame, you are right, quite right," said Bonaparte hastily. "I never look forward less than two years." *Bourrienne*.

times Monday. Bonaparte used to spend a considerable part of his time in walking and superintending the improvements which he had ordered. At first he used to make excursions about the neighborhood, but the reports of the police disturbed his natural confidence, and gave him reason to fear the attempts of concealed royalist partisans.

During the first four or five days that Bonaparte spent at Malmaison he amused himself after breakfast with calculating the revenue of that domain. According to his estimates it amounted to 8000 francs. "That is not bad!" said he; "but to live here would require an income of 30,000 livres." I could not help smiling to see him seriously engaged in such a calculation.

Bonaparte had no faith in medicine. He spoke of it as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible.¹ His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrative proofs.

He had little memory for proper names, words, or dates, but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places. I recollect that, on going from Paris to Toulon, he pointed out to me ten places calculated for great battles, and he never

¹ Had a long conversation with the Emperor on medical subjects. He appeared to entertain an idea that in cases purely the province of the physician the patient has an equal chance of being despatched to the other world either by the doctor mistaking the complaint, or by the remedies administered operating in a different manner from what was expected. He acknowledged the great utility, however, of surgery. I endeavored to convince him that in some complaints nature was a bad physician, and mentioned in proof of my argument the examples that had taken place under his own eyes in the cases of Countess Montholon, General Gourgaud, and others, who if they had been left to nature would have gone to the other world. Napoleon, however, was sceptical, and inclined to think that if they had taken no medicine, and abstained from everything except plenty of diluents, they would have done equally well. . . . I instanced a case of inflammation of the lungs. He appeared a little staggered at this at first, but after asking me what were the remedies, to which I replied that venesection was the sheet anchor, he said, "That complaint appertains, then, to the surgeon because he cures it with the lancet, and not to the physician. . . . Suppose now," he continued, "that the best-informed physician visits forty patients *each day*, among them he will kill say one or two *a month* by mistaking the disease, and in the country towns the charlatans will kill about half of those who die under their hands." (O'Meara's *Napoleon in Exile*, vol. ii. p. 3).

Breakfasted with Napoleon in the garden. Had a long medical argument with him, in which he maintained that *his* practice in case of malady — viz. to eat nothing, drink plenty of barley water, and no wine, and ride for seven or eight leagues to promote perspiration — was much better than wine (*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 60).

forgot them. They were memoranda of his first youthful journeys.

Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony. He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre; yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshipped Corneille; and, one day, after having witnessed a performance of *Cinna*, he said to me, "If a man like Corneille were living in my time I would make him my Prime Minister. It is not his poetry that I most admire; it is his powerful understanding, his vast knowledge of the human heart, and his profound policy." At St. Helena he said that he would have made Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille he had no thought of making either princes or kings.¹

Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said anything agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens, how red your elbows are!" To another, "What an ugly head-dress you have got!" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest. . . . Do you ever change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times!"² He showed no mercy to any who displeased him on these points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilet, and the

¹ Sainte-Beuve says, "The persons who best knew Napoleon have remarked that in the rapid literary education he had to improvise for himself when he had obtained possession of power, he began by much preferring Corneille: it was only later that he got so far as to enjoy Racine, but he did reach that point. He began as every one begins; he ended as cultivated and well-informed intellects like to end" (*Causeries*, tome i. p. 287). In another place Sainte-Beuve says, "Napoleon wrote to his brother Joseph, then King

exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first he looked to elegance above all things: at a later period he admired luxury and splendor, but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low-necked dresses which were so much in fashion at the beginning of the Consulate.

Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card-table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dulness of the drawing-room either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleased, for he usually spoke to everybody, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in Egypt; as, for example, Monge and Berthollet. He also liked to talk with Chaptal and Lacépède, and with Lemercier, the author of *Iptimacanon*.

Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsome t dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress-coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied, "So much the better: it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that." For my own part, I neither saw the black cravat nor heard this reply.¹

¹ On the subject of Bonaparte's dress Constant gives the following details:—

"His Majesty's waistcoats and small clothes were always of white even-mir. He changed them every morning, and never wore them after they had been washed three or four times. The Emperor never wore any but white silk stockings. His shoes, which were very light and lined with silk, were ornamented with gold buckles of an oval form, either plain or wrought. He also occasionally wore gold knee buckles. During the capture I never saw him wear pantaloons. The Emperor never wore powder. In his pocket he carried neither purse nor money, but merely a bundle of gold snuff-box, and *boudoir* or sweetmeat boxes. He usually wore only two decorations, viz., the cross of the Legion of Honour, and that of the Iron Crown. Above his waistcoat, and under his uniform coat, he wore a *jabot* or cravat, the two ends of which were scarcely perceptible. When he received company at the Tuileries, or attended a review, he wore the grand *cravate* on the outside of his coat. His hat, which it is almost superfluous to describe, as long as pos-

The First Consul paid his own private bills very punctually ; but he was always tardy in settling the accounts of the contractors who bargained with Ministers for supplies for the public service. He put off these payments by all sorts of excuses and shufflings. Hence arose immense arrears in the expenditure, and the necessity of appointing a committee of liquidation. In his opinion the terms *contractor* and *rogue* were synonymous.¹ All that he avoided paying them he

beaver. The inside was wadded and lined with silk. It was unadorned with either cord, tassel, or feather, its only ornament being a silk loop, fastening a small tri-colored cockade."

¹ For a remarkable instance of the strong feeling of Napoleon against speculation see *Meneval*, tome iii. p. 225. When Emperor, he one day entered his cabinet full of joy at having caught "a man who had robbed the army of Italy disgracefully. Under the Directory he found protectors who assured him of impunity. Thank God, I have found him, and I shall make him a severe example." Again, a few years later in a letter to his brother, he says, "I send you a copy of the decree requiring the sums of which the Treasury has been robbed to be repaid. Masséna and S—¹ have stolen 6,400,000 francs. They shall repay to the last farthing! . . . Let Masséna be advised to return the 6,000,000. To do so quickly is his only salvation! If he does not, I shall send a military commission of inquiry to Padua, for such robbery is intolerable. To suffer soldiers to starve and be unpaid, and to pretend that the sums destined for their use were a present to himself from the province, is too impudent! Such conduct would make it impossible to carry on a war. Let S— be watched. The details of their plunderings are incredible. I learnt them from the Austrians who themselves are ashamed of them. They allowed corn to go to Venice. The evil is intolerable. I will soon find a remedy. I order Ardent to be arrested. He is an agent of S—. If he should be at Naples have him arrested and sent under a good escort to Paris. You have seen that Flachet has been condemned to a year's imprisonment in irons, and that his transactions have been declared void?" (*Napoleon to Joseph*, March 12, 1806. — *Du Casse*, tome ii. p. 101).

The evil handed down from the Revolutionary times was too widespread to be stopped by all the efforts of Napoleon, directed though they were against the highest as well as the lowest officials. When Davoust took the command at Hamburg he reported to the Emperor that a large part of the contributions raised in the times of his predecessor had not reached the public exchequer, and *Meneval* (tome iii. p. 265) attributes much of the discontent felt towards the Emperor in the last years of his reign to the energy with which he pressed the pursuit of these and similar misdeeds. Bourrienne himself was believed to have received large sums from Hamburg (see *Meneval* in the passage just referred to, and *Paymaigre*, p. 135) as well as Brune.

Daru told *Meneval* that a marshal had appropriated 200,000 out of 300,000 francs raised from Erfurth, letting his *ordonnateur* take the rest. The unfortunate *ordonnateur* had to pay up the whole sum, as nothing was recovered from the marshal. Bernadotte appears to have been the culprit ("The marshal . . . since raised to a rank placing him above all jurisdiction"). One of the worst instances in Spain was that of Marshal L—,

¹ The S— was probably Salicetti.

s a just restitution to himself; and all the sums struck off from their accounts he regarded as sooted from a theft. The less a Minister paid out of the more Bonaparte was pleased with him; and his system of economy can alone explain the credit he so long enjoyed at the expense of the French

subject of religion Bonaparte's ideas were very "My reason," said he, "makes me incredulous re- many things; but the impressions of my childhood youth throw me into uncertainty." He was very feeling of religion. In Italy, in Egypt, and on board and the *Muiron*, I have known him to take part in animated conversations on this subject. He readily admitted all that was proved against religion as the work of time: but he would not hear of materialism. I was one fine night, when he was on deck with some officers were arguing in favor of materialism, Bonaparte took his hand to heaven and, pointing to the stars, said, "I will talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who will be the last?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory

to which reference may be made to the *Memoirs of Madame Bonaparte*, English edition of 1882, vol. iii. p. 214.

I gain from the Emperor's letters to his brother: "I am well as to my affairs here; it gave me great trouble to bring them into order. I force a dozen rogues, at whose head is Ouvard, to refund. I have been duped just as the Cardinal de Rohan was duped in the necklace, with the difference that in this case more than in the other is in question. I had made up my mind to have them shot. Thank God, I have been repaid! This has put me some- what better and I tell you about it that you may see how dishonest they are now at the head of a great army, and will soon be at that of a nation, and ought to be aware of this. Roguery has been the cause of the misfortunes of France" (*Napoleon to Joseph*, February 1800, *Œuvres*, tome ii. p. 55).

He would exceed the severity with which Napoleon pursued such men up to him. He made it almost a personal affair, as will be seen in the foregoing instances, and the difficulty with which Bourrienne would not to try, years after the act, a man who had committed pecu-

on this topic a pleasing contrast will be found in the instances of General Mörner, who left Hanover a poorer man than when he entered the service, and Marshal Suchet, who received from the Spanish Government a public recognition of the honesty and justice of his conduct in Valencia and Arragon.

of man was to him the immortality of the soul. He was perfectly tolerant towards every variety of religious faith.¹

Among Bonaparte's singular habits was that of seating himself on any table which happened to be of a suitable height for him. He would often sit on mine, resting his left arm on my right shoulder, and swinging his left leg, which did not reach the ground; and while he dictated to me, he would jolt the table so that I could scarcely write.

Bonaparte had a great dislike to reconsider any decision, even when it was acknowledged to be unjust. In little as well as great things he evinced his repugnance to retrograde. An instance of this occurred in the affair of General Latour-Foissac. The First Consul felt how much he had wronged that general; but he wished some time to elapse before he repaired his error. His heart and his conduct were at variance; but his feelings were overcome by what he conceived to be a political necessity. Bonaparte was never known to say "I have done wrong:" his usual observation was, "I begin to think there is something wrong."

In spite of this sort of feeling, which was more worthy of an ill-humored philosopher than the head of the government, Bonaparte was neither malignant nor vindictive. I cannot certainly defend him against all the reproaches which he incurred through the imperious law of war and cruel necessity; but I may say that he has often been unjustly accused. None but those who are blinded by fury will call him a Nero, or a Caligula. I think I have avowed his faults with sufficient candor to entitle me to credit when I speak in his commendation; and I declare that, out of the field of battle, Bonaparte had a kind and feeling heart. He was very fond of children, a trait which seldom distinguishes a bad man. In the relations of private life to call him amiable would not be using too strong a word, and he was very indulgent to the weakness of human nature. The contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in

¹ Policy induced Bonaparte to re-establish religious worship in France, which he thought would be a powerful aid to the consolidation of his power; but he would never consent to the persecution of other religions. He wished to influence mankind in temporal things, but not in points of belief.—*Bourrienne.*

some minds for me to hope to root it out. I shall, I fear have contradictors, but I address myself to those who look for truth. To judge impartially we must take into account the influence which time and circumstances exercise on men and distinguish between the different characters of the Collegian, the General, the Consul, and the Emperor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1800.

Bonaparte's laws — Suppression of the festival of the 21st of January — Official visits — The Temple — Louis XVI. and Sir Sidney Smith — Peculation during the Directory — Loan raised — Modest Budget — The Consul and the Members of the Institute — The figure of the Republic — Duroc's missions — The King of Prussia — The Emperor Alexander — General Latour-Foissac — Arbitrary decree — Company of players for Egypt — Singular ideas respecting literary property — The preparatory Consulate — The journals — Sabres and muskets of honor — The first Consul and his Comrade — The bust of Brutus — Statues in the galleries of the Tuileries — Sections of the Council of State — Costumes of public functionaries — Masquerades — The opera-balls — Recall of the exiles.

It is not my purpose to say much about the laws, decrees, and *Sénatus-Consultes*, which the First Consul either passed, or caused to be passed, after his accession to power. What were they all, with the exception of the Civil Code? The legislative reveries of the different men who have from time to time ruled France form an immense labyrinth, in which chicanery bewilders reason and common sense; and they would long since have been buried in oblivion had they not occasionally served to authorize injustice. I cannot, however, pass over unnoticed the happy effect produced in Paris, and throughout the whole of France, by some of the first decisions of the Consuls. Perhaps none but those who witnessed the state of society during the Reign of Terror can fully appreciate the satisfaction which the first steps towards the restoration of social order produced in the breasts of all honest men. The Directory, more base and not less perverse, than the Convention, had retained the horrible 21st of January among the festivals of the Republic. One of Bonaparte's first ideas

that he could not venture on a strict letterward course. He and his two colleagues, who were Sieyès and Roger Ducos, signed, on the 5th Nivôse, a decree, setting forth that in future the only festivals to be celebrated by the Republic were the 1st Vendémiaire and the 14th of July, intending by the means to consecrate provisionally the recollection of the foundation of the Republic and of liberty.

All was calculation with Bonaparte. To produce effect was his highest gratification. Thus he let slip no opportunity of saying or doing things which were calculated to dazzle the multitude. While at the Luxembourg, he went sometimes accompanied by his *aides de camp* and sometimes by a Minister, to pay certain official visits. I did not accompany him on these occasions; but almost always, either on his return, after dinner, or in the evening, he related to me what he had done and said. He congratulated himself on having paid a visit to Daubenton, at the Jardin des Plantes, and talked with great self-complacency of the distinguished way in which he had treated the contemporary of Buffon.

On the 24th Brumaire he visited the prisons. He liked to make these visits unexpectedly, and to take the governors of the different public establishments by surprise; so that, having no time to make their preparations, he might see things as they really were. I was in his cabinet when he returned, for I had a great deal of business to go through in his absence. As he entered, he exclaimed, "What brutes these Directors are! To what a state they have brought our public establishments! But, stay a little! I will put it all in order. The prisons are in a shockingly unwholesome state, and the prisoners miserably fed. I questioned them, and I questioned the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. They, of course, always speak well of their own work! When I was in the Temple I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable, too gentle for the times. He knew not how to deal with mankind! And Sir Sidney Smith! I made them show me his apartment. If the fool had not let him escape I should have taken St. Jean d'Acre! There are too many painful

recollections connected with that prison! I will certainly have it pulled down some day or other! What do you think I did at the Temple? I ordered the jailers' books to be brought to me, and finding that some hostages were still in confinement I liberated them. 'An unjust law,' said I, 'has deprived you of liberty; my first duty is to restore it to you.' Was not this well done, Bourrienne?" As I was, no less than Bonaparte himself, an enemy to the revolutionary laws, I congratulated him sincerely; and he was very sensible to my approbation, for I was not accustomed to greet him with "Good; very good," on all occasions. It is true, knowing his character as I did, I avoided saying anything that was calculated to offend him; but when I said nothing, he knew very well how to construe my silence. Had I flattered him I should have continued longer in favor.

Bonaparte always spoke angrily of the Directors he had turned off. Their incapacity disgusted and astonished him. "What simpletons! what a government!" he would frequently exclaim when he looked into the measures of the Directory. "Bourrienne," said he, "can you imagine anything more pitiable than their system of finance? Can it for a moment be doubted that the principal agents of authority daily committed the most fraudulent peculations? What venality! what disorder! what wastefulness! everything put up for sale: places, provisions, clothing, and military, all were disposed of. Have they not actually consumed 75,000,000 in advance? And then, think of all the scandalous fortunes accumulated, all the malversations! But are there no means of making them refund? We shall see."

In these first moments of poverty it was found necessary to raise a loan, for the funds of M. Collot did not last long, and 12,000,000 were advanced by the different bankers of Paris, who, I believe, were paid by bills of the receivers-general, the discount of which then amounted to about 33 per cent. The salaries of the first offices were not very considerable, and did not amount to anything like the exorbitant stipends of the Empire. The following table shows the modest budget of the Consular Government for the year VIII.:—

	Francs.
The Legislative Body	2,400,000
The Tribunal	1,312,000
The Archives	75,000
The three Consuls, including 750,000 francs for secret service money	1,800,000
The Council of State	675,000
Secretaries to the Councils and to the Councillors of State	112,500
The six Ministers	360,000
The Minister for Foreign Affairs	90,000
Total	6,824,500

Bonaparte's salary was fixed at 500,000 francs. What a contrast to the 300,000,000 in gold which were reported to have been concealed in 1811 in the cellars of the Tuileries!

In mentioning Bonaparte's nomination to the Institute, and his affectation in putting at the head of his proclamation his title of member of that learned body before that of General-in-Chief, I omitted to state what value he really attached to that title. The truth is that, when young and ambitious, he was pleased with the proffered title, which he thought would raise him in public estimation. How often have we laughed together when he weighed the value of his scientific titles! Bonaparte, to be sure, knew something of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, I need not add, possessed extraordinary military talent; but he was nevertheless a useless member of the Institute.

On his return from Egypt he began to grow weary of a title which gave him so many colleagues. "Do you not think," said he one day to me, "that there is something mean and humiliating in the words, '*I have the honor to be, my dear Colleague*'? I am tired of it!" Generally speaking, all phrases which indicated equality displeased him. It will be recollected how gratified he was that I did not address him in the second person singular on our meeting at Leoben, and also what befell M. de Cominges at Bâle because he did not observe the same precaution.

The figure of the Republic seated and holding a spear in her hand, which at the commencement of the Consulate was

stamped on official letters, was speedily abolished. Happy would it have been if Liberty herself had not suffered the same treatment as her emblem ! The title of First Consul made him despise that of Member of the Institute. He no longer entertained the least predilection for that learned body, and subsequently he regarded it with much suspicion.¹ It was a *body*, an *authorized assembly* ; these were reasons sufficient for him to take umbrage at it, and he never concealed his dislike of all bodies possessing the privilege of meeting and deliberating.

While we were at the Luxembourg Bonaparte despatched Duroc on a special mission to the King of Prussia. This happened, I think, at the very beginning of the year 1800. He selected Duroc because he was a man of good education and agreeable manners, and one who could express himself with elegance and reserve, qualities not often met with at that period. Duroc had been with us in Italy, in Egypt, and on board the *Muiron*, and the Council easily guessed that the King of Prussia would be delighted to hear from an eyewitness of the events of Bonaparte's campaign, especially the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and the scenes which took place during the months of March and May at Jaffa. Besides, the First Consul considered it indispensable that such circumstantial details should be given in a way to leave no doubt of their correctness. His intentions were fully realized ; for Duroc told me, on his return, that nearly the whole of the conversation he had with the King turned upon St. Jean d'Acre and Jaffa. He staid nearly two whole hours with his Majesty, who, the day after, gave him an invitation to dinner. When this intelligence arrived at the Luxembourg, I could perceive that the Chief of the Republic was flattered that one of his *aides de camp* should have sat at table with a King, who some years after was doomed to wait for him in his antechamber at Tilsit.

Duroc never spoke on politics to the King of Prussia, which was very fortunate, for, considering his age and the exclusively military life he had led, he could scarcely have been expected to avoid blunders. Some time later, after the death

¹ See, however, footnote on p. 112.

of Paul I., he was sent to congratulate Alexander on his accession to the throne. Bonaparte's design in thus making choice of Duroc was to introduce to the Courts of Europe, by confidential missions, a young man to whom he was much attached, and also to bring him forward in France. Duroc went on his third mission to Berlin after the war broke out with Austria. He often wrote to me, and his letters convinced me how much he had improved himself within a short time.

Another circumstance which happened at the commencement of the Consulate affords an example of Bonaparte's inflexibility when he had once formed a determination. In the spring of 1799, when we were in Egypt, the Directory gave to General Latour-Foissac, a highly distinguished officer, the command of Mantua, the taking of which had so powerfully contributed to the glory of the conqueror of Italy. Shortly after Latour's appointment to this important post the Austrians besieged Mantua. It was well known that the garrison was supplied with provisions and ammunition for a long resistance; yet, in the month of July it surrendered to the Austrians. The act of capitulation contained a curious article, viz., "General Latour-Foissac and his staff shall be conducted as prisoners to Austria; the garrison shall be allowed to return to France." This distinction between the general and the troops intrusted to his command, and at the same time the prompt surrender of Mantua, were circumstances which, it must be confessed, were calculated to excite suspicion of Latour-Foissac. The consequence was, when Bernadotte was made War Minister he ordered an inquiry into the general's conduct by a court-martial. Latour-Foissac had no sooner returned to France than he published a justificatory memorial, in which he showed the impossibility of his having made a longer defence when he was in want of many objects of the first necessity.

Such was the state of the affair on Bonaparte's elevation to the Consular power. The loss of Mantua, the possession of which had cost him so many sacrifices, roused his indignation to so high a pitch that whenever the subject was mentioned



DUROC.
DUC DE FRILOUL.

he could find no words to express his rage. He stopped the investigation of the court-martial, and issued a violent decree against Latour-Foissac even before his culpability had been proved. This proceeding occasioned much discussion, and was very dissatisfactory to many general officers, who, by this arbitrary decision, found themselves in danger of forfeiting the privilege of being tried by their natural judges whenever they happened to displease the First Consul. For my own part, I must say that this decree against Latour-Foissac was one which I saw issued with considerable regret. I was alarmed for the consequences. After the lapse of a few days I ventured to point out to him the undue severity of the step he had taken; I reminded him of all that had been said in Latour-Foissac's favor, and tried to convince him how much more just it would be to allow the trial to come to a conclusion. "In a country," said I, "like France, where the point of honor stands above everything, it is impossible Foissac can escape condemnation if he be culpable."—"Perhaps you are right, Bourrienne," rejoined he; "but the blow is struck; the decree is issued. I have given the same explanation to every one; but I cannot so suddenly retrace my steps. To retrograde is to be lost. I cannot acknowledge myself in the wrong. By and by we shall see what can be done. Time will bring lenity and pardon. At present it would be premature." Such, word for word, was Bonaparte's reply. If with this be compared what he said on the subject at St. Helena it will be found that his ideas continued nearly unchanged; the only difference is that, instead of the impetuosity of 1800, he expressed himself with the calmness which time and adversity naturally produce.¹

Bonaparte, as I have before observed, loved contrasts; and I remember at the very time he was acting so violently against Latour-Foissac he condescended to busy himself about

¹ "It was," says the *Memorial of St. Helena*, "an illegal and tyrannical act, but still it was a necessary evil. It was the fault of the law. He was a hundred, nay, a thousand-fold guilty, and yet it was doubtful whether he would be condemned. We therefore assailed him with the shafts of honor and public opinion. Yet I repeat it was a tyrannical act, and one of those violent measures which are at times necessary in great nations and in extraordinary circumstances."

company of players which he wished to send to Egypt, or rather that he pretended to wish to send there, because the announcement of such a project conveyed an impression of prosperous condition of our Oriental colony. The Consuls very promptly appointed the Minister of the Interior to execute this business, and the Minister in his turn delegated his powers to the First Consul. In their instructions to the Minister the Consuls observed that it would be advisable to include some female dancers in the company; a suggestion which corresponds with Bonaparte's note, in which were specified all that was considered necessary for the Egyptian expedition.

The First Consul entertained singular notions respecting literary property. On his hearing that a piece, entitled *Santhropie et Repentir*, had been brought out at the Odéon, he said to me, "Bourrienne, you have been robbed." — "I, general? how?" — "You have been robbed, I tell you, and you are now acting your piece." I have already mentioned that during my stay at Warsaw I amused myself with translating a celebrated play of Kotzebue. While we were in Italy Bonaparte lent me my translation to read, and he expressed himself much pleased with it. He greatly admired the piece, and often went to see it acted at the Odéon. On his return he invariably gave me fresh reasons for my claiming what he pleased to call my property. I represented to him that the translation of a foreign work belonged to any one who chose to execute it. He would not, however, give up his claim, and I was obliged to assure him that my occupations in military service left me no time to engage in a literary lawsuit. He then exacted a promise from me to translate Goethe's *Werther*. I told him it was already done, though indifferently, and that I could not possibly devote to the subject the time it merited. I read over to him one of the letters I had translated into French, and which he seemed to approve. That interval of the Consular Government during which Bonaparte remained at the Luxembourg may be called the preparatory Consulate. Then were sown the seeds of the great projects which he meditated, and of those institutions with which he wished to mark his possession of power. He was

then, if I may use the expression, two individuals in one: the Republican general, who was obliged to appear the advocate of liberty and the principles of the Revolution; and the votary of ambition, secretly plotting the downfall of that liberty and those principles.

I often wondered at the consummate address with which he contrived to deceive those who were likely to see through his designs. This hypocrisy, which some, perhaps, may call profound policy, was indispensable to the accomplishment of his projects; and sometimes, as if to keep himself in practice, he would do it in matters of secondary importance. For example, his opinion of the insatiable avarice of Siéyès is well known; yet when he proposed, in his message to the Council of Ancients, to give his colleague, under the title of national recompense, the price of his obedient secession, it was, in the words of the message, a recompense worthily bestowed on his *disinterested virtues*.¹

While at the Luxembourg Bonaparte showed, by a Consular act, his hatred of the liberty of the press above all liberties, for he loved none. On the 27th Nivôse the Consuls, or rather the First Consul, published a decree, the real object of which was evidently contrary to its implied object.

This decree stated that

The Consuls of the Republic, considering that some of the journals printed at Paris are instruments *in the hands of the enemies of the Republic*, over the safety of which the Government is specially intrusted by the people of France to watch, decree —

That the Minister of Police shall, during the continuation of the war, allow only the following journals to be printed and published, viz. — *Le Moniteur-Universel*, *Le Journal des Débats et Décrets*, *Le Journal de Paris*, *Le Bien-Informé*, *Le Publiciste*, *L'Ami des Lois*, *La Clé des Cabinets*, *Le Citoyen François*, *La Gazette de France*, *Le Journal des Hommes Libres*, *Le Journal du Soir* by the brothers Chaigneau, *Le Journal des Défenseurs de la Patrie*, *La Décade Philosophique*, and those papers which are exclusively devoted to science, art, literature, commerce, and advertisements.

Surely this decree may well be considered as preparatory; and the fragment I have quoted may serve as a standard for

¹ M. de Bourrienne misses the humor of this.

measuring the greater part of those acts by which Bonaparte sought to gain, for the consolidation of his power, what he seemed to be seeking solely for the interest of the friends of the Republic. The limitation to the period of the continuance of the war had also a certain provisional air which afforded hope for the future. But everything provisional is, in its nature, very elastic; and Bonaparte knew how to draw it out *ad infinitum*. The decree, moreover, enacted that if any of the uncondemned journals should insert articles *against the sovereignty of the people* they would be immediately suppressed. In truth, great indulgence was shown on this point, even after the Emperor's coronation.

The presentation of swords and muskets of honor also originated at the Luxembourg; and this practice was, without doubt, a preparatory step to the foundation of the Legion of Honor.¹ A grenadier sergeant, named Léon Aune, who had been included in the first distribution, early obtained permission to write to the First Consul to thank him. Bonaparte, wishing to answer him in his own name, dictated to me the following letter for Aune :

- I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You needed not to have told me of your exploits, for you are the bravest grenadier in the whole army since the death of Benezete. You received one of the hundred sabres I distributed to the army, and all agreed you most deserved it.

I wish very much again to see you. The War Minister sends you an order to come to Paris.

This wheedling wonderfully favored Bonaparte's designs. His letter to Aune could not fail to be circulated through the army. A sergeant called *my brave comrade* by the First Consul — the First General of France! Who but a thorough Republican, the staunch friend of equality, would have done this? This was enough to wind up the enthusiasm of the army. At the same time it must be confessed that Bonaparte began to find the Luxembourg too little for him, and preparations were set on foot at the Tuileries.

¹ "*Armes d'honneur*," decreed 25th December 1799, muskets for infantry, carbines for cavalry, grenades for artillery, swords for the officers. Gouvion St. Cyr received the first sword (22nd January 1800).

Still this great step towards the re-establishment of the monarchy was to be cautiously prepared. It was important to do away with the idea that none but a king could occupy the palace of our ancient kings. What was to be done? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy. Brutus was the destroyer of tyrants! This was the very thing; and David was commissioned to place it in a gallery of the Tuileries. Could there be a greater proof of the Consul's horror of tyranny?

To sleep at the Tuileries, in the bedchamber of the kings of France, was all that Bonaparte wanted; the rest would follow in due course. He was willing to be satisfied with establishing a principle the consequences of which were to be afterwards deduced. Hence the affectation of never inserting in official acts the name of the Tuileries, but designating that place as the Palace of the Government. The first preparations were modest, for it did not become a good Republican to be fond of pomp. Accordingly Lecomte, who was at that time architect of the Tuileries, merely received orders to *clean* the Palace, an expression which might bear more than one meaning, after the meetings which had been there. For this purpose the sum of 500,000 francs was sufficient. Bonaparte's drift was to conceal, as far as possible, the importance he attached to the change of his Consular domicile. But little expense was requisite for fitting up apartments for the First Consul. Simple ornaments, such as marbles and statues, were to decorate the Palace of the Government.

Nothing escaped Bonaparte's consideration. Thus it was not merely at hazard that he selected the statues of great men to adorn the gallery of the Tuileries. Among the Greeks he made choice of Demosthenes and Alexander, thus rendering homage at once to the genius of eloquence and the genius of victory. The statue of Hannibal was intended to recall the memory of Rome's most formidable enemy; and Rome herself was represented in the Consular Palace by the statues of Scipio, Cicero, Cato, Brutus, and Cæsar — the victor and the immolator being placed side by side. Among the great men of modern times he gave the first place to Gustavus Adolphus,

and the next to Turenne and the great Condé — to Turenne in honor of his military talent, and to Condé to prove that there was nothing fearful in the recollection of a Bourbon. The remembrance of the glorious days of the French navy was revived by the statue of Duguay Trouin. Marlborough and Prince Eugène had also their places in the gallery, as if to attest the disasters which marked the close of the great reign; and Marshal Saxe, to show that Louis XV.'s reign was not without its glory. The statues of Frederick and Washington were emblematic of false philosophy on a throne and true wisdom founding a free state. Finally, the names of Dugommier, Dampierre, and Joubert were intended to bear evidence of the high esteem which Bonaparte cherished for his old comrades — those illustrious victims to a cause which had now ceased to be his.

The reader has already been informed of the attempts made by Bonaparte to induce England and Austria to negotiate with the Consular Government, which the King of Prussia was the first of the sovereigns of Europe to recognize. These attempts having proved unavailing, it became necessary to carry on the war with renewed vigor, and also to explain why the peace, which had been promised at the beginning of the Consulate, was still nothing but a promise. In fulfilment of these two objects Bonaparte addressed an energetic proclamation to the armies, which was remarkable for not being followed by the usual sacred words, "Vive la République!"

At the same time Bonaparte completed the formation of the Council of State, and divided it into five sections: — (1) The Interior; (2) Finance; (3) Marine; (4) The War Department; (5) Legislation. He fixed the salaries of the Councillors of the State at 25,000 francs, and that of the Presidents of Sections at 30,000. He settled the costume of the Consuls, the Ministers, and the different bodies of the State. This led to the re-introduction of velvet, which had been banished with the old *régime*, and the encouragement of the manufactures of Lyons was the reason alleged for employing this un-republican article in the different dresses, such as those of the Consuls and Ministers. It was Bonaparte's con-

to efface the Republic, even in the utmost trifles, prepare matters so well that the customs and habits of being restored, there should only then remain a change.

I remember to have seen Bonaparte in the Consular which he detested, and which he wore only because it obliged him to do so at public ceremonies. The only dress he was fond of, and in which he felt at ease, was that in which he subjugated the ancient Eridanus and the Nile, the uniform of the Guides, to which corps Bonaparte was sincerely attached.

His masquerade of official dresses was not the only one which Bonaparte summoned to the aid of his policy. At that time, in the year VIII. which corresponded with the carnival of 1800, masques began to be resumed at Paris. Disguises were in the fashion, and Bonaparte favored the revival of old customs; first, because they were old, and next, because they were the means of diverting the attention of the people: he had established the principle that on the field of war it was necessary to divide the enemy in order to beat him, and he conceived it no less advisable to divert the people in order to enslave them. Bonaparte did not say *panem et circenses*, for I believe his knowledge of Latin did not extend to that well-known phrase of Juvenal, but he put the principle into practice. He accordingly authorized the revival of the opera, which they who lived during that period of the Consulate know was an important event in Paris. Bonaparte viewed it as a little conquest in favor of the old customs, and others, who for that very reason disapproved it, were too shallow to understand the influence of little over such great things. The women and the young men did not bestow much thought on the subject, but yielded willingly to the attraction of pleasure. Bonaparte, who was delighted at having a diversion for the gossiping of the Parisian salons, one day, "While they are chatting about all this, let them babble upon politics, and that is what I want. Let them cease and amuse themselves as long as they do not put their noses into the Councils of the Government;

besides, Bourrienne," added he, "I have other reasons for encouraging this, I see other advantages in it. Trade is languishing; Fouché tells me that there are great complaints. This will set a little money in circulation; besides, I am on my guard about the Jacobins. Everything is not bad, because it is not new. I prefer the opera-balls to the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason. I was never so enthusiastically applauded as at the last parade."

A Consular decision of a different and more important nature had, shortly before, namely, at the commencement of Nivôse, brought happiness to many families. Bonaparte, as every one knows, had prepared the events of the 18th Fructidor that he might have some plausible reasons for overthrowing the Directory. The Directory being overthrown, he was anxious, at least in part, to undo what he had done on the 18th Fructidor. He therefore ordered a report on the persons exiled to be presented to him by the Minister of Police. In consequence of this report he authorized forty of them to return to France, placing them under the observation of the Police Minister, and assigning them their place of residence. However, they did not long remain under these restrictions, and many of them were soon called to fill high places in the Government. It was indeed natural that Bonaparte, still wishing, at least in appearance, to found his government on those principles of moderate republicanism which had caused their exile, should invite them to second his views.

Barrère wrote a justificatory letter to the First Consul, who, however, took no notice of it, for he could not get so far as to favor Barrère. Thus did Bonaparte receive into the Councils of the Consulate the men who had been exiled by the Directory, just as he afterwards appointed the emigrants and those exiles of the Revolution to high offices under the Empire. The time and the men alone differed; the intention in both cases was the same.

CHAPTER XXX.

1800.

Bonaparte and Paul I. — Lord Whitworth — Baron Sprengporten's arrival at Paris — Paul's admiration of Bonaparte — Their close connection and correspondence — The royal challenge — General Mack — The road to Malmaison — Attempts at assassination — Death of Washington — National mourning — Ambitious calculation — M. de Fontanes, the skilful orator — *Fête* at the Temple of Mars — Murat's marriage with Caroline Bonaparte — Madame Bonaparte's pearls.

THE first communications between Bonaparte and Paul I. commenced a short time after his accession to the Consulate. Affairs then began to look a little less unfavorable for France; already vague reports from Switzerland and the banks of the Rhine indicated a coldness existing between the Russians and the Austrians; and at the same time, symptoms of a misunderstanding between the Courts of London and St. Petersburg began to be perceptible. The First Consul, having in the mean time discovered the chivalrous and somewhat eccentric character of Paul I., thought the moment a propitious one to attempt breaking the bonds which united Russia and England. He was not the man to allow so fine an opportunity to pass, and he took advantage of it with his usual sagacity. The English had some time before refused to include in a cartel for the exchange of prisoners 7000 Russians taken in Holland. Bonaparte ordered them all to be armed, and clothed in new uniforms appropriate to the corps to which they had belonged, and sent them back to Russia, without ransom, without exchange, or any condition whatever. This judicious munificence was not thrown away. Paul showed himself deeply sensible of it, and closely allied as he had lately been with England, he now, all at once, declared himself her enemy. This triumph of policy delighted the First Consul.

Thenceforth the Consul and the Czar became the best friends possible. They strove to outdo each other in professions of friendship; and it may be believed that Bonaparte did not fail to turn this contest of politeness to his own advantage. He so well worked upon the mind of Paul that he succeeded in obtaining a direct influence over the Cabinet of St. Petersburg.

Lord Whitworth, at that time the English ambassador in Russia, was ordered to quit the capital without delay, and to retire to Riga, which then became the focus of the intrigues of the north which ended in the death of Paul. The English ships were seized in all the ports, and, at the pressing instance of the Czar, a Prussian army menaced Hanover. Bonaparte lost no time, and, profiting by the friendship manifested towards him by the inheritor of Catherine's power, determined to make that friendship subservient to the execution of the vast plan which he had long conceived: he meant to undertake an expedition by land against the English colonies in the East Indies.

The arrival of Baron Sprengporten at Paris caused great satisfaction among the partisans of the Consular Government, that is to say, almost every one in Paris. M. Sprengporten was a native of Swedish Finland. He had been appointed by Catherine chamberlain and lieutenant-general of her forces, and he was not less in favor with Paul, who treated him in the most distinguished manner. He came on an extraordinary mission, being ostensibly clothed with the title of plenipotentiary, and at the same time appointed confidential Minister to the Consul. Bonaparte was extremely satisfied with the ambassador whom Paul had selected, and with the manner in which he described the Emperor's gratitude for the generous conduct of the First Consul. M. Sprengporten did not conceal the extent of Paul's dissatisfaction with his allies. The bad issue, he said, of the war with France had already disposed the Czar to connect himself with that power, when the return of his troops at once determined him.

We could easily perceive that Paul placed great confidence

in M. Sprengporten. As he had satisfactorily discharged the mission with which he had been intrusted, Paul expressed pleasure at his conduct in several friendly and flattering letters, which Sprengporten always allowed us to read. No one could be fonder of France than he was, and he ardently desired that his first negotiations might lead to a long alliance between the Russian and French Governments. The autograph and very frequent correspondence between Bonaparte and Paul passed through his hands. I read all Paul's letters, which were remarkable for the frankness with which his affection for Bonaparte was expressed. His admiration of the First Consul was so great that no courtier could have written in a more flattering manner.

This admiration was not feigned on the part of the Emperor of Russia: it was no less sincere than ardent, and of this he soon gave proofs. The violent hatred he had conceived towards the English Government induced him to defy to single combat every monarch who would not declare war against England and shut his ports against English ships. He inserted a challenge to the King of Denmark in the *St. Petersburg Court Gazette*; but not choosing to apply officially to the Senate of Hamburg to order its insertion in the *Correspondant*, conducted by M. Stover, he sent the article, through Count Pahlen, to M. Schramm, a Hamburg merchant. The Count told M. Schramm that the Emperor would be much pleased to see the article of the *St. Petersburg Court Gazette* copied into the *Correspondant*; and that if it should be inserted, he wished to have a dozen copies of the paper printed on vellum, and sent to him by an extraordinary courier. It was Paul's intention to send a copy to every sovereign in Europe; but this piece of folly, after the manner of Charles XII., led to no further results.

Bonaparte never felt greater satisfaction in the whole course of his life than he experienced from Paul's enthusiasm for him. The friendship of a sovereign seemed to him a step by which he was to become a sovereign himself. At the same time the affairs of La Vendée began to assume a

better aspect, and he hoped soon to effect that pacification in the interior which he so ardently desired.¹

It was during the First Consul's residence at the Luxembourg that the first report on the civil code was made to the

¹ This account agrees precisely with the following, dictated by Napoleon himself at St. Helena:—

“The Emperor Paul had succeeded the Empress Catherine. Half frantic with his hostility to the French Revolution, he had performed what his mother had contented herself with promising; and engaged in the second coalition. General Suwarrow, at the head of 60,000 Russians, advanced into Italy, whilst another Russian army entered Switzerland, and a corps of 5,000 men was placed by the Czar at the disposal of the Duke of York, for the purpose of conquering Holland. These were all the disposable forces the Russian Empire had. Suwarrow, although victorious at the battles of Cassano, the Trebbia, and Novi, had lost half his army in the St. Gothard, and the different valleys of Switzerland, after the battle of Zurich, in which Korsakow had been taken. Paul then became sensible of all the imprudence of his conduct; and in 1800 Suwarrow returned to Russia with scarcely a fourth of his army. The Emperor Paul complained bitterly of having lost the flower of his troops, who had neither been seconded by the Austrians nor by the English. He reproached the Cabinet of Vienna with having refused, after the conquest of Piedmont, to replace the King of Sardinia upon his throne, with being destitute of grand and generous ideas, and wholly governed by calculation and interested views. He also complained that the English, when they took Malta, instead of re-instating the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and restoring that island to the knights, had appropriated it to themselves. The First Consul did all in his power to cherish these seeds of discontent, and to make them productive. A little after the battle of Marengo he found means to flatter the lively and impetuous imagination of the Czar by sending him the sword which Pope Leo X. had given to Pilleadam as a memorial of his satisfaction for having defended Rhodes against the infidels. From eight to ten thousand Russian soldiers had been made prisoners in Italy, at Zurich, and in Holland: the First Consul proposed their exchange to the English and Austrians, both refused; the Austrians, because there were still many of their people prisoners in France; and the English, although they had a great number of French prisoners, because, as they said, this proposal was contrary to their principles. ‘What!’ it was said to the Cabinet of St. James, ‘do you refuse to exchange even the Russians, who were taken in Holland, fighting in your own ranks under the Duke of York?’ And to the Cabinet of Vienna it was observed, ‘How! do you refuse to restore to their country those men of the north to whom you are indebted for the victories of the Trebbia, and Novi, and for your conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of French prisoners taken by them? Such injustice excites my indignation,’ said the First Consul. ‘Well! I will restore them to the Czar without exchange; he will see how I esteem brave men.’ The Russian officers who were prisoners immediately received their swords, and the troops of that nation were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, where they were soon completely new clothed, and furnished with good arms of French manufacture. A Russian general was instructed to organize them in battalions and regiments. This blow struck at once at London and St. Petersburg. Paul, attacked in so many different directions, gave way to his enthusiastic temper, and attached himself to France with all the ardor of his character. He despatched a letter to the First Consul, in which he said, ‘Citizen, First Consul, I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens; every country governs itself as it pleases. Wherever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted towards him. I write to acquit you of my dissatisfaction with England, who violates

legislative body. It was then, also, that the regulations for the management of the Bank of France were adopted, and that establishment so necessary to France was founded.

There was at this time in Paris a man who has acquired an unfortunate celebrity, the most unlucky of modern generals—in a word, General Mack. I should not notice that person here were it not for the prophetic judgment which Bonaparte then pronounced on him. Mack had been obliged to surrender himself at Championnet some time before our landing at Frejus. He was received as a prisoner of war, and the town of Dijon had been appointed his place of residence, and there he remained until after the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, now Consul, permitted him to come to Paris, and to reside there on his parole. He applied for leave to go to Vienna, pledging himself to return again a prisoner to France if the Emperor Francis would not consent to exchange him for Generals Pérignon and Grouchy, then prisoners in Austria. His request was not granted, but his proposition was forwarded to Vienna. The Court of Vienna refused to accede to it, not placing perhaps so much importance on the deliverance of Mack as he had flattered himself it would.¹

every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and interest. I wish to unite with you to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that Government.'

"In the beginning of December, 1800, General Sprengporten, a Finlander, who had entered the Russian service, and who in his heart was attached to France, arrived at Paris. He brought letters from the Emperor Paul, and was instructed to take the command of the Russian prisoners, and to conduct them to their country. All the officers of that nation who returned to Russia constantly spoke in the highest terms of the kind treatment and attention they had met with in France, particularly after the arrival of the First Consul. The correspondence between the Emperor and Napoleon soon became daily; they treated directly on the most important interests, and on the means of humbling the English power. General Sprengporten was not instructed to make peace; he had no powers for that purpose; neither was he an ambassador; peace did not exist. It was therefore an extraordinary mission which allowed of this general's being treated with every distinction calculated to gratify the sovereign who had sent him, without the possibility of the occurrence of any inconvenience from such attentions" (*Napoleon's Memoirs*).

¹ Mack escaped from Paris in the month of April, 1800. He afterwards contrived to excuse the faults which had been imputed to him, and insinuated himself into the good graces of the Emperor of Austria. By means of boasting, intriguing, and plotting, he at last succeeded in obtaining employment. He constantly railed against France, and spoke of nothing but his desire to revenge his captivity at Paris. His deeds, however, did not correspond with his threats. Every one knows how he revenged himself at Ulm

Bonaparte speaking to me of him one day, said, "Mack is a man of the lowest mediocrity I ever saw in my life; he is full of self-sufficiency and conceit, and believes him self equal to anything. He has no talent. I should like to see him opposed some day to one of our good generals; we should then see fine work. He is a boaster, that is all. He is really one of the most silly men existing; and, besides all that, he is unlucky." Was not this opinion of Bonaparte, formed on the past, fully verified by the future?

It was at Malmaison that Bonaparte thus spoke of General Mack. That place was then far from resembling what it afterwards became, and the road to it was neither pleasant nor sure. There was not a house on the road; and in the evening, during the season when we were there, it was not frequented all the way from St. Germain. Those numerous vehicles, which the demands of luxury and an increasing population have created, did not then, as now, pass along the roads in the environs of Paris. Everywhere the road was solitary and dangerous; and I learned with certainty that many schemes were laid for carrying off the First Consul during one of his evening journeys.¹ They were unsuccessful,

in the commencement of the campaign of 1805. He would infallibly have paid the forfeit of his head for surrendering that town had not Bonaparte, then the Emperor Napoleon, stipulated for his life in one of the articles of the treaty of Presburg. *Boucarmé.*

Jonini is not so hard upon Mack's failure as some of the non-military writers. At tome ii. p. 130, he says, "Posterity, with more information than we have on the combinations of Mack and of the Cabinet of Vienna, will allot to each of them their share of the blame. It has been said that Mack had in his army a powerful party disliking him, that he was thwarted and badly obeyed, and that his army was scattered against his own wishes. This is quite possible, but a commander-in-chief ought not to consent to be the instrument of the ruin of his army. When placed betwixt dishonor and glory, between the safety of the State and the loss of his army, he should know how to act a worthy part." There is no mention of Mack in the treaty of Presburg (unless in a secret article). He was condemned to death, but only imprisoned for two years.

¹ Among the various attempts on the life of Bonaparte, which are said to have been made at this period the following is mentioned by Constant.

"Some repairs and embellishments were required in the fireplaces of the First Consul's apartments at Malmaison. Among the workmen who were sent to execute these repairs there were some fellows of suspicious appearance and manner, who, it was conjectured, were bribed by conspirators. This supposition proved but too well founded. When the apartments were ready for the reception of the First Consul, there was found on his desk a snuff-box precisely resembling one of those which he was in the habit of

and orders were given to enclose the quarries, which were too near to the road. On Saturday evening Bonaparte left the Luxembourg, and afterwards the Tuileries, to go to Malmaison, and I cannot better express the joy he then appeared to experience than by comparing it to the delight of a school-boy on getting a holiday.

Before removing from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries Bonaparte determined to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians by a splendid ceremony. He had appointed it to take place on the *décadi*, Pluviôse 20 (9th February, 1800), that is to say, ten days before his final departure from the old Directorial palace. The e kinds of *fêtes* did not resemble what they afterwards became; their attraction consisted in the splendor of military dress; and Bonaparte was always sure that whenever he mounted his horse, surrounded by a brilliant staff, from which he was to be distinguished by the simplicity of his costume, his path would be crowded and himself greeted with acclamations by the people of Paris. The object of this *fête* was at first only to present to the Hôtel des Invalides, then called the Temple of Mars, seventy two flags taken from the Turks in the battle of Aboukir, and brought from Egypt to Paris; but intelligence of Washington's death, who expired on the 14th of December, 1799, having reached Bonaparte, he eagerly took advantage of that event to produce more effect, and mixed the mourning cypress with the laurels he had collected in Egypt.

Bonaparte did not feel much concerned at the death of Washington, that noble founder of rational freedom in the new world; but it afforded him an opportunity to mask his ambitious projects under the appearance of a love of liberty. In thus rendering honor to the memory of Washington every body would suppose that Bonaparte intended to imitate his example, and that their two names would pass in conjunction from mouth to mouth. A clever orator might be employed, who, while pronouncing a eulogium on the dead, would con-

by one of the valets; but the suspicion excited by the equivocal appearance of some of the workmen having acquired additional confirmation, it was

trive to bestow some praise on the living; and when the people were applauding his love of liberty he would find himself one step nearer the throne, on which his eyes were constantly fixed. When the proper time arrived, he would not fail to seize the crown; and would still cry, if necessary, "*Vive la Liberté!*" while placing it on his imperial head.

The skilful orator was found. M. de Fontanes¹ was commissioned to pronounce the funeral eulogium on Washington, and the flowers of eloquence which he scattered about did not all fall on the hero of America.

Lannes² was intrusted by Bonaparte with the presentation of the flags; and on the 20th Pluviôse he proceeded, accompanied by strong detachments of the cavalry then in Paris, to the council-hall of the Invalides, where he was met by the Minister of War, who received the colors. All the Ministers, the councillors of State, and generals were summoned to the presentation. Lannes pronounced a discourse, to which Berthier replied, and M. de Fontanes added his well-managed eloquence to the plain military oratory of the two generals. In the interior of this military temple a statue of Mars sleeping had been placed, and from the pillars and roof were suspended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy, and the campaign of Italy, which would still have decorated that edifice had not the demon of conquest possessed Bonaparte. Two Invalides, each said to be one hundred years old, stood beside the Minister of War; and the bust of the emancipator of America was placed under the trophy composed of the flags of Aboukir. In a word, recourse was had to every sort of charlatanism usual on such occasions. In the evening there was a numerous assembly at the Luxembourg, and Bonaparte took much credit to himself for the effect produced on this remarkable day. He had only to wait ten days for his removal to the Tuileries, and precisely on that day the national mourning for Washington was to cease, for which a

¹ L. de Fontanes (1757-1821) became President of the Corps Législatif, Senator, and Grand Master of the University. He was the centre of the literary group of the Empire.

² Jean Lannes (1769-1809), named Colonel by Napoleon on the field of Millesimo; Marshal, 1804; Duc de Montebello. Took Saragossa. Died of wounds eight days after the battle of Essling.

general mourning for freedom might well have been substituted.

I have said very little about Murat in the course of these Memoirs except mentioning the brilliant part he performed in several battles. Having now arrived at the period of his marriage with one of Napoleon's sisters I take the opportunity of returning to the interesting events which preceded that alliance.

His fine and well-proportioned form, his great physical strength and somewhat refined elegance of manner, the fire of his eye, and his fierce courage in battle, gave to Murat rather the character of one of those *preux chevaliers* so well described by Ariosto and Tasso, than that of a Republican soldier. The nobleness of his look soon caused the lowness of his birth to be forgotten. He was affable, polished, gallant; and in the field of battle twenty men headed by Murat were worth a whole regiment. Once only he showed himself under the influence of fear,¹ and the reader shall see in what circumstance it was that he ceased to be himself.

When Bonaparte in his first Italian campaign had forced Wurmser to retreat into Mantua with 28,000 men, he directed Miollis, with only 1000 men, to oppose any sortie that might be attempted by the Austrian general. In one of these sorties Murat, who was at the head of a very weak detachment, was ordered to charge Wurmser. He was afraid, neglected to execute the order, and in a moment of confusion said that he was wounded. Murat immediately fell into disgrace with the General in Chief, who *à l'aide de camp* he was.

Murat had been previously sent to Paris to present to the Directory the first colors taken by the French army of Italy in the actions of Dego and Mondovi, and it was on this occasion that he got acquainted with Madame Tallien and the wife of his General. But he already knew the beautiful Caroline Bonaparte, whom he had seen at Rome in the residence of her

¹ Marshal Lannes, so brave and brilliant in war and so well able to appreciate courage, one day sharply rebuked a colonel for having punished a young officer just arrived from school at Pontanebleau because he gave evidence of fear in his first engagement. "Know, colonel," said he, "none but a poltroon [the term was even more strong] will boast that he never was afraid." *Biographie.*

brother Joseph, who was then in charge of the functions of ambassador of the Republic. It appears that Caroline was not even indifferent to him, and that he was the next rival of the Princess Santa-Cruz's son, who eagerly sought the honor of her hand. Madame Tachen and Madame Bonaparte received with great kindness the intimacy of the princess, as they possessed much influence with the Duchess, who solicited, and easily obtained for him, the rank of brigadier-general. It was somewhat remarkable at that time for Murat, notwithstanding his newly acquired rank, to remain Bonaparte's *aide de camp*, the regulation not allowing a general-in-chief an *aide de camp* of higher rank than chief of brigade, which was equal to that of colonel. This arrangement, at least, was, therefore, rather a hasty anticipation of the prerogative everywhere reserved to princes and kings.

It was after having discharged this commission that Murat, on his return to Italy, fell into disfavor with the General-in-Chief. He indeed looked upon him with a sort of hostile feeling, and placed him in Reille's division, and afterwards Baraguay d'Hilliers's; consequently, when we went to Paris, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Murat was not of the party. But as the ladies, with whom he was a great favorite, were not devoid of influence with the Minister of War, Murat was, by their interest, attached to the engineer corps in the expedition to Egypt. On board the *Orient* he remained in the most complete disgrace. Bonaparte did not address a word to him during the passage; and in Egypt the General-in-Chief always treated him with coldness, and often sent him from the headquarters on disagreeable services. However, the General-in-Chief having opposed him to Mourad Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valor in every particular encounter that he effaced the transitory stain which a momentary hesitation under the walls of Mantua had left on his character. Finally, Murat so powerfully contributed to the success of the day at Aboukir that Bonaparte, glad to be able to carry another laurel plucked in Egypt to France, forgot the fault which had made so unfavorable an impression, and was inclined to efface from his memory all the other incidents of

heard to the disadvantage of Murat; for I have good reasons for believing, though Bonaparte never told me so, that Murat's name, as well as that of Charles, escaped from the lips of Junot when he made his indiscreet communication to Bonaparte at the walls of Messoudiah. The charge of grenadiers, commanded by Murat, on the 19th Brumaire in the hall of the Five Hundred, dissipated all the remaining traces of dislike; and in those moments when Bonaparte's political views subdued every other sentiment of his mind, the rival of the Prince de Santa Cruce received the command of the Consular Guard.¹

It may reasonably be supposed that Madame Bonaparte, in endeavoring to win the friendship of Murat by aiding his promotion, had in view to gain one partisan more to oppose to the family and brothers of Bonaparte; and of this kind of support she had much need. Their jealous hatred was displayed on every occasion; and the amiable Josephine, whose only fault was being too much of the woman, was continually tormented by sad presentiments. Carried away by the easiness of her character, she did not perceive that the coquetry which enlisted for her so many defenders also supplied her implacable enemies with weapons to use against her.

In this state of things Josephine, who was well convinced that she had attached Murat to herself by the bonds of friendship and gratitude, and ardently desired to see him united to

¹ Joachim Murat (1771-1815), the son of an innkeeper, *aide de camp* to Napoleon in Italy, etc.; Marshal, 1804; Prince in 1805; Grand Admiral; Grand Duc de Berg et de Clèves, 1806; King of Naples, 1808. Shot by Bourbons 13th October, 1815. Married Caroline Bonaparte (third sister of Napoleon) 20th January, 1800.

Joseph was not ambassador till long after the battle of Mondovi, so Murat could not have met Caroline at his house in Rome. There are several mistakes in this paragraph (see *Erreurs*, tome i. pp. 6, 259, 312). Reille, at the time Bourrienne speaks of, was a captain on the staff of Masséna, and only became general of division in 1807. As Murat embarked from Genoa for Egypt he was not on board the *Orient*, but on the *Artémise*. This asserted cowardice of Murat is denied by *Erreurs* (tome i. p. 6). See also *Erreurs* (tome ii. p. 61) giving details of the series of posts given by Napoleon to him to prove that he was not under any disgrace. Joseph Bonaparte (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 259) denies that Murat's name was mentioned in connection with Josephine's. It has been already seen that the conversation at Messoudiah could not have taken place; see p. 170, as well as *Erreurs*, tome i. pp. 4, 51, and *d'Abrantès*, vol. ii. p. 32, eighth line from bottom.

Bonaparte by a family connection, favored with all her assistance his marriage with Caroline. She was not ignorant that a close intimacy had already sprung up at Milan between Caroline and Murat, and she was the first to propose a marriage. Murat hesitated, and went to consult M. Collot, who was a good adviser in all things, and whose intimacy with Bonaparte had initiated him into all the secrets of the family. M. Collot advised Murat to lose no time, but to go to the First Consul and formally demand the hand of his sister. Murat followed his advice. Did he do well? It was to that step that he owed the throne of Naples. If he had abstained, he would not have been shot at Pizzo. *Sed ipsi Delicta rumpere non possunt!*

However that might be, Bonaparte received, more in the manner of a sovereign than of a brother-in-arm, the proposal of Murat. He heard him with unmoved gravity, said that he would consider the matter, but gave no positive answer.

This affair was, as may be supposed, the subject of conversation in the evening in the *salon* of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her powers of persuasion to obtain the First Consul's consent, and her efforts were seconded by Hortense, Eugène, and myself. "Murat," said he, among other things, "Murat is an innkeeper's son. In the elevated rank where glory and fortune have placed me, I never can mix his blood with mine! Besides, there is no hurry: I shall see by and by." We forcibly described to him the reciprocal affection of the two young people, and did not fail to bring to his observation Murat's devoted attachment to his person, his splendid courage and noble conduct in Egypt. "Yes," said he, with warmth, "I agree with you; Murat was superb at Aboukir." We did not allow so favorable a moment to pass by. We redoubled our entreaties, and at last he consented. When we were together in his cabinet in the evening, "Well, Bourrienne," said he to me, "you ought to be satisfied, and so am I, too, everything conduced. Murat is suited to my sister, and then no one can say that I am proud or seek grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your Jacobins would have been against me."



MURAT.
KING OF NAPLES.

Murat

tion. Besides, I am very glad that my wife is interested in this marriage, and you may easily suppose the cause. Since it is determined on, I will hasten it forward; we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy I will take Murat with me. I must strike a decisive blow there. Adieu."

When I entered the First Consul's chamber at seven o'clock the next day he appeared even more satisfied than on the preceding evening with the resolution he had taken. I easily perceived that in spite of all his cunning, he had failed to discover the real motive which had induced Josephine to take so lively an interest respecting Murat's marriage with Caroline. Still Bonaparte's satisfaction plainly showed that his wife's eagerness for the marriage had removed all doubt in his mind of the falsity of the calumnious reports which had prevailed respecting her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage of Murat and Caroline was celebrated at the Luxembourg, but with great modesty.¹ The First Consul did not yet think that his family affairs were affairs of state. But previously to the celebration a little comedy was enacted in which I was obliged to take a part, and I will relate how.

At the time of the marriage of Murat Bonaparte had not much money, and therefore only gave his sister a dowry of 30,000 francs. Still, thinking it necessary to make her a marriage present, and not possessing the means to purchase a suitable one, he took a diamond necklace which belonged to his wife and gave it to the bride. Josephine was not at all pleased with this robbery, and taxed her wits to discover some means of replacing her necklace.

Josephine was aware that the celebrated jeweller Fonceur possessed a magnificent collection of fine pearls which had belonged, as he said, to the late Queen, Marie Antoinette. Having ordered them brought to her to examine them, she thought there were sufficient to make a very fine necklace. But to make the purchase 250,000 francs were required, and how to get them was the difficulty. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was then Minister of War. Ber-

¹ The marriage of Murat was celebrated in the Commune of Plailly, near Mortefontaine, in the department of the Oise (Joseph in *Erreurs*, tome i. p. 259.)

thier, after biting his nails according to his usual habit, set about the liquidation of the debts due for the hospital service in Italy with as much speed as possible; and as in those days the contractors whose claims were admitted overflowed with gratitude towards their patrons, through whom they obtained payment, the pearls soon passed from Fouché's shop to the casket of Madame Bonaparte.

The pearls being thus obtained, there was still another difficulty, which Madame Bonaparte did not at first think of, how was she to wear a necklace purchased without her husband's knowledge? Indeed it was the more difficult for her to do so as the First Consul knew very well that his wife had no money, and being, if I may be allowed the expression, something of the busybody, he knew, or believed he knew, all Josephine's jewels. The pearls were therefore condemned to remain more than a fortnight in Madame Bonaparte's casket without her daring to use them. What a punishment for a woman! At length her vanity overcame her prudence, and being unable to conceal the jewels any longer, she one day said to me, "Bourrienne, there is to be a large party here to-morrow, and I absolutely must wear my pearls. But you know he will grumble if he notices them. I beg, Bourrienne, that you will keep near me. If he asks me where I got my pearls I must tell him, without hesitation, that I have had them a long time."

Everything happened as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the pearls, did not fail to say to Madame, "What is it you have got there? How fine you are to-day! Where did you get these pearls? I think I never saw them before." "Oh! *mon Dieu!* you have seen them a dozen times! It is the necklace which the Cisalpine Republic gave me, and which I now wear in my hair." "But I think . . . Stay: ask Bourrienne, he will tell you." "Well, Bourrienne, what do you say to it? Do you recollect the necklace?" "Yes, General, I recollect very well seeing it before." This was not untrue, for Madame Bonaparte had previously shown me the pearls. Besides, she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine Republic,

but of incomparably less value than that purchased from Foncier. Josephine performed her part with charming dexterity, and I did not act amiss the character of accomplice assigned me in this little comedy. Bonaparte had no suspicions. When I saw the easy confidence with which Madame Bonaparte got through this scene, I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection on the readiness with which well-bred ladies can tell falsehoods without seeming to do so.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1800.

Police on police — False information — Dexterity of Fouché — Police agents deceived — Money ill applied — Inutility of political police — Bonaparte's opinion — General considerations — My appointment to the Préfecture of Police.

BEFORE taking up his quarters in the Tuileries the First Consul organized his secret police, which was intended, at the same time, to be the rival or check upon Fouché's police. Duroc and Moncey were at first the Directors of this police; afterwards, Davoust and Junot. Madame Bonaparte called this business a vile system of espionage. My remarks on the inutility of the measure were made in vain. Bonaparte had the weakness at once to fear Fouché and to think him necessary.¹ Fouché, whose talents at this trade are too well known to need my approbation, soon discovered this secret institution, and the names of all the subaltern agents employed by the chief agents. It is difficult to form an idea of the nonsense, absurdity, and falsehood contained in the bulletins drawn up by the noble and ignoble agents of the police.² I do not mean to enter into details on this nauseating subject; and I shall only trespass on the reader's patience by relating, though it be in anticipation, one fact which concerns myself, and which will prove that spies and their wretched reports cannot be too much distrusted.

During the second year of the Consulate we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a very large sum at his disposal for the secret police of the capital. He gave 3000

¹ Or the ability to understand his man and still to utilize him? — *Printer's Devil.*

² References to the bad effect of the secret police will be found in most of the memoirs of the time of Napoleon.

francs of it to a wretched manufacturer of bulletins; the remainder was expended on the police of his stable and his table. In reading one of these daily bulletins I saw the following lines:—

“ M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. He entered an hôtel of the Faubourg St. Germain, Rue de Varenne, and there, in the course of a very animated discussion, he gave it to be understood that the First Consul wished to make himself King.”

As it happens, I never had opened my mouth, either respecting what Bonaparte had said to me before we went to Egypt or respecting his other frequent conversations with me of the same nature, during this period of his Consulship. I may here observe, too, that I never quitted, or ever could quit Malmaison for a moment. At any time, by night or day, I was subject to be called for by the First Consul, and, as very often was the case, it so happened that on the night in question he had dictated to me notes and instructions until three o'clock in the morning.

Junot came every day to Malmaison at eleven o'clock in the morning. I called him that day into my cabinet, when I happened to be alone. “Have you not read your bulletin?” said I. — “Yes, I have.” — “Nay, that is impossible.” — “Why?” — “Because if you had, you would have suppressed an absurd story which relates to me.” — “Ah!” he replied, “I am sorry on your account, but I can depend on my agent, and I will not alter a word of his report.” I then told him all that had taken place on that night; but he was obstinate, and went away unconvinced.

Every morning I placed all the papers which the First Consul had to read on his table, and among the first was Junot's report. The First Consul entered and read it; on coming to the passage concerning me he began to smile. “Have you read this bulletin?” — “Yes, General.” — “What an ass that Junot is!” — “It is a long time since I have known that.” — “How he allows himself to be entrapped! Is he still here?” — “I believe so. I have just seen him, and made observations to him all in good part, but he would

hear nothing." — "Tell him to come here." When Bonaparte began — "Imbecile that you are! how can you send me such reports as these? Do you not realise? How shall I be sure that you will not compromise persons equally unjustly? I want positive facts, not insinuations. It is some time since your agent displeased me; displease me directly." Junot wanted to justify himself, but Bonaparte cut him short — "Enough! — It is settled!"

I related what had passed to Fouché, who told me that wishing to amuse himself at Junot's expense, who was his agent, he only picked up what they heard related in the houses, gaming-houses, and the Bourse, he had given credit to this absurd story which Junot had credited and repeated as he did many other foolish tales. Fouché often caught the police of the Palace in the snares he laid for them, and thus increased his own credit.

This circumstance, and others of the same nature, led the First Consul to attach less importance than he had attached to his secret police, which seldom reported any but false and silly stories. That wretched police! During that time I was with him it imbibed his life, and often operated against his wife, his relations, and his friends. Rapp, who was as frank as he was brave, tells in his *Memoirs* (p. 233) that when Napoleon, during his exile from Moscow, while before Smolensk, heard of the conduct of Mallet,² he could not get over the adventure of the police Minister, Savary, and the Prefect of Police, "Napoleon," says Rapp, "was not surprised that the wretches (he means the agents of the police) who occupied the *salons* and the taverns, who insinuate themselves everywhere and obstruct everything, should not have found out the truth; but he could not understand the weakness of the police of Rovigo. The very police which professed to divide the truth had let themselves be taken by surprise." The police possessed no foresight or faculty of prevention. E

¹ Bourrienne, it must be remembered, was a sufferer from the weakness of this police.

² For the conspiracy of Mallet, see farther on in this work for the year 1812.

thing that transpired was reported either from malice or stupidity. What was heard was misunderstood or distorted in the recital, so that the only result of the plan was mischief and confusion.

The police as a political engine is a dangerous thing. It fomented and encourages more false conspiracies than it discovers or defeats real ones. Napoleon has related "that M. de la Rochefoucauld formed at Paris a conspiracy in favor of the King, then at Mittau, the first act of which was to be the death of the Chief of the Government. The plot being discovered, a trusty person belonging to the police was ordered to join it and become one of the most active agents. He brought letters of recommendation from an old gentleman in Lorraine who had held a distinguished rank in the army of Condé. After this, what more can be wanted? A hundred examples could not better show the vileness of such a system. Napoleon, when fallen, himself thus disclosed the scandalous means employed by his Government.

Napoleon on one occasion, in the Isle of Elba, said to an officer who was conversing with him about France, "You believe, then, that the police agents foresee everything and know everything? They invent more than they discover. Mine, I believe, was better than that they have got now, and yet it was often only by mere chance, the imprudence of the parties implicated, or the treachery of some of them, that something was discovered after a week or fortnight's exertion." Napoleon, in directing this officer to transmit letters to him under the cover of a commercial correspondence, to quiet his apprehensions that the correspondence might be discovered, said, "Do you think, then, that all letters are opened at the post office? They would never be able to do so. I have often endeavored to discover what the correspondence was that passed under mercantile forms, but I never succeeded. The post office, like the police, catches only fools."

Since I am on the subject of political police, that leprosy of modern society, perhaps I may be allowed to overstep the order of time, and advert to its state even in the present day.

may be relied on. I shall not speak of the week during which I had to discharge the functions of Prefect of Police, namely, from the 13th to the 20th of March, 1815. It may be well supposed that though I had not held in abhorrence the infamous system which I have described, the important nature of the circumstances and the short period of my administration must have prevented me from making complete use of the means placed at my disposal. The dictates of discretion, which I consider myself bound to obey, forbid me giving proofs of what I advance. What it was necessary to do I accomplished without employing violent or vexatious means; and I can take on myself to assert that no one has cause to complain of me. Were I to publish the list of the persons I had orders to arrest, those of them who are yet living would be astonished that the only knowledge they had of my being the Prefect of Police was from the *Moniteur*. I obtained by mild measures, by persuasion, and reasoning what I could never have got by violence. I am not divulging any secrets of office, but I believe I am rendering a service to the public in pointing out what I have often observed while an unwilling confidant in the shameful manœuvres of that political institution.

The word *idéologue* was often in Bonaparte's mouth; and in using it he endeavored to throw ridicule on those men whom he fancied to have a tendency towards the doctrine of indefinite perfectibility. He esteemed them for their morality, yet he looked on them as dreamers seeking for the type of a universal constitution, and considering the character of man in the abstract only. The *idéologues*, according to him, looked for power in institutions; and that he called metaphysics. He had no idea of power except in direct force. All benevolent men who speculate on the amelioration of human society were regarded by Bonaparte as dangerous, because their maxims and principles were diametrically opposed to the harsh and arbitrary system he had adopted. He said that their hearts were better than their heads, and, far from wandering with them in abstractions, he always said that men were only to be governed by fear and interest.

The free expression of opinion through the press has been always regarded by those who are not led away by interest or power as useful to society. But Bonaparte held the liberty of the press in the greatest horror; and so violent was his passion when anything was urged in its favor that he seemed to labor under a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he was sorely afraid of little paragraphs.¹

¹ Joseph Bonaparte fairly enough remarks on this that such writings had done great harm in those extraordinary times (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 259). Metternich, writing in 1827 with distrust of the proceedings of Louis XVIII., quotes, with approval, Napoleon's sentiments on this point. "Napoleon, who could not have been wanting in the feeling of power, said to me, 'You see me master of France; well, I would not undertake to govern her for three months with liberty of the press!' Louis XVIII., apparently thinking himself stronger than Napoleon, is not content with allowing the press its freedom, but has embodied its liberty in the charter" (*Metternich*, tome iv. p. 391).

CHAPTER XXXII.

1800.

Successful management of parties—Precautions—Removal from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries—Hackney-coaches and the Consul's white horses—Royal custom and an inscription—The review—Bonaparte's homage to the standards—Talleyrand in Bonaparte's cabinet—Bonaparte's aversion to the cap of liberty even in painting—The state bed—Our cabinet.

OF the three brothers to whom the 18th Brumaire gave birth Bonaparte speedily declared himself the eldest, and hastened to assume all the rights of primogeniture. He soon arrogated to himself the whole power. The project he had formed, when he favored the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, was now about to be realized. It was then an indispensable part of his plan that the Directory should violate the constitution in order to justify a subsequent subversion of the Directory. The expressions which escaped him from time to time plainly showed that his ambition was not yet satisfied, and that the Consulship was only a state of probation preliminary to the complete establishment of monarchy. The Luxembourg was then discovered to be too small for the Chief of the Government, and it was resolved that Bonaparte should inhabit the Tuileries. Still great prudence was necessary to avoid the quicksands which surrounded him! He therefore employed great precaution in dealing with the susceptibilities of the Republicans, taking care to inure them gradually to the temperature of absolute power. But this mode of treatment was not sufficient; for such was Bonaparte's situation between the Jacobins and the Royalists that he could not strike a blow at one party without strengthening the other. He, however, contrived to solve this difficult problem, and weakened both

my government the Jacobins will again rise and bring back the reign of terror and its scaffold." To the men of the Revolution he, on the other hand, said, "See, the counter-Revolution appears, threatening reprisals and vengeance. It is ready to overwhelm you; my buckler can alone protect you from its attacks." Thus both parties were induced, from their mutual fear of each other, to attach themselves to Bonaparte; and while they fancied they were only placing themselves under the protection of the Chief of the Government, they were making themselves dependent on an ambitious man, who, gradually bending them to his will, guided them as he chose in his political career. He advanced with a firm step; but he never neglected any artifice to conceal, as long as possible, his designs.

I saw Bonaparte put in motion all his concealed springs; and I could not help admiring his wonderful address. But what most astonished me was the control he possessed over himself, in repressing any premature manifestation of his intentions which might prejudice his projects. Thus, for instance, he never spoke of the Tuileries but under the name of "the Palace of the Government," and he determined not to inhabit, at first, the ancient palace of the kings of France alone. He contented himself with selecting the royal apartments, and proposed that the Third Consul should also reside in the Tuileries, and in consequence he occupied the Pavilion of Flora. This skilful arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the designation of "Palace of the Government" given to the Tuileries, and was calculated to deceive, for a time, the most clear-sighted.

The moment for leaving the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte still used many deceptive precautions. The day fixed for the translation of the seat of government was the 30th Pluviôse, the previous day having been selected for publishing the account of the votes taken for the acceptance of the new Constitution. He had, besides, caused the insertion in the *Moniteur* of the eulogy on Washington, pronounced by M. de Fontanes, the *décadi* preceding, to be delayed for ten days. He thought that the day when he was about to take so

large a step towards monarchy would be well chosen for entertaining the people of Paris with grand ideas of liberty, and for coupling his own name with that of the founder of the free government of the United States.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th Pluviôse I entered, as usual, the chamber of the First Consul. He was in a profound sleep, and this was one of the days on which I had been desired to allow him to sleep a little longer than usual. I have often observed that General Bonaparte appeared much less moved when on the point of executing any great design than during the time of projecting it, so accustomed was he to think that what he had resolved on in his mind was already done.

When I returned to Bonaparte he said to me, with a marked air of satisfaction, "Well, Bourrienne, to-night, at last, we shall sleep in the Tuileries. You are better off than I; you are not obliged to make a spectacle of yourself, but may go your own road there. I must, however, go in procession: that disgusts me; but it is necessary to speak to the eyes. That has a good effect on the people. The Directory was too simple, and therefore never enjoyed any consideration. In the army simplicity is in its proper place; but in a great city, in a palace, the Chief of the Government must attract attention in every possible way, yet still with prudence. Josephine is going to look out from Lebrun's apartments; go with her, if you like; but go to the cabinet as soon as you see me alight from my horse."

I did not go to the review, but proceeded to the Tuileries, to arrange in our new cabinet the papers which it was my duty to take care of, and to prepare everything for the First Consul's arrival. It was not until the evening that I learned, from the conversation in the *salon*, where there was a numerous party, what had taken place in the course of the day.

At one o'clock precisely Bonaparte left the Luxembourg. The procession was, doubtless, far from approaching the magnificent parade of the Empire: but as much pomp was introduced as the state of things in France permitted. The

only real splendor of that period consisted in fine troops. Three thousand picked men, among whom was the superb regiment of the Guides, had been ordered out for the occasion: all marched in the greatest order, with music at the head of each corps. The generals and their staffs were on horseback, the Ministers in carriages, which were somewhat remarkable, as they were almost the only private carriages then in Paris, for hackney-coaches had been hired to convey the Council of State, and no trouble had been taken to alter them, except by pasting over the number a piece of paper of the same color as the body of the vehicle. The Consul's carriage was drawn by six white horses. With the sight of those horses was associated the recollection of days of glory and of peace, for they had been presented to the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy by the Emperor of Germany after the treaty of Campo-Formio. Bonaparte also wore the magnificent sabre given him by the Emperor Francis. With Cambacérès on his left, and Lebrun in the front of the carriage, the First Consul traversed a part of Paris, taking the Rue de Thionville, and the Quai Voltaire to the Pont Royale. Everywhere he was greeted by acclamations of joy, which at that time were voluntary, and needed not to be commanded by the police.

From the wicket of the Carrousel to the gate of the Tuileries the troops of the Consular Guard were formed in two lines, through which the procession passed—a royal custom, which made a singular contrast with an inscription in front of which Bonaparte passed on entering the courtyard. Two guard-houses had been built, one on the right, and another on the left of the centre gate. On the one to the right were written these words:

“THE TENTH OF AUGUST, 1792. — ROYALTY IN FRANCE
IS ABOLISHED; AND SHALL NEVER BE RE-ESTABLISHED !”

It was already re-established !

In the meantime the troops had been drawn up in line in

the courtyard. As soon as the Consul's carriage stopped Bonaparte immediately alighted, and mounted, or, to speak more properly, leaped on his horse, and reviewed his troops while the other two Consuls proceeded to the state apartments of the Tuileries, where the Council of State and the Ministers awaited them. A great many ladies, elegantly dressed in Greek costume, which was then the fashion, were seated with Madame Bonaparte at the windows of the Third Consul's apartments in the Pavilion of Flora. It is impossible to give an idea of the immense crowds which flowed in from all quarters. The windows looking to the Carrousel were let for very large sums; and everywhere arose, as if from one voice, shouts of "Long live the First Consul!" Who could help being intoxicated by so much enthusiasm?

Bonaparte prolonged the review for some time, passed down all the ranks, and addressed the commanders of corps in terms of approbation and praise. He then took his station at the gate of the Tuileries, with Murat on his right, and Lannes on his left, and behind him a numerous staff of young warriors whose complexions had been browned by the sun of Egypt and Italy, and who had been engaged in more battles than they numbered years. When the colors of the 96th, 43d, and 30th demi-brigades, or rather their flagstaves, surmounted by some shreds, riddled by balls and blackened by powder, passed before him, he raised his hat and inclined his head in token of respect. Every homage thus paid by a great captain to standards which had been mutilated on the field of battle was saluted by a thousand acclamations. When the troops had finished defiling before him the First Consul, with a firm step descended the stairs of the Tuileries.

The General's part being finished for the day, that of the Chief of the State began; and indeed it might already be said that the First Consul was the whole Consulate. At the risk of interrupting my narrative of what occurred on our arrival at the Tuileries by a digression which may be thought out of place, I will relate a fact which had no little weight in hastening Bonaparte's determination to assume a superiority over his colleagues. It may be remembered that when Roge

Ducos and Siéyès bore the title of Consul. The three members of the Consular commission were equal, it not in fact at least in right. But when Cambacérès and Lebrun took their place, Talleyrand, who had at the same time been appointed to succeed M. Reinhart as Minister of Foreign Affairs, obtained a private audience of the First Consul in his cabinet, to which I was admitted. The observation of Talleyrand on this occasion were highly agreeable to Bonaparte, and they made too deep an impression on my mind to allow me to forget them.

"Citizen Consul," said he to him, "you have confided to me the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, and I will justify your confidence; but I must declare to you that from this moment I will not transact business with any one but yourself. This determination does not proceed from any vain pride on my part, but is induced by a desire to serve France. In order that France may be well governed, in order that there may be a unity of action in the government, you must be First Consul, and the First Consul must have the control over all that relates directly to politics; that is to say, over the Ministry of the Interior, and the Ministry of Peace, for Internal Affairs, and over my department, for Foreign Affairs; and, lastly, over the two great means of execution, the military and naval forces. It will therefore be most convenient that the Ministers of those five departments should transact business with you. The Administration of Justice and the ordering of the Finances are objects certainly connected with State politics by numerous links, which, however, are not of so intimate a nature as those of the other department. If you will allow me, General, I should advise that the control over the Administration of Justice be given to the Second Consul, who is well versed in jurisprudence; and to the Third Consul, who is equally well acquainted with Finance, the control over that department. That will occupy and amuse them, and you, General, having at your disposal all the vital parts of the government, will be able to reach the end you aim at, the regeneration of France."

¹ Here may be recognized the first germ of the Arch-Chancellorship and Arch-Treasurership of the Empire. *Bourrienne*.

Bonaparte did not hear these remarkable words with indifference. They were too much in accordance with his own wishes to be listened to without pleasure; and he said soon as Talleyrand had taken leave, "Do you know, now, I think Talleyrand gives good advice. He is a great understanding." — "Such is the opinion," I said, "of all who know him." — "He is perfectly right," he added, smiling, "Talleyrand is evidently a man. He has penetrated my designs. What he knows I am anxious to do. But again I say, he gets on quicker by one's self. Lebrun is a man, but he has no policy in his head; he is a book-Cambacère's error with him too many traditions of revolution. My government must be an entirely new

Talleyrand's advice had been so punctually followed that on the occasion of the installation of the Consular government, while Bonaparte was receiving all the great military officers of the State in the hall of presentation, and Lebrun stood by more like spectators than two colleagues of the First Consul. The Minister of the Interior presented the civil authorities of the State, the Minister of War, the staff of the 17th military division, the Minister of Marine, several naval officers; and the Minister of the Consular Guard was presented by Murat. The Consular republicans were not exactly Spartans, the ceremony of the presentation was followed by grand dinner. The First Consul entertained at his table, the two Ministers, the Ministers, and the Presidents of the great departments of the State. Murat treated the heads of the army; the members of the Council of State, being again seated in hackney-coaches with covered numbers, drove off to the Tuileries.

During the renovation of the Tuileries we had frequently remarked that the repairs, or rather the whitewashing, Bonaparte had directed to be done, was executed. On a visit, seeing a number of red caps of liberty painted

MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

charge, "Get rid of all these things; I do not like to have a rubbish."

The First Consul gave directions himself for what little furniture he wanted in his own apartments. A state bed of Louis XVI. — was placed in the chamber next his on the south side, towards the grand staircase of the Tuileries of Flora. I may as well mention here that he very much occupied that bed, for Bonaparte was very simple in manner of living in private, and was not fond of state, as a means of imposing on mankind. At the Luxembourg at Malmaison, and during the first period that he occupied the Tuileries, Bonaparte, if I may speak in the language of common life, always slept with his wife.¹ He went every evening down to Josephine by a small staircase leading to a wardrobe attached to his cabinet, and which had formerly been the chapel of Maria de Medici. I never went to Bonaparte's bedchamber but by this staircase; and when I came to our cabinet it was always by the wardrobe which I have mentioned. The door opened opposite the only window of our room, and it commanded a view of the garden. Behind our cabinet, where so many great, and also small conspiracies were prepared, and where I passed so many hours of my life, I can, even now, give the most minute description of those who like such details.²

The conversation with Madame de Remusat on this subject is to be found in tome i. p. 213.

This description may be compared that given by Benardine's friend, Meneval, of the cabinet in 1802.

The room of which he had made his cabinet was not very large. It was a single window cut in a corner, and which looked out on the garden. The chief piece of furniture was a magnificent bureau placed in the middle of the room, ornamented with gilt-bronze and supported by four lions. Its top formed a sort of square box with a cover sliding into it, so that it could be shut without disturbing the papers. The bureau was of antique shape, and its back was covered with green leather, the edges tied with silk cords. Its arms ended in gilded handles. The First Consul generally only sat at his desk to sign papers. More often he reclined on a sofa covered with green taffeta. Near this was a small table which received the day's correspondence. It was only taken away to

There were two tables. The best, which was the First Consul's, stood in the middle of the room, and his arm-chair was turned with its back to the fireplace, having the window on the right. To the right of this again was a little closet where Duroc sat, through which we could communicate with the clerk of the office and the grand apartments of the Court. When the First Consul was seated at his table in his chair (the arms of which he so frequently mutilated with his pen-knife) he had a large bookcase opposite to him. A little to the right, on one side of the bookcase, was another door, opening into the cabinet which led directly to the state bed-chamber which I have mentioned. Thence we passed into the grand Presentation Saloon, on the ceiling of which Lebrun had painted a likeness of Louis XIV. A tri-colored cockade placed on the forehead of the great King still bore witness of the imbecile turpitude of the Convention. Lastly came the hall of the Guards, in front of the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora.

My writing-table, which was extremely plain, stood near the window, and in summer I had a view of the thick foliage of the chestnut-trees; but in order to see the promenaders in the garden I was obliged to raise myself from my seat. My back was turned to the General's side, so that it required only a slight movement of the head to speak to each other. Duroc was seldom in his little cabinet, and that was the place where I gave some audiences. The Consular cabinet, which afterwards became the Imperial, has left many impressions on my mind; and I hope the reader, in going through these volumes, will not think that they have been of too slight a description.

with the exception of the bureau bought at the Exhibition of the Products of Industry, as the masterpiece of the skilful workman Biennais, was the modest furniture of the Consular cabinet. In it, as in everything that had to do with the person of Napoleon, was shown the simplicity of his tastes" (*Meneval*, tome i. pp. 79, 80).

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1800.

The Tuileries -- Royalty in perspective -- Remarkable observation -- Presentations -- Assumption of the prerogative of mercy -- M. Delon -- M. de Frotte -- Georges Cadoudal's audience of Bonaparte -- Rapp's precaution and Bonaparte's confidence -- The dignity of France -- Napper Tandy and Blackwell delivered up by the Senate of Hamburg -- Contention in the Egyptian style -- Valueless bill -- Fifteen thousand francs in the drawer of a *secrétaire* -- Josephine's debts -- Evening walks with Bonaparte.

THE morning after that ardently wished-for day on which we took possession of the Palace of the Kings of France I observed to Bonaparte on entering his chamber, "Well, General, you have got here without much difficulty, and with the applause of the people! Do you remember what you said to me in the Rue St. Anne nearly two years ago?" "Ay, true enough, I recollect. You see what it is to have the mind set on a thing. Only two years have gone by! Don't you think we have not worked hard since that time?" Upon the whole I am very well content. Yesterday passed off well. Do you imagine that all those who came to flatter me were sincere? No, certainly not; but the joy of the people was real. They know what is right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds: on the 17th Brumaire at 11 francs, on the 20th at 16 and today at 21. In such a state of things I may let the Jacobins prate as they like. But let them not talk too loudly either!"

As soon as he was dressed we went to look through the Gallery of Diana and examine the statues which had been placed there by his orders. We ended our morning's work by taking complete possession of our new residence. I recollect Bonaparte saying to me, among other things, "To be at the Tuileries, Bourrienne, is not all. We must stay here. Who, in Heaven's name, has not already inhabited this palace? Ruffians, conventionalists! But hold! there is your

...meries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried off !
But be assured they will not come here again !”

The Ambassadors and other foreign Ministers then in Paris were presented to the First Consul at a solemn audience. On this occasion all the ancient ceremonials belonging to the French Court were raked up, and in place of chamberlains and a grand master of ceremonies, a Counsellor of State, M. Benezech, who was once Minister for Foreign Affairs, officiated.

When the Ambassadors had all arrived M. Benezech conducted them into the cabinet, in which were the three Consuls, the Ministers, and the Council of State. The Ambassadors presented their credentials to the First Consul, who handed them to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. These presentations were followed by others; for example, the Tribunal of Cassation, over which the old advocate, Target, who refused to defend Louis XVI., then presided. All this passed in view of the three Consuls; but the circumstance which distinguished the First Consul from his colleagues was, that the official personages, on leaving the audience-chamber, were conducted to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, in imitation of the old practice of waiting on the Queen after presentation to the King.¹

¹ The details of this scene, as described by Constant, are curious:—

“At eight in the evening the apartments of Madame Bonaparte, which were situated on the ground-floor, overlooking the gardens, were crowded with company. There was a dazzling display of splendid dresses, feathers, diamonds, etc. So numerous was the throng that it was found necessary to throw open Madame Bonaparte's bedchamber, the two drawing-rooms being very small.

“When, after considerable embarrassment and trouble, the company were arranged as well as possible, Madame Bonaparte was announced, and she entered, conducted by M. de Talleyrand. She wore a dress of white muslin, with short sleeves, a pearl necklace, and her hair was simply braided, and confined by a tortoiseshell comb. The buzz of admiration which greeted her on her entrance must have been exceedingly gratifying to her. She never, I think, looked more graceful or elegant.

“M. de Talleyrand, still holding Madame Bonaparte by the hand, presented her to the members of the *corps diplomatique*, one after another, not introducing them by name, but designating them by the Courts they represented. He then conducted her round the two drawing-rooms. They had not gone above half round the second room when the First Consul entered, without being announced. He was dressed in a very plain uniform coat, white cassimir pantaloons, and top-boots. Round his waist he wore a tri-colored silk scarf, with a fringe to correspond; and he carried his hat in his hand. Amidst the embroidered coats, cordons, and jewels of the Ambassa-

Thus old customs of royalty crept by degrees into the former abodes of royalty. Amongst the rights attached to the Crown, and which the Constitution of the year VIII. did not give to the First Consul, was one which he much desired to possess, and which, by the most happy of all usurpations he arrogated to himself.¹ This was the right of granting pardon. Bonaparte felt a real pleasure in saving men under the sentence of the law; and whenever the imperious necessity of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed everything permitted it, he rejoiced in the exercise of mercy. It would seem as if he were thankful to the persons to whom he rendered such service merely because he had given them occasion to be thankful to him. Such was the First Consul. I do not speak of the Emperor. Bonaparte, the First Consul, was accessible to the solicitations of friendship in favor of persons placed under proscription. The following circumstance, which interested me much, affords an incontestable proof of what I state:—

Whilst we were still at the Luxembourg M. Defeu, a French emigrant, was taken in the Tyrol with arms in his hand by the troops of the Republic. He was carried to Grenoble, and thrown into the military prison of that town. In the course of January General Périno, then commanding at Grenoble, received orders to put the young emigrant on his trial. The laws against emigrants taken in arms were terrible, and the judges dared not be indulgent. To be tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day, and shot in the evening, was the usual course of those implacable proceedings. One of my cousins, the daughter of M. Poitricourt, came from Sens to Paris to inform me of the dreadful situation of M. Defeu. She told me that he was related to the most respectable families of the town of Sens, and that everybody felt the greatest interest in his fate.

dors and foreign dignitaries, Bonaparte's costume appeared no less singular than the contrast presented by the simple elegance of Josephine's dress compared with the splendor of the ladies around her" (*Mémoires de Constant*).

¹ For a previous instance of Napoleon, while simply general, taking on himself the right of pardon, see p. 124. Lanfrey says on this, "How happy and blessed would have been his memory if he had never broken the laws of his country except by similar acts" (*Lanfrey*, tome i. p. 365).

I had escaped for a few moments to keep the appointment made with Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On my return I perceived the First Consul surprised at finding himself alone in the cabinet, which I was not in the habit of quitting without his knowledge. "Where have you been?" said he. "I have been to see one of my relations, who solicits a favor of you." — "What is it?" I then informed him of the unfortunate situation of M. Defeu. His first answer was dreadful. "No pity! no pity for emigrants! Whoever fights against his country is a child who tries to kill his mother!" This first burst of anger being over, I returned to the charge. I urged the youth of M. Defeu, and the good effect which clemency would produce. "Well," said he, "write —

"The First Consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended."

He signed this laconic order, which I instantly despatched to General Férino. I acquainted my cousin with what had passed, and remained at ease as to the result of the affair.

Scarcely had I entered the chamber of the First Consul the next morning when he said to me, "Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing about your M. Defeu. Are you satisfied?" — "General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude." — "Ah, bah! But I do not like to do things by halves. Write to Férino that I wish M. Defeu to be instantly set at liberty. Perhaps I am serving one who will prove ungrateful. Well, so much the worse for him. As to these matters, Bourrienne, always ask them from me. When I refuse, it is because I cannot help it."

I despatched at my own expense an extraordinary courier, who arrived in time to save M. Defeu's life. His mother, whose only son he was, and M. Blanchet, his uncle, came purposely from Sens to Paris to express their gratitude to me. I saw tears of joy fall from the eyes of a mother who had appeared to be destined to shed bitter drops, and I said to her as I felt, "that I was amply recompensed by the success which had attended my efforts."¹

¹ M. Defeu, thus snatched from death, was afterwards the father of three children, and lived for many years in tranquillity at Sens. — *Bourrienne.*

Emboldened by this success, and by the benevolent language of the First Consul, I ventured to request the pardon of M. de Frotté, who was strongly recommended to me by most honorable persons. Comte Louis de Frotté had at first opposed all negotiation for the pacification of La Vendée. At length, by a series of unfortunate combats, he was, toward the end of January, reduced to the necessity of making himself the advances which he had rejected when made by others. At this period he addressed a letter to General Guidal, in which he offered pacificatory proposals. A protection to enable him to repair to Alençon was transmitted to him. Unfortunately for M. de Frotté, he did not confine himself to writing to General Guidal, for whilst the safe-conduct which he had asked was on the way to him, he wrote to his lieutenants, advising them not to submit or consent to be disarmed. This letter was intercepted. It gave all the appearance of a fraudulent stratagem to his proposal to treat for peace. Besides, this opinion appeared to be confirmed by a manifesto of M. de Frotté, anterior, it is true, to the offers of pacification, but in which he announced to all his partisans the approaching end of Bonaparte's "criminal enterprise."

I had more trouble than in M. Defen's case to induce the First Consul to exercise his clemency. However, I pressed him so much, I labored so hard to convince him of the happy effect of such indulgence, that at length I obtained an order to suspend the judgment. What a lesson I then experienced of the evils which may result from the loss of time! Not supposing that matters were so far advanced as they were, I did not immediately send off the courier with the order for the suspension of the judgment. Besides, the Minister of Police had marked his victim, and he never lost time when evil was to be done. Having, therefore, I know not for what motive, resolved on the destruction of M. de Frotté, he sent an order to hasten his trial.

Comte Louis de Frotté was brought to trial on the 28th Pluviôse, condemned the same day, and executed the next morning, the day before we entered the Tuileries. The cruel precipitation of the Minister rendered the result of my solici-

abortive. I had reason to think that after the day on which the First Consul granted me the order for delay he had some new accusation against M. de Frotté, for when word of his death he appeared to me very indifferent to the tardy arrival of the order for suspending judgment. He only said to me, with unusual insensibility, "You take your measures better. You see it is not my

which Bonaparte put no faith in the virtue of men, he had no care in their honor. I had proof of this in a matter which deserves to be recorded in history. When, during the period of our abode at the Tuileries, he had summoned principal chiefs of La Vendée to endeavor to bring about the pacification of that unhappy country, he received Georges Danton in a private audience. The disposition in which I found him the evening before the day appointed for this interview inspired me with the most flattering hopes. Rapp introduced Georges into the grand *salon* looking into the garden. Rapp left him alone with the First Consul, but on going to the cabinet where I was, he did not close either of the two doors of the state bedchamber which separated the cabinet from the *salon*. We saw the First Consul and Georges walk from the window to the bottom of the *salon* — then turn — then go back again. This lasted for a long time. The conversation appeared very animated, and we heard several things, but without any connection. There was really a good deal of ill-humor displayed in their tones and gestures. The interview ended in nothing. The First Consul, perceiving that Georges entertained some apprehensions for his personal safety, gave him assurances of security in the most noble manner, saying, "You take a wrong view of the matter, and are wrong in not coming to some understanding with us; if you persist in wishing to return to your country we will let you depart as freely as you came to Paris." When Bonaparte returned to his cabinet he said to Rapp, "Tell me, Rapp, did you leave these doors open, and stopped with Bourrienne?" Rapp replied, "If you had closed the doors I would have closed them again. Do you think I would have left

you alone with a man like that ? There would have been danger in it." - " No, Rapp," said Bonaparte, " you cannot think so." When we were alone the First Consul appeared pleased with Rapp's attachment, but very vexed at Georges's refusal. He said, " He does not take a correct view of things ; but the extravagance of his principles has its source in noble sentiments, which must give him great influence over his countrymen. It is necessary, however, to bring this business soon to an end."

Of all the actions of Louis XIV., that which Bonaparte most admired was his having made the Doge of Genoa send ambassadors to Paris to apologize to him. The slightest insult offered in a foreign country to the rights and dignity of France put Napoleon beside himself. This anxiety to have the French Government respected exhibited itself in an affair which made much noise at the period, but which was amicably arranged by the soothing influence of gold.

Two Irishmen, Napper Tandy and Blackwell, who had been educated in France, and whose names and rank as officers appeared in the French army list, had retired to Hamburg. The British Government claimed them as traitors to their country, and they were given up ;¹ but as the French Government held them to be subjects of France, the transaction gave rise to bitter complaints against the Senate of Hamburg.

Blackwell had been one of the leaders of the united Irishmen. He had procured his naturalization in France, and had attained the rank of *chef d'escadron*. Being sent on a secret mission to Norway, the ship in which he was embarked was wrecked on the coast of that kingdom. He then repaired to Hamburg, where the Senate placed him under arrest on the demand of Mr. Crawford, the English Minister. After being detained in prison a whole year he was conveyed to England to be tried. The French Government interfered, and preserved, if not his liberty, at least his life.

Napper Tandy was also an Irishman. To escape the search made after him on account of the sentiments of independence

¹ The Russian and Austrian Governments seconded the demand of England for their surrender.

had induced him to engage in the contest for the liberty of his country, he got on board a French brig, intending to sail at Hamburg and pass into Sweden. Being exempted from the amnesty by the Irish Parliament, he was claimed by the British Government, and the Senators of Hamburg forgot their policy and humanity in their alarm at the danger which at that moment menaced their little republic both from England and France. The Senate delivered up Napper Tandy; he was sent back to Ireland, and condemned to death, but owed the suspension of his execution to the interference of France. He remained two years in prison, when M. Otto, who negotiated with Lord Hawkesbury the preliminaries of peace, secured the release of Napper Tandy, who was sent back to Ireland.

The First Consul spoke at first of signal vengeance; but the Senate of Hamburg sent him a memorial, justificatory of the conduct, and backed the apology with a sum of four millions and a half, which mollified him considerably.¹ This was the sort of a recollection of Egypt—one of those little concessions with which the general had familiarized the pachas; his difference, that on the present occasion not a single franc went into the national treasury. The sum was paid to the First Consul through the hands of M. Chapeau Rouge.

He paid the four millions and a half in Dutch bonds in a fortnight for a week. Bonaparte then determined to discharge them; after paying Josephine's debts, and the whole of the great expenses incurred at Malmaison, he dictated to a list of persons to whom he wished to make presents. The name did not escape his lips, and consequently I had not time to transcribe it; but some time after he said to me with the most engaging kindness, "Bourrienne, I have repaid you none of the money which came from Hamburg, but I will make you amends for it." He took from his drawer a large and broad sheet of printed paper, with blanks filled

with a solemn deputation from the Senate arrived at the Tuileries to make apologies to Napoleon. He again testified his indignation; and when they urged their weakness he said to them, "Well! and had you not the force of weak States? was it not in your power to let them escape?" (*on's Memoirs*).

up in his own handwriting, and said to me, "Here is a bill, for 300,000 Italian livres on the Cisalpine Republic, for the price of cannon furnished. It is indorsed Haller and Collot.

I give it to you." To make this understood, I ought to state that cannon had been sold to the Cisalpine Republic, for the value of which the Administrator-general of the Italian finances drew on the Republic, and the bills were paid over to M. Collot, a provision contractor, and other persons. M. Collot had given one of these bills for 300,000 livres to Bonaparte, in quittance of a debt, but the latter had allowed the bill to run out without troubling himself about it. The Cisalpine Republic kept the cannons and the money, and the First Consul kept his bill. When I had examined it I said, "General, it has been due for a long time; why have you not got it paid? The indorsers are no longer liable." "France is bound to discharge debts of this kind," said he; "send the paper to de Fermont: he will discount it for 3 per cent. You will not have in ready money more than about 9000 francs of rentes, because the Italian livre is not equal to the franc." I thanked him, and sent the bill to M. de Fermont. He replied that the claim was bad, and that the bill would not be liquidated because it did not come within the classifications made by the laws passed in the months the names of which terminated in *aire*, *use*, *al*, and *or*.

I showed M. de Fermont's answer to the First Consul, who said, "Ah, bah! He understands nothing about it—he is wrong: write." He then dictated a letter which promised very favorably for the discounting of the bill; but the answer was a fresh refusal. I said, "General, M. de Fermont does not attend to you any more than to myself." Bonaparte took the letter, read it, and said, in the tone of a man who knew beforehand what he was about to be informed of, "Well, what the devil would you have me do, since the laws are opposed to it? Persevere; follow the usual modes of liquidation, and something will come of it!" What finally happened was, that by a regular decree this bill was cancelled, torn, and deposited in the archives. These 300,000 livres formed part of the money which Bonaparte brought from Italy. If the

ill was useless to me it was also useless to him. This scrap of paper merely proves that he brought more than 25,000 francs from Italy.

I never had, from the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy, nor from the General-in-Chief of the army of Egypt, nor from the First Consul for ten years, nor from the Consul for life, any fixed salary. I took from his drawer what was necessary for my expenses as well as his own. He never asked me for any account. After the transaction of the bill in the insolvent Cisalpine Republic he said to me, at the beginning of the winter of 1800, "Bourrienne, the weather is becoming bad; I will go but seldom to Malmaison. Whilst I am at council get my papers and little articles from Malmaison; here is the key of my *secrétaire*, take out everything that is there." I got into the carriage at two o'clock and returned at six. When he had dined I placed upon the table of his cabinet the various articles which I had found in his *secrétaire* including 15,000 francs (somewhere about £600 of English money) in bank-notes which were in the corner of a little drawer. When he looked at them he said, "Here is money — what is the meaning of this?" I replied, "I know nothing about it except that it was in your *secrétaire*." — "Oh yes; I had forgotten it. It was for my trifling expenses. Here, take it." I remembered well that one summer morning he had given me his key to bring him two notes of 1000 francs for some incidental expense, but I had no idea that he had not drawn further on his little treasure.

I have stated the appropriation of the four millions and a half, the result of the extortion inflicted on the Senate of Hamburg, in the affair of Napper Tandy and Blackwell. The whole, however, was not disposed of in presents. A considerable portion was reserved for paying Josephine's debts, and this business appears to me to deserve some remarks.

The estate of Malmaison had cost 160,000 francs. Josephine had purchased it of M. Lecouteux while we were in Egypt. Many embellishments, and some new buildings, had been made there; and a park had been added, which had now become beautiful. All this could not be done for nothing,

and besides, it was very necessary that what was due for the original purchase should be entirely discharged; and this considerable item was not the only debt of Josephine. The creditors murmured, which had a bad effect in Paris; and I confess I was so well convinced that the First Consul would be extremely displeased that I constantly delayed the moment of speaking to him on the subject. It was therefore with extreme satisfaction I learned that M. de Talleyrand had anticipated me. No person was more capable than himself of gilding the pill, as one may say, for Bonaparte. Endowed with as much independence of character as of mind, he did him the service, at the risk of offending him, to tell him that a great number of creditors expressed their discontent in bitter complaints respecting the debts contracted by Madame Bonaparte, during his expedition to the East. Bonaparte felt that his situation required him promptly to remove the cause of such complaints. It was one night about half-past eleven o'clock that M. Talleyrand introduced this delicate subject. As soon as he was gone I entered the little cabinet; Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, Talleyrand has been speaking to me about the debts of my wife. I have the money from Hamburg—ask her the exact amount of her debts; let her confess all. I wish to finish, and not begin again. But do not pay without showing me the bills of those rascals; they are a gang of robbers."

Hitherto the apprehension of an unpleasant scene, the very idea of which made Josephine tremble, had always prevented me from broaching this subject to the First Consul; but, well pleased that Talleyrand had first touched upon it, I resolved to do all in my power to put an end to the disagreeable affair.

The next morning I saw Josephine. She was at first delighted with her husband's intentions; but this feeling did not last long. When I asked her for an exact account of what she owed she entreated me not to press it, but content myself with what she should confess. I said to her, "Madame, I cannot deceive you respecting the disposition of the First Consul. He believes that you owe a considerable sum, and is willing to discharge it. You will, I doubt not, have

to endure some bitter reproaches, and a violent scene; but the scene will be just the same for the whole as for a part. If you conceal a large proportion of your debts, at the end of some time murmurs will recommence, they will reach the ears of the First Consul, and his anger will display itself still more strikingly. Trust to me — state all; the result will be the same; you will hear but once the disagreeable things he will say to you; by reservations you will renew them incessantly.” Josephine said, “I can never tell all; it is impossible. Do me the service to keep secret what I say to you. I owe, I believe, about 1,200,000 francs, but I wish to confess only 600,000: I will contract no more debts, and will pay the rest little by little out of my savings.” — “Here, Madame, my first observations recur. As I do not believe he estimates your debts at so high a sum as 600,000 francs, I can warrant that you will not experience more displeasure for acknowledging to 1,200,000 than to 600,000; and by going so far you will get rid of them forever.” — “I can never do it, Bourrienne; I know him; I can never support his violence.” After a quarter of an hour’s further discussion on the subject, I was obliged to yield to her earnest solicitations, and promise to mention only the 600,000 francs to the First Consul.

The anger and ill humor of Bonaparte may be imagined. He strongly suspected that his wife was dissembling in some respect; but he said, “Well, take 600,000 francs, but liquidate the debts for that sum, and let me hear nothing more on the subject. I authorize you to threaten these tradesmen with paying nothing if they do not reduce their enormous charges. They ought to be taught not to be so ready in giving credit.” Madame Bonaparte gave me all her bills. The extent to which the articles had been overcharged, owing to the fear of not being paid for a long period, and of deductions being made from the amount, was inconceivable. It appeared to me, also, that there must be some exaggeration in the number of articles supplied. I observed in the milliner’s bill thirty-eight new hats, of great price, in one month. There was likewise a charge of 1800 francs for heron plumes, 800 francs for perfumes. I asked Josephine whether

wore out two hats in one day ? She objected to this charge for hats, which she merely called a mistake. The impositions which the saddler attempted, both in the extravagance of his prices and in charging for articles which he had not furnished, were astonishing. I need say nothing of the other tradesmen — it was the same system of plunder throughout.

I availed myself fully of the First Consul's permission, and spared neither reproaches nor menaces. I am ashamed to say that the greater part of the tradesmen were contented with the half of what they demanded. One of them received 35,000 francs for a bill of 80,000 ; and he had the impudence to tell me that he made a good profit nevertheless. Finally, I was fortunate enough, after the most vehement disputes, to settle everything for 600,000 francs. Madame Bonaparte, however, soon fell again into the same excesses, but fortunately money became more plentiful. This inconceivable mania of spending money was almost the sole cause of her unhappiness. Her thoughtless prodigality occasioned permanent disorder in her household until the period of Bonaparte's second marriage, when, I am informed, she became regular in her expenditure. I could not say so of her when she was Empress in 1804.¹

The amiable Josephine had not less ambition in little things than her husband had in great. She felt pleasure in acquiring and not in possessing. Who would suppose it ? She grew tired of the beauty of the park of Malmaison, and was always asking me to take her out on the high road, either

¹ Notwithstanding her husband's wish, she could never bring her establishment into any order or rule. He wished that no tradesman should ever reach her, but he was forced to yield on this point. The small inner rooms were filled with them, as with artists of all sorts. She had a mania for having herself painted, and gave her portraits to whoever wished for one, — relations, *femmes de chambre*, even to tradesmen. They never ceased bringing her diamonds, jewels, shawls, materials for dresses, and trinkets of all kinds: she bought everything without ever asking the price, and generally forgot what she had purchased. . . . All the morning she had on a shawl which she draped on her shoulders with a grace I have seen in no one else. Bonaparte, who thought her shawls covered her too much, tore them off, and sometimes threw them into the fire, then she went for another (*Résumé*, tome ii. pp. 343-345). After the divorce, her income, large as it was, was insufficient, but the Emperor was more compassionate then, and when sending the Comte Mollin to settle her affairs gave him strict orders "not to make her weep" (*Mémoires*, tome iii. p. 237).

in the direction of Nanterre, or on that of Marly, in the midst of the dust occasioned by the passing of carriages. The noise of the high road appeared to her preferable to the calm silence of the beautiful avenues of the park, and in this respect Hortense had the same taste as her mother. This whimsical fancy astonished Bonaparte, and he was sometimes vexed at it. My intercourse with Josephine was delightful, for I never saw a woman who so constantly entered society with such an amiable disposition, or with so much of the spirit of kindness, which is the first principle of amiability. She was so obligingly attentive as to cause a pretty suite of apartments to be prepared at Malmaison for me and my family. She pressed me earnestly, and with all her known grace, to accept it; but I was almost as much a captive at Paris as a prisoner of state, I wished to have to myself in the country the moments of liberty I was permitted to enjoy. Yet what was this liberty? I had bought a little house at Ruel, which I kept during two years and a half. When I saw my friends there, it had to be at midnight, or at five o'clock in the morning; and the First Consul would often send for me in the night when couriers arrived. It was for this sort of liberty I refused Josephine's offer. Bonaparte came once to see me at my retreat at Ruel, but Josephine and Hortense came often. It was a favorite walk with these ladies.

At Paris I was less frequently absent from Bonaparte than at Malmaison. We sometimes in the evening walked together in the garden of the Tuileries after the gates were closed. In these evening walks he always wore a gray great-coat, and a round hat. I was directed to answer, "The First Consul," to the sentinel's challenge of "Who goes there?" These promenades, which were of much benefit to Bonaparte, and were also, as a relaxation from our labors, resembled those which we had at Malmaison. As to our promenades in the city, they were often very amusing.

At the period of our first inhabiting the Tuileries, when I saw Bonaparte enter the cabinet at eight o'clock in the evening in his gray coat, I knew he would say, "Bourrienne, come and take a turn." Sometimes, then, instead of going out by

the garden arcade, we would take the little gate which leads from the court to the apartments of the Duc d'Angoulême. He would take my arm, and we would go to buy articles of trifling value in the shops of the Rue St. Honoré; but we did not extend our excursions farther than Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Whilst I made the shopkeeper exhibit before us the articles which I appeared anxious to buy he played his part in asking questions. Nothing was more amusing than to see him endeavoring to imitate the careless and jocular tone of the young men of fashion. How awkward was he in the attempt to put on dandy airs when pulling up the corners of his cravat he would say, "Well, Madame, is there anything new to-day? Citizen, what say they of Bonaparte? Your shop appears to be well supplied. You surely have a great deal of custom. What do people say of that buffoon, Bonaparte?" He was made quite happy one day when we were obliged to retire hastily from a shop to avoid the attacks drawn upon us by the irreverent tone in which Bonaparte spoke of the First Consul.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1800.

War and monuments — Influence of the recollections of Egypt — First improvements in Paris — Malmaison too little — St. Cloud taken — The Pont des Arts — Business prescribed for me by Bonaparte — Pecuniary remuneration — The First Consul's visit to the Pritanée — His examination of the pupils — Consular pensions — Tragical death of Miackzinski — Introduction of vaccination — Recall of the members of the Constituent Assembly — The "canary" volunteers — Tronchet and Target — Liberation of the Austrian prisoners — Longchamps and sacred music — ANNEX.

THE destruction of men and the construction of monuments were two things perfectly in unison in the mind of Bonaparte. It may be said that his passion for monuments almost equalled his passion for war;¹ but as in all things he disliked what was little and mean, so he liked vast constructions and great battles. The sight of the colossal ruins of the monuments of Egypt had not a little contributed to augment his natural taste for great structures. It was not so much the monuments themselves that he admired, but the historical recollections they perpetuate, the great names they consecrate, the important events they attest. What should he have cared for the column which we beheld on our arrival in Alexandria had it not been Pompey's pillar? It is for artists to admire or censure its proportions and ornaments, for men of learning to explain its inscriptions; but the name of Pompey renders it an object of interest to all.

When endeavoring to sketch the character of Bonaparte I ought to have noticed his taste for monuments, for without

¹ Take pleasure, if you can, in reading your returns. The good condition of my armies is owing to my devoting to them one or two hours, in every day. When the monthly returns of my armies and of my fleets, *which form twenty thick volumes*, are sent to me, I give up every other occupation in order to read them in detail and to observe the difference between one monthly return and another. No young girl enjoys her novel so much as I do these returns! (*Napoleon to Joseph*, 20th August, 1806. — *Du Cassé*, tome iii. p. 145).

this characteristic trait something essential is wanting to the completion of the portrait. This taste, or, as it may more properly be called, this passion for monuments, exercised no small influence on his thoughts and projects of glory; yet it did not deter him from directing attention to public improvements of a less ostentatious kind. He wished for great monuments to perpetuate the recollection of his glory; but at the same time he knew how to appreciate all that was truly useful. He could very rarely be reproached for rejecting any plan without examination; and this examination was a speedy affair, for his natural tact enabled him immediately to see things in their proper light.

Though most of the monuments and embellishments of Paris are executed from the plans of men of talent, yet some owe their origin to circumstances merely accidental. Of this I can mention an example.

I was standing at the window of Bonaparte's cabinet, which looked into the garden of the Tuileries. He had gone out, and I took advantage of his absence to rise from my chair, for I was tired of sitting. He had scarcely been gone a minute when he unexpectedly returned to ask me for a paper. "What are you doing there, Bourrienne? I'll wager anything you are admiring the ladies walking on the terrace." — "Why, I must confess I do sometimes amuse myself in that way," replied I; "but I assure you, General, I was now thinking of something else. I was looking at that villanous left bank of the Seine, which always annoys me with the gaps in its dirty quay, and the floodings which almost every inter prevent communication with the Faubourg St. Germain, and I was thinking I would speak to you on the subject." He approached the window, and, looking out, said, 'You are right, it is very ugly; and very offensive to see dirty linen washed before our windows. Here, write immediately: 'The quay of the *École de Natation* is to be finished during the next campaign.' Send that order to the Minister of the Interior." The quay was finished the year following.

As an instance of the enormous difference which frequently appears between the original estimates of architects and their

sequent accounts I may mention what occurred in relation to the Palace of St. Cloud. But I must first say a word about the manner in which Bonaparte originally refused and afterwards took possession of the Queen's pleasure house. Malmaison was a suitable country residence for Bonaparte as long as he remained content with his town apartments in the Little Luxembourg; but that Consular *bagatelle* was too confined in comparison with the spacious apartments in the Tuileries. The inhabitants of St. Cloud, well-advised, addressed a petition to the Legislative Body, praying that their deserted chateau might be made the summer residence of the First Consul. The petition was referred to the Government; but Bonaparte, who was not yet Consul for life, proudly declared that so long as he was at the head of affairs, and, indeed, for ever afterwards, he would accept no national recompense. Some time after we went to visit the palace of the 18th century. Bonaparte liked it exceedingly, but all was in a state of complete dilapidation. It bore evident marks of the revolution. The First Consul did not wish, as yet, to burden the budget of the State with his personal expenses, and he was alarmed at the enormous sum required to render St. Cloud habitable. Flattery had not yet arrived at the degree of proficiency which it subsequently attained; but even then the flatterers boldly assured him he might take possession of St. Cloud for 25,000 francs. I told the First Consul that, considering the ruinous state of the place, I could venture to say that the expense would amount to more than 1,200,000 francs. Bonaparte determined to have a regular estimate of the expense, and it amounted to nearly 3,000,000. He thought it a great sum; but as he had resolved to make St. Cloud his residence he gave orders for commencing the repairs, the expense of which, independently of the furniture, amounted to 6,000,000. So much for the 3,000,000 of the architect and the 25,000 francs of the flatterers.

When the First Consul contemplated the building of the Institut des Arts we had a long conversation on the subject. I observed that it would be much better to build the bridge of peace. "The first object of monuments of this kind," said I,

"is public utility. They require solidity of appearance, and their principal merit is duration. I cannot conceive, General, why, in a country where there is abundance of fine stone of every quality, the use of iron should be preferred."—"Write," said Bonaparte, "to Fontaine and Percier, the architects, and ask what they think of it." I wrote and they stated in their answer that "bridges were intended for public utility and the embellishment of cities. The projected bridge between the Louvre and the Quatre-Nations would unquestionably fulfil the first of these objects, as was proved by the great number of persons who daily crossed the Seine at that point in boats; that the site fixed upon between the Pont Neuf and the Tuileries appeared to be the best that could be chosen for the purpose; and that on the score of ornament Paris would gain little by the construction of an iron bridge, which would be very narrow, and which, from its light form, would not correspond with the grandeur of the two bridges between which it would be placed."

When we had received the answer of MM. Percier and Fontaine, we again had a conversation on the subject of the bridge. I told the First Consul that I perfectly concurred in the opinion of MM. Fontaine and Percier; however, he would have his own way, and thus was authorized the construction of the toy which formed a communication between the Louvre and the Institute. But no sooner was the Pont des Arts finished than Bonaparte pronounced it to be mean and out of keeping with the other bridges above and below it. One day when visiting the Louvre he stopped at one of the windows looking towards the Pont des Arts and said, "There is no solidity, no grandeur about that bridge. In England, where stone is scarce, it is very natural that iron should be used for arches of large dimensions. But the case is different in France, where the requisite material is abundant."

The infernal machine of the 3d Nivôse, of which I shall presently speak more at length, was the signal for vast changes in the quarter of the Tuileries. That horrible attempt was at least so far attended by happy results that it contributed to the embellishment of Paris. It was thought

more advisable for the Government to buy and pull down the houses which had been injured by the machine than to let them be put under repair. As an example of Bonaparte's grand schemes in building I may mention that, being one day at the Louvre; he pointed towards St. Germain l'Auxerrois and said to me, "That is where I will build an imperial street. It shall run from here to the Barrière du Trône. It shall be a hundred feet broad, and have arcades and plantations. This street shall be the finest in the world."

The Palace of the King of Rome, which was to face the Pont de Jéna and the Champ de Mars, would have been in some measure isolated from Paris, with which, however, it was to be connected by a line of palaces. These were to extend along the quay, and were destined as splendid residences for the Ambassadors of foreign sovereigns, at least as long as there should be any sovereigns in Europe except Napoleon. The Temple of Glory, too, which was to occupy the site of the Church of la Madeleine, was never finished. If the plan of this monument proved the necessity which Bonaparte felt of constantly holding out stimulants to his soldiers, its relinquishment was at least a proof of his wisdom. He who had re-established religious worship in France, and had restored to its destination the Church of the Invalides, which was for a time metamorphosed into the Temple of Mars, foresaw that a Temple of Glory would give birth to a sort of paganism incompatible with the ideas of the age.

The recollection of the magnificent Necropolis of Cairo frequently recurred to Bonaparte's mind. He had admired that city of the dead, which he had partly contributed to people; and his design was to make, at the four cardinal points of Paris, four vast cemeteries on the plan of that at Cairo.

Bonaparte determined that all the new streets of Paris should be 40 feet wide, and be provided with foot-pavements; in short, he thought nothing too grand for the embellishment of the capital of a country which he wished to make the first in the world. Next to war, he regarded the embel-

lishment of Paris as the source of his glory; and he never considered a victory fully achieved until he had raised a monument to transmit its memory to posterity. He wanted glory, uninterrupted glory, for France as well as for himself. How often, when talking over his schemes, has he not said, "Bourrienne, it is for France I am doing all this! All I wish, all I desire, the end of all my labors is, that my name should be indissolubly connected with that of France!"

Paris is not the only city, nor is France the only kingdom, which bears traces of Napoleon's passion for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in all Italy, he executed great improvements. At Turin a splendid bridge was built over the Po, in lieu of an old bridge which was falling in ruins.

How many things were undertaken and executed in Napoleon's short and eventful reign! To obviate the difficulty of communication between Metz and Mayence a magnificent road was made, as if by magic, across impracticable marshes and vast forests; mountains were cut through and ravines filled up. He would not allow nature more than man to resist him. One day when he was proceeding to Belgium by the way of Givet, he was detained for a short time at Little Givet, on the right bank of the Meuse, in consequence of an accident which happened to the ferry-boat. He was within a gunshot of the fortress of Charlemont, on the left bank, and in the vexation which the delay occasioned he dictated the following decree: "A bridge shall be built over the Meuse to join Little Givet to Great Givet. It shall be terminated during the ensuing campaign." It was completed within the prescribed time.

In the great work of bridges and highways Bonaparte's chief object was to remove the obstacles and barriers which nature had raised up as the limits of old France so as to form a junction with the provinces which he successively annexed to the Empire. Thus in Savoy a road, smooth as a garden-walk, superseded the dangerous ascents and descents of the wood of Bramant; thus was the passage of Mont Cénis a pleasant promenade at almost every season of the year; thus

the Simplon bow his head, and Bonaparte might have said, "There are now no Alps," with more reason than Louis said, "There are now no Pyrenees."¹ It was the implicit confidence which Bonaparte reposed in me that I was often alarmed at the responsibility it laid me to incur.² Official business was not the only that devolved upon me. I had to write to the dictation of the First Consul during a great part of the day, or to dictate his writing, which was always the most laborious part of my duty.³ I was so closely employed that I scarcely ever went out; and when by chance I dined in town, I could not do so until the very moment of dinner, and I was obliged to

Sternich (tome iv. p. 187) says on this subject, "If you look closely at the course of human affairs you will make strange discoveries. For instance, that the Simplon Pass has contributed as surely to Napoleon's greatness as the numerous works done in the reign of the Emperor will fail to add to his."

He gave me this confidence the following instructions for me, which he dictated to me, afford sufficient proof:—

1. Citizen Bourrienne shall open *all* the letters addressed to the First Consul, and present them to him three times a day, or oftener in case of urgent business. The letters shall be deposited in the cabinet when they are not needed. Bourrienne is to analyze all those which are of secondary interest, and write the First Consul's decision on each letter. The hours for presenting the letters shall be, first, when the Consul rises; second, a quarter of eight before dinner; and third, at eleven at night.

2. He is to have the superintendence of the Topographical office, and the Office of Translation, in which there shall be a German and an English Secretary. Every day he shall present to the First Consul, at the hours above mentioned, the German and English journals, together with a translation. With respect to the Italian journals it will only be necessary to mark what the First Consul is to read.

3. He shall keep a register of appointments to offices under Government; a second, for appointments to judicial posts; a third, for appointments to places abroad; and a fourth, for the situations of receivers and consular posts, where he is to inscribe the names of all the individuals to whom the First Consul may refer to him. These registers must be written with his own hand, and must be kept entirely private.

4. Secret correspondence, and the different reports of surveillance, shall be addressed directly to Bourrienne, and transmitted by him to the First Consul, by whom they will be returned without the interference of any third party.

5. There shall be a register for all that relates to secret extraordinary business. Bourrienne shall write the whole with his own hand, in order that no business may be kept from the knowledge of any one.

6. He shall despatch all the business which may be referred to him, from Citizen Duroc, or from the cabinet of the First Consul, taking care to arrange everything so as to secure secrecy.

(Signed) "BONAPARTE, *First Consul*."

Paris 13th Germinal, year VIII.

(3d. April 1800.)"

Annex to this Chapter.

run away immediately after it. Once a month, at most, I went without Bonaparte to the Comédie Française, but I was obliged to return at nine o'clock, that being the hour at which we resumed business. Corvisart, with whom I was intimately acquainted, constantly expressed his apprehensions about my health; but my zeal carried me through every difficulty, and during our stay at the Tuileries I cannot express how happy I was in enjoying the unreserved confidence of the man on whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed. So perfect was this confidence that Bonaparte, neither as General, Consul, nor Emperor, ever gave me any fixed salary. In money matters we were still *comrades*: I took from his funds what was necessary to defray my expenses, and of this Bonaparte never once asked me for any account.

He often mentioned his wish to regenerate public education, which he thought was ill managed. The central schools did not please him; but he could not withhold his admiration from the Polytechnic School, the finest establishment of education that was ever founded, but which he afterwards spoiled by giving it a military organization. In only one college of Paris the old system of study was preserved: this was the Louis-le-Grand, which had received the name of Pritanée. The First Consul directed the Minister of the Interior to draw up a report on that establishment; and he himself went to pay an unexpected visit to the Pritanée, accompanied by M. Lebrun and Duroc. He remained there upwards of an hour, and in the evening he spoke to me with much interest on the subject of his visit. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, "that I have been performing the duties of professor?" — "You, General!" — "Yes! and I did not acquit myself badly. I examined the pupils in the mathematical class; and I recollected enough of my Bezout to make some demonstrations before them. I went everywhere, into the bedrooms and the dining-room. I tasted the soup, which is better than we used to have at Brienne. I must devote serious attention to public education and the management of the colleges. The pupils must have a uniform. I observed some well and others ill dressed. That will not do. At college,

l places, there should be equality. But I was much with the pupils of the *Pritanée*. I wish to know the of those I examined, and I have desired Duroc to them to me. I will give them rewards; that stimulating people. I will provide for some of them."

is subject Bonaparte did not confine himself to an theme. After consulting with the headmaster of the , he granted pensions of 200 francs to seven or eight most distinguished pupils of the establishment, and he three of them in the department of Foreign Affairs, the title of diplomatic pupils.¹

I have just said respecting the First Consul's visit to anée reminds me of a very extraordinary circumstance which arose out of it. Among the pupils at the there was a son of General Miackzinski, who died under the banners of the Republic. Young Miackus then sixteen or seventeen years of age. He soon the college, entered the army as a volunteer, and was corps reviewed by Bonaparte in the plain of Sablons. pointed out to the First Consul, who said to him, "I ur father. Follow his example, and in six months l be an officer." Six months elapsed, and Miackzin- e to the First Consul reminding him of his promise. er was returned, and the young man then wrote a letter as follows:—

slred me to prove myself worthy of my father; I have done so. lised that I should be an officer in six months; seven have me that promise was made. When you receive this letter I o more. I cannot live under a Government the head of which word.

Miackzinski kept his word but too faithfully. After he above letter to the First Consul he retired to his and blew out his brains with a pistol. A few days s tragical event Miackzinski's commission was trans- o his corps, for Bonaparte had not forgotten him. A the War Office had caused the death of this promis- stitution of diplomatic pupils was originally suggested by M. de

g man. Bonaparte was much affected at the circumstance, and he said to me, "These Poles have such refined notions of honor. . . . Poor Sulkowski, I am sure would have been the same."

At the commencement of the Consulate it was gratifying to see how actively Bonaparte was seconded in the execution of his plans for the social regeneration of France: all seemed to be animated with new life, and every one strove to do good as if it were a matter of competition. Every circumstance appeared to favor the good intentions of the First Consul. Emigration, which, perhaps, has saved as many lives as war has cost, was introduced into France by M. de Liancourt. Bonaparte, immediately appreciating the value of this discovery, gave it his decided approbation. At the same time a council of Prizes was established, and the old members of the Constituent Assembly were invited to return. It was for their sake and that of the Royalists that the First Consul recalled them, but it was to please the masses whom he was endeavoring to conciliate, that their return was subject to restrictions. At first the invitation to return to France extended only to those who could prove that they had voted in favor of the abolition of nobility. The gates were closed, and committees were appointed to examine and gate their claims to the privilege of returning.

At the commencement of the month of Germinal the activity of the army of Italy had proceeded with great activity. The presence in Paris of the fine corps of the Imperial Guard, added to the desire of showing themselves in gay uniforms, had stimulated the military ardor of the respectable young men of the capital. Taking advantage of this circumstance the First Consul created a corps of volunteers destined for the army of reserve, which was to be stationed at Dijon. He saw the advantage of connecting a large number of families with his cause, and imbuing them with the spirit of the army. This volunteer corps wore a uniform which, in some of the *salons* of Paris where it was the custom to ridicule everything, obtained for them the name of "canaries." Bonaparte, who did not always

a joke, took this in very ill part, and often expressed his vexation at it. However, he was gratified to see in the composition of this corps a first specimen of good soldiers; an idea which he acted upon when he led the orderly gendarmes in the campaign of Jéna, and he organized the guards of honor after the disasters of 1806.

In every action of his life Bonaparte had some particular in view. I recollect his saying to me one day, "Bourbon, I cannot yet venture to do anything against the Bourbons; but I will let them see what I think of them. Tomorrow I shall have some business with Abrial respecting the reorganization of the court of Cassation. Target, who is president of that court, would not defend Louis XVI. whom do you think I mean to appoint in his place? Tronchet, who did defend the King. They may say they please; *I care not.*"¹ Tronchet was appointed. Early about the same time the First Consul, being informed of the escape of General Mack, said to me, "Mack go where he pleases; I am not afraid of him. But I will do what I have been thinking. There are some other Austrian officers who were prisoners with Mack; among them is a Count Dietrichstein, who belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will liberate them all. At the moment of starting a campaign this will have a good effect. They will say that I fear nothing; and who knows but this may procure some admirers in Austria." The order for liberating Austrian prisoners was immediately despatched. Thus Bonaparte's acts of generosity, as well as his acts of severity towards his choice of individuals, were all the result of deep calculation.

His unvarying attention to the affairs of the Government was manifest in all he did. I have already mentioned the simultaneous suppression of the horrible commemoration of the month of January, and the permission for the reopening of the opera balls. A measure something similar to

this, as on many other occasions, the cynicism of Bonaparte's language does not admit of a literal translation.

this was the authorization of the festival of Longchamps, which had been forgotten since the Revolution. He at the same time gave permission for sacred music to be performed at the opera. Thus, while in public acts he maintained the observance of the Republican calendar, he was gradually reviving the old calendar by seasons of festivity. Shrove-Tuesday was marked by a ball, and Passion-week by promenades and concerts.

[ANNEX TO THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.]

BONAPARTE'S HANDWRITING.

Apropos of Napoleon's handwriting, we are tempted to make an extract from a contemporary — the *Saint James's Gazette* of 19th January, 1882 — of a notice of the Abbé Michon's work on this subject, which may be of interest to the reader.

Francis I. of Austria said of his son-in-law after the battle of Waterloo: "I always thought that man would end badly; he wrote such a villanous hand." And indeed it became so bad as to be almost wholly illegible. If read at all it is by guess, or that second sight which the "blind clerks" of the Dead Letter Office are popularly supposed to possess. Much of it is represented by blanks in the transcriptions, and there are many words at the translation of which by an expert the well-tried reader of manuscript can only shake a doubting head. But this was not always so. While he was a subaltern of artillery, his hand, although never good, was at least human and clear and legible. There was a sort of correspondence between it and his simple, direct bearing of those days, when he disclaimed personal appearance, and the long, flat, straight black hair partly hid and lengthened the sallow face, and everything about him was grave, rude, austere. He was not born to a bad hand, although like Lamartine, Byron, and many other great men, he could never learn to spell; and after the 18th Brumaire the laws of orthography incumbered him quite as little as any others. But no matter how bad his writing was, "La plume entre ses mains," as Lamartine wrote, "nous valut une épée."

In a recent publication, *L'Histoire de Napoléon I. d'après son Écriture*, the Abbé Jean-Hippolyte Michon, a graphologist, as he calls himself, makes an analysis of the Emperor's writing and character; and a

clever and interesting book it is, due allowance being made for the eccentricities and occasional wildness of the specialist and expert, which in themselves are often amusing. The Abbé maintains that it was the passionate vehemence of his nature and his impenetrable dissimulation that broke out in the furious illegibility of his writing, and conquered the earlier habits of his pen, which still sometimes re-appeared in the English exercises which he wrote at St. Helena with Las Cases. One of the most remarkable facts is that the change for the bad took place rapidly when the Corsican Captain Bonaparte of 1792, "who distinguished himself so much at the siege of Toulon," became the French General Bonaparte. Carlyle brought his *French Revolution* to a close with the "whiff of grapeshot" on the steps of St. Roch, on the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October, 1795); and it is, curiously enough, from General Bonaparte's skilfully garbled draft report of that day, when he really entered on the scene, that M. Michon first has occasion to demonstrate the complete graphic change. Thenceforward his writing altered but little. Comparing the manuscript of the *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène* with this draft report, it is evident at a glance that the general and the fallen emperor are one. But the primitive man Bonaparte has disappeared in both. Frankness has vanished; letters become confused, lopped, strangely scamped, often replaced by formless scratches which are utterly illegible. The pen, says the Abbé, seems to swallow the words, which have to be divined. It is a hidden hand. This was a natural result, says this biographer, in an arch-conspirator against everything, who had above all to rely upon profound dissimulation and absolute impenetrability. Men who can hold their tongues show this peculiarity in their writing; for the writer is the slave of the thinker. M. Michon has seen many mysterious hands; but the true sphinx appears in Napoleon's alone, from the day when his comprehensive glance showed him the mastery of Europe, and he began to combine those plans which astonished the world. Fine "gladiolate" strokes, which sometimes terminate almost every word, indicate that marked finesse which, allied to his powers of concealment, made the complete diplomatist who shows himself in the tortuous, horribly serpentine, almost spiral lines of his writing, which Talleyrand, the king of negotiators, never surpassed. These accusing undulations betray his Italian nature, and recall the sinuous gliding of a snake through the grass, or trace darkly the underground, molish, diplomatic ways. Sometimes they are so sudden as to resemble the doublings of a hare.

Napoleon's passionate nature, to which his microscopic historian attributes many of his gigantic mistakes, always acted on first impressions when it broke through the habitual firm calm to which he ever tried to school himself. It is true it gave him tenfold force; but had his marvellous head always governed, he would have taken the logical course of the situation and become the Washington of France. This mighty struggle of the head with the heart shaped the whole of his fateful history, and is shown to this student of his writing by the constant mixture

of upright with sloping letters. In intimate connection with this sign is the extreme variability of the height of the letters, which indicates great mobility of impressions. "This soul of fire was volatile as a flame." The faculty of thought was in continual fermentation. The imagination soars with the long stroke of a *d*.

But the volcanic portion of his character would have been controlled had it not been for a partial organic lesion of the brain, which is the true key to the great dissonance of his acts. He himself said (but it was at St. Helena), "he goes mad who sleeps in a bed of kings;" and it was this cerebral aberration which, combining with his headstrong passion, led him constantly to declare war within twenty four hours against the first comer; to divorce a wife he loved; to propose a kingdom of Hayti to Louis XVIII.; or to take a million of men into the steppes of Russia. Chateaubriand said of the Napoleonic bias, "*système d'un fou ou d'un enfant*;" but the mental derangement was made plainer to the Abbe by the apparently unconscious leaps and bounds of the imperial pen, and especially by the strange abnormal form and excessive development of the letter *p* in Napoleon's writing. The historian maintains that the writing of all the partially deranged which he has examined exhibits some similar terrible sign, which he calls "*la petite bete*." This "sign" generally consists of a nervous, disordered, unusual stroke, which falls fatally and spontaneously from the pen. Pascal, whose imagination was so out of gear that he always saw an abyss yawning at his side, and whose writing in his later years Napoleon's most resembles, used an extravagant and accusing *g*.

The clear-headedness and precision of the General whose whole art of war culminated in being the strongest at a particular point¹ is shown by his often using a fresh paragraph for a fresh idea, and in the profusion of space and light between the lines, the words, and often between the letters of his earlier handwriting. But the intuition, the eagle eye which enabled him always to seize this point of concentration, is manifested by

¹ Almost all generals wish to be strong upon one, and that the decisive point. Where good and bad generals usually differ is in selecting that point. Thus at the beginning of the 1800 campaign both Melas and Napoleon wished to be strong on the decisive point, but Melas believed that point to be in front of him, while Napoleon placed that point behind Melas, cutting him off from his base. At Marengo, Napoleon nearly ruined himself by being doubtful where the decisive point was, and so sending off Desaix, while Melas wisely rushed at him. Putting the decisive point at Marengo, and, with most generals, Melas would have won. Desaix's sense in returning before ordered, saved the day. Many instances could be given, but this is a common mistake, as if *any* general wished to be weak. Wellington was not certain about the decisive point at Waterloo, and so kept part of his force useless at Hul, while no man wished more to be strong on one, and that the decisive point. Generals often make themselves weak everywhere by posting troops everywhere, in order that they may concentrate in time to be strong on any point, but this is an error of *calculation* not of *intention*. The true selection of the decisive point is the mark of a good general, and if Napoleon had a specialty, it was rather a tendency to risk much and grasp at everything, than any special wish to be strong on one point. See *Humley* p. 143, for an example.

the frequent separation of the letters in his words. Like Mazarin, too, he runs several words together: a mark of the deductive logician, of the positive, practical man who tends rapidly and directly towards the realization of his aims. His strong will, his masterful and despotic nature, are denoted by the forcible manner in which he crosses his *t* high up. Wonderful tenacity is shown by the "harpoons," or horizontal pot-hooks which terminate the last strokes of many words: they are, as it were, the claws of the eagle. A profusion of club-like strokes shows indomitable resolution and obstinacy, which may be seen to have been intractable by the implacable hardness and angular rigidity of the whole writing. The dash of meanness which was always present in the man who gave a name to "caporal" tobacco is shown in the little crooks which sometimes commence or terminate the letter *m*, and in his signature, which was not royal like that of Louis XIV. Until he became Emperor he always wrote his name *Buona-* or *BonaParte*, or abbreviated it *BP*. Afterwards he wrote *NaPoléon* or *NP*.

The numerous facsimiles of signatures, monograms, and specimens of writing attach a special value to M. Michon's book, and they are accompanied not alone by his own views but by those of the German "graphologist" Henze. One, from the *Memorial*, looks, the Abbé says, as if the hand felt the grip of Hudson Lowe; and there is much that is melancholy in another—the profoundly discouraged, utterly beaten, misspelt and indecipherable rough scrawl of his submission to the Prince Regent, written in the island of Aix on the 14th of July, 1815. The next day he surrendered himself at Rochefort to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*.¹

¹ A facsimile of the abdication of Bonaparte in 1814 will be found in the third volume of this work, and, like the note of his submission mentioned above, betrays manifest traces of the disagreeable nature of the task.

We may, at the risk of irrelevance, perhaps quote a contrary instance in the case of one of Bonaparte's biographers:—Mr. Huskisson was on one occasion showing to a friend the original manuscripts of several of Scott's novels. "I think," he said, taking down one of them, "that the most precious of all is this. It is *Woodstock*. Scott was writing this book when the news of his ruin came upon him. Do you see the beautiful handwriting? Now look, as I turn towards the end. Is the writing any jot less beautiful? Or are there more creases than before? That shows how a man can, and should bear adversity."

CHAPTER XXXV.

1800.

The Memorial of St. Helena—Louis XVIII.'s first letter to Bonaparte—Josephine, Hortense, and the Faubourg St. Germain—Madame Bonaparte and the fortune-teller—Louis XVIII.'s second letter—Bonaparte's answer—Conversation respecting the recall of Louis XVIII.—Peace and war—A battle fought with pins—Genoa and Melas—Realization of Bonaparte's military plans—Ironical letter to Berthier—Departure from Paris—Instructions to Lucien and Cambacérès—Joseph Bonaparte appointed Councillor of State—Travelling conversation—Alexander and Cæsar judged by Bonaparte.

It sometimes happens that an event which passes away unnoticed at the time of its occurrence acquires importance from events which subsequently ensue. This reflection naturally occurs to my mind now that I am about to notice the correspondence which passed between Louis XVIII. and the First Consul. This is certainly not one of the least interesting passages in the life of Bonaparte.

But I must first beg leave to make an observation on the *Memorial of St. Helena*. That publication relates what Bonaparte said respecting the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and himself; and I find it necessary to quote a few lines on the subject, in order to show how far the statements contained in the *Memorial* differ from the autograph letters in my possession.

At St. Helena Napoleon said that he never thought of the princes of the House of Bourbon. This is true to a certain point. He did not think of the princes of the House of Bourbon with the view of restoring them to their throne; but it has been shown, in several parts of these Memoirs, that he thought of them very often, and that on more than one occasion their very names alarmed him.¹ The substance of the

¹ The *Memorial* states that "A letter was delivered to the First Consul by Lebrun, who received it from the Abbé de Montesquieu, the secret agent of

two letters given in the *Memorial of St. Helena* is correct. The ideas are nearly the same as those of the original letters. But it is not surprising that, after the lapse of so long an interval, Napoleon's memory should somewhat have failed him. However, it will not, I presume, be deemed unimportant if I present to the reader literal copies of this correspondence, together with the explanation of some curious circumstances connected with it.

The following is Louis XVIII.'s letter:—

February 20, 1800.

SIR—Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men like you never inspire alarm. You have accepted an eminent station, and I thank you for having done so. You know better than any one how much strength and power are requisite to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own violence, and you will fulfil the first wish of my heart. Restore her King to her, and future generations will bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the State for me ever to be able to discharge, by important appointments, the debt of my family and myself.

(Signed) Louis.

The First Consul was much agitated on the reception of this letter. Though he every day declared his determination to have nothing to do with the Princes, yet he hesitated whether or no he should reply to this overture. The numerous affairs which then occupied his mind favored this hesitation. Josephine and Hortense conjured him to hold out hope to the King, as by so doing he would in no way pledge himself, and would gain time to ascertain whether he could not ultimately play a far greater part than that of Monk. Their entreaties became so urgent that he said to me, "These devils of women are mad! The Faubourg St. Germain has turned their heads! They make the Faubourg the the Bourbons in Paris." This letter, which was very cautiously written, said:—

"You are long delaying the restoration of my throne. It is to be feared you are suffering favorable moments to escape. You cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I can do nothing for France without you. Hasten, then, to name the offices which you would choose for your friends."

The answer, Napoleon said, was as follows:—

"I have received your royal highness's letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France; you could only return here by trampling over a hundred thousand dead bodies. I shall always be happy to do anything that can alleviate your fate and help to banish the recollection of your misfortunes." — *Bourrienne*.

guardian angel of the royalists; but I care not; I will have nothing to do with them."

Madame Bonaparte said she was anxious he should adopt the step she proposed in order to banish from his mind all thought of making himself King. This idea always gave rise to a painful foreboding which she could never overcome.¹

In the First Consul's numerous conversations with me he discussed with admirable sagacity Louis XVIII.'s proposition and its consequences. "The partisans of the Bourbons," said he, "are deceived if they suppose I am the man to play Monk's part." Here the matter rested, and the King's letter remained on the table. In the interim Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without any date. It was as follows:—

You must have long since been convinced, General, that you possess my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, fix your reward and mark out the fortune of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman, merciful by character, and also by the dictates of reason.

No, the victor of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, cannot prefer vain celebrity to real glory. But you are losing precious time. We may insure the glory of France. I say *we*, because I require the aid of Bonaparte, and he can do nothing without me.

General, Europe observes you. Glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people.

(Signed) LOUIS.

This dignified letter the First Consul suffered to remain unanswered for several weeks; at length he proposed to dictate an answer to me. I observed, that as the King's letters were autographs, it would be more proper that he should write himself. He then wrote with his own hand the following:—

SIR—I have received your letter, and I thank you for the compliments you address to me.

You must not seek to return to France. To do so you must trample over a hundred thousand dead bodies.

¹ A strong impression of the fate that awaited her had been made on her mind during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt. She, like many other ladies of Paris, went at that time to consult a celebrated fortune-teller, a Madame Villeneuve, who lived in the Rue de Lancry. This woman had revealed her destiny as follows: "You are," said she, "the wife of a great General, who will become still greater. He will cross the seas which separate him from you, and you will occupy the first station in France; but it will be only for a short time." — *Bourrienne*.

Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France, and history will render you justice.

I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family. I shall learn with pleasure, and shall willingly contribute to insure, the tranquillity of your retirement.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

He showed me this letter, saying, "What do you think of it? is it not good?" He was never offended when I pointed out to him an error of grammar or style, and I therefore replied, "As to the substance, if such be your resolution, I have nothing to say against it: but," added I, "I must make one observation on the style. You cannot say that *you shall learn with pleasure to insure*, etc." On reading the passage over again he thought he had pledged himself too far in saying that he *would willingly contribute*, etc. He therefore scored out the last sentence, and interlined, "*I shall contribute with pleasure to the happiness and tranquillity of your retirement.*"

The answer thus scored and interlined could not be sent off, and it lay on the table with Bonaparte's signature affixed to it.

Some time after he wrote another answer, the three first paragraphs of which were exactly like that first quoted; but for the last paragraph he substituted the following: "*I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and I shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with all that can contribute to the tranquillity of your retirement.*" By this means he did not pledge himself in any way, not even in words, for he himself made no offer of contributing to the tranquillity of retirement. Every day which augmented his power and consolidated his position diminished, he thought, the chances of the Bourbons; and seven months were suffered to intervene between the date of the King's first letter and the answer of the First Consul, which was written on the 2d Vendémiaire, year IX. (24th September, 1800) just when the Congress of Luneville was on the point of opening.

Some days after the receipt of Louis XVIII.'s letter we were walking in the gardens of Malmaison; he was in good humor, for everything was going on to his mind. "Has my

wife been saying anything more to you about the Bourbons?" said he.—"No, General." "But when you converse with her you concur a little in her opinions. Tell me why you wish the Bourbons back? You have no interest in their return, nothing to expect from them. Your family rank is not high enough to enable you to obtain any great post. You would be nothing under them. Through the patronage of M. de Chaubonas you got the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart; but had it not been for the change you would have remained all your life in that or some inferior post. Did you ever know men rise by their own merit under kings? Everything depends on birth, connection, fortune, and intrigue. Judge things more accurately; reflect more maturely on the future." "General," replied I, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I never received gift, place, or favor from the Bourbons; and I have not the vanity to believe that I should ever have attained any important appointment. But you must not forget that my nomination as Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart preceded the overthrow of the throne only by a few days; and I cannot infer, from what took place under circumstances unfortunately too certain, what might have happened in the reverse case. Besides, I am not actuated by personal feelings; I consider not my own interests, but those of France. I wish you to hold the reins of government as long as you live; but you have no children, and it is tolerably certain that you will have none by Josephine. What will become of us when you are gone? You talk of the future; but what will be the future fate of France? I have often heard you say that your brothers are not . . ." "You are right," said he, abruptly interrupting me. "If I do not live thirty years to complete my work you will have a long series of civil wars after my death. My brothers will not suit France; you know what they are. A violent conflict will therefore arise among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think himself entitled to succeed me." "Well, General, why not take means to obviate the mischief you foresee?" "Do you imagine I do not think of it? But look at the difficulties

and in my way. How are so many acquired rights and results to be secured against the efforts of a family exalted to power, and returning with 80,000 emigrants and influence of fanaticism? What would become of those devoted for the death of the King — the men who acted a glorious part in the Revolution — the national domains, multitude of things that have been done during twelve years? Can you see how far re-action would extend?" — "I need I remind you that Louis, in his letter, guaranteed the contrary of all you apprehend? I know what will be your answer; but are you not able to impose whatever conditions you may think fit? Grant what is asked of you at that price. Take three or four years; in that time you may insure the happiness of France by institutions conformable to her wants. Custom and habit would give them a solidity which it would not be easy to destroy; and even suppose such a design were entertained, it could not be accomplished. I have heard you say it is wished you should act like Monk; but you well know the difference between a general opposing the usurper of a crown, and one whom war and peace have raised above the ruins of a subverted empire, and who restores it voluntarily to those who have occupied it. You are well aware what you call ideology could not again be revived; and ——" — "I know what you are going to say; but it all amounts to nothing. Depend on it, the Bourbons will think they have reconquered their throne, and will dispose of it as they please. The most solemn pledges, the most positive promises, will be violated. But fools will trust them. My resolution is formed; therefore let us say no more on the subject. But I know how the women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to do what I think right."

Every one knows the adage, *Si vis pacem para bellum*. Bonaparte been a Latin scholar he would probably have quoted it and said, *Si vis bellum para pacem*. While seeking to establish pacific relations with the powers of Europe the first Consul was preparing to strike a great blow in Italy. As long as Genoa held out, and Masséna continued

there, Bonaparte did not despair of meeting the Austrians in those fields which not four years before had been the scenes of his success. He resolved to assemble an army of reserve at Dijon. Where there was previously nothing he created everything. At that period of his life the fertility of his imagination and the vigor of his genius must have commanded the admiration of even his bitterest enemies. I was astonished at the details into which he entered. While every moment was engrossed by the most important occupations he sent 24,000 francs to the hospital of Mont St. Bernard. When he saw that his army of reserve was forming, and everything was going on to his liking, he said to me, "I hope to fall on the rear of Melas before he is aware I am in Italy . . . that is to say, provided Genoa holds out. But MASSÉNA is defending it."

On the 17th of March, in a moment of gaiety and good humor, he desired me to unroll Chauchard's great map of Italy. He lay down upon it, and desired me to do likewise. He then stuck into it pins, the heads of which were tipped with wax, some red and some black. I silently observed him, and awaited with no little curiosity the result of this plan of campaign. When he had stationed the enemy's corps, and drawn up the pins with red heads on the points where he hoped to bring his own troops, he said to me, "Where do you think I shall beat Melas?" "How the devil should I know?" "Why, look here, you fool! Melas is at Alessandria with his headquarters. There he will remain until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, and his reserves. Crossing the Alps here (pointing to the great Mont St. Bernard) I shall fall upon Melas, cut off his communication with Austria, and meet him here in the plains of Scrivia" (placing a red pin at San Giuliano). Finding that I looked on this manœuvre of pins as mere pastime, he addressed to me some of his usual compliments, such as fool, ninny, &c., and then proceeded to demonstrate his plans more clearly on the map. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour we rose; I folded up the map, and thought no more of the matter.

Four months after this, when I was at San Giuliano with Bonaparte's portfolio and despatches, which I had saved from the rout which had taken place during the day, and when that very evening I was writing at Torre di Galifolo the bulletin of the battle to Napoleon's dictation, I frankly avowed my admiration of his military plans. He himself smiled at the accuracy of his own foresight.

The First Consul was not satisfied with General Berthier as War Minister, and he superseded him by Carnot,¹ who had given great proofs of firmness and integrity, but who, nevertheless, was no favorite of Bonaparte, on account of his decided republican principles. Berthier was too slow in carrying out the measures ordered, and too lenient in the payment of past charges and in new contracts. Carnot's appointment took place on the 2d of April, 1800; and to console Berthier, who, he knew, was more at home in the camp than in the office, he dictated to me the following letter for him:—

PARIS, 2d April, 1800.

CITIZEN-GENERAL—The military talents of which you have given so many proofs, and the confidence of the Government, call you to the command of an army. During the winter you have *re-organized* the War Department, and you have provided, as far as circumstances would permit, for the wants of our armies. During the spring and summer it must be your task to lead our troops to victory, which is the effectual means of obtaining peace and consolidating the Republic.

Bonaparte laughed heartily while he dictated this epistle, especially when he uttered the word which I have marked in italics. Berthier set out for Dijon, where he commenced the formation of the army of reserve.

The Consular Constitution did not empower the First Consul to command an army out of the territory of France. Bonaparte therefore wished to keep secret his long-projected

¹ There were special reasons for the appointment of Carnot. Berthier was required with his master in Italy, while Carnot, who had so long ruled the armies of the Republic, was better fitted to influence Moreau, at this time advancing into Germany. Carnot probably fulfilled the main object of his appointment when he was sent to Moreau, and succeeded in getting that general, with natural reluctance, to damage his own campaign by detaching a large body of troops into Italy. Berthier was re-appointed to the Ministry on the 8th of October, 1800, — a very speedy return if he had really been disgraced.

plan of placing himself at the head of the army of Italy, which he then for the first time called the grand army. I observed that by his choice of Berthier nobody could be deceived, because it must be evident that he would have made another selection had he not intended to command in person. He laughed at my observation.

Our departure from Paris was fixed for the 6th of May, or, according to the republican calendar, the 16th Floréal. Bonaparte had made all his arrangements and issued all his orders; but still he did not wish it to be known that he was going to take the command of the army. On the eve of our departure, being in conference with the two other Consuls and the Ministers, he said to Lucien, "Prepare to-morrow morning, a circular to the prefects, and you, Fouché, will publish it in the journals. Say I am gone to Dijon to inspect the army of the reserve. You may add that I shall perhaps go as far as Geneva; but you must affirm positively that I shall not be absent longer than a fortnight. You, Cambacérès, will preside to-morrow at the Council of State. In my absence you are the Head of the Government. State that my absence will be but of short duration, but specify nothing. Express my approbation of the Council of State; it has already rendered great services, and I shall be happy to see it continue in the course it has hitherto pursued. Oh! I had nearly forgotten—you will at the same time announce that I have appointed Joseph a Councillor of State. Should anything happen I shall be back again like a thunderbolt. I recommend to you all the great interests of France, and I trust that I shall shortly be talked of in Vienna and in London."

We set out at two in the morning, taking the Burgundy road, which we had already so often travelled under very different circumstances.

On the journey Bonaparte conversed about the warriors of antiquity, especially Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, and Hannibal. I asked him which he preferred, Alexander or Cæsar. "I place Alexander in the first rank," said he, "yet I admire Cæsar's fine campaign in Africa. But the ground of my preference for the King of Macedonia is the plan, and above

all the execution of his campaign in Asia. Only those who are utterly ignorant of war can blame Alexander for having spent seven months at the siege of Tyre. For my part, I would have staid there seven years had it been necessary. This is a great subject of dispute; but I look upon the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt, and the journey to the Oasis of Ammon as a decided proof of the genius of that great captain. His object was to give the King of Persia (of whose force he had only beaten a feeble advance-guard at the Granicus and Issus) time to re-assemble his troops, so that he might overthrow at a blow the colossus which he had as yet only shaken. By pursuing Darius into his states Alexander would have separated himself from his re-inforcements, and would have met only scattered parties of troops who would have drawn him into deserts where his army would have been sacrificed. By persevering in the taking of Tyre he secured his communications with Greece, the country he loved as dearly as I love France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the rich province of Egypt he forced Darius to come to defend or deliver it, and in so doing to march half-way to meet him. By representing himself as the son of Jupiter he worked upon the ardent feelings of the Orientals in a way that powerfully seconded his designs. Though he died at thirty-three what a name he has left behind him!"

Though an utter stranger to the noble profession of arms, yet I could admire Bonaparte's clever military plans and his shrewd remarks on the great captains of ancient and modern times. I could not refrain from saying, "General, you often reproach me for being no flatterer, but now I tell you plainly I admire you." And certainly I really spoke the true sentiments of my mind.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1800.

Bonaparte's confidence in the army—*Ma belle France*—The convent of Bernardins—Passage of Mont St. Bernard—Arrival at the convent—Refreshments distributed to the soldiers—Mont Albaredo—Artillery dismounted—The fort of Bard—Fortunate temerity—Bonaparte and Melas—The spy—Bonaparte's opinion of M. Necker—Capitulation of Genoa—Intercepted despatch—Lannes at Montebello—Boudet succeeded by Desaix—Coolness of the First Consul to M. Collot—Conversation and recollections—The battle of Marengo—General Kellerman—Supper sent from the Convent del Bosco—Particulars respecting the death of Desaix—The Prince of Lichtenstein—Return to Milan—Savary and Rapp.

It cannot be denied that if, from the 18th Brumaire to the epoch when Bonaparte began the campaign, innumerable improvements had been made in the internal affairs of France, foreign affairs could not be seen with the same satisfaction. Italy had been lost, and from the frontiers of Provence the Austrian camp-fires were seen. Bonaparte was not ignorant of the difficulties of his position, and it was even on account of these very difficulties that, whatever might be the result of his hardy enterprise, he wished to escape from it as quickly as possible. He cherished no illusions, and often said all must be staked to gain all.

The army which the First Consul was preparing to attack was numerous, well disciplined, and victorious. His, with the exception of a very small number of troops, was composed of conscripts; but these conscripts were commanded by officers whose ardor was unparalleled. Bonaparte's fortune was now to depend on the winning or losing of a battle. A battle lost would have dispelled all the dreams of his imagination, and with them would have vanished all his immense schemes for the future of France. He saw the danger, but was not intimidated by it; and trusting to his accustomed

good fortune, and to the courage and fidelity of his troops, he said, "I have, it is true, many conscripts in my army, but they are Frenchmen. Four years ago did I not with a feeble army drive before me hordes of Sardinians and Austrians, and scour the face of Italy? We shall do so again. The sun which now shines on us is the same that shone at Arcola and Lodi. I rely on Masséna. I hope he will hold out in Genoa. But should famine oblige him to surrender, I will retake Genoa in the plains of the Scrivia. With what pleasure shall I then return to my dear France! *Ma belle France!*"

At this moment, when a possible, nay, a probable chance, might forever have blasted his ambitious hopes, he for the first time spoke of France as *his*. Considering the circumstances in which we then stood, this use of the possessive pronoun "*my*" describes more forcibly than anything that can be said the flashes of divination which crossed Bonaparte's brain when he was wrapped up in his chimerical ideas of glory and fortune.

In this favorable disposition of mind the First Consul arrived at Martigny, on the 20th of May. Martigny is a convent of Bernardines, situated in a valley where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate. The army was in full march to the Great St. Bernard. In this gloomy solitude did Bonaparte wait three days, expecting the fort of Bard, situated beyond the mountain and covering the road to Yvrée, to surrender. The town was carried on the 21st of May, and on the third day he learned that the fort still held out, and that there were no indications of its surrender. He launched into complaints against the commander of the siege, and said, "I am weary of staying in this convent; those fools will never take Bard; I must go myself and see what can be done. They cannot even settle so contemptible an affair without me!" He immediately gave orders for our departure.

The grand idea of the invasion of Italy by crossing Mont St. Bernard emanated exclusively from the First Consul. This miraculous achievement justly excited the admiration of the world. The incredible difficulties it presented did not daunt the courage of Bonaparte's troops. His generals, ac-

customed as they had been to brave fatigue and danger, regarded without concern the gigantic enterprise of the modern Hannibal.

A convent or hospice, which had been established on the mountain for the purpose of affording assistance to solitary travellers, sufficiently bespeaks the dangers of these stormy regions. But the St. Bernard was now to be crossed, not by solitary travellers, but by an army. Cavalry baggage, limbers, and artillery were now to wend their way along those narrow paths where the goat-herd cautiously picks his footsteps. On the one hand masses of snow, suspended above our heads, every moment threatened to break in avalanches, and sweep us away in their descent. On the other, a false step was death. We all passed, men and horse, one by one along the goat-paths. The artillery was dismounted, and the guns, put into excavated trunks of trees, were drawn by ropes.

I have already mentioned that the First Consul had transmitted funds to the hospice of the Great St. Bernard. The good fathers had procured from the two valleys a considerable supply of cheese, bread, and wine. Tables were laid out in front of the hospice, and each soldier, as he defiled past, took a glass of wine and a piece of bread and cheese, and then resigned his place to the next. The fathers served, and renewed the portions with admirable order and activity.

The First Consul ascended the St. Bernard with that calm self-possession and that air of indifference for which he was always remarkable when he felt the necessity of setting an example and exposing himself to danger. He asked his guide many questions about the two valleys, inquired what were the resources of the inhabitants, and whether accidents were as frequent as they were said to be. The guide informed him that the experience of ages enabled the inhabitants to foresee good or bad weather, and that they were seldom deceived.

Bonaparte, who wore his gray great-coat, and had his whip in his hand, appeared somewhat disappointed at not seeing any one come from the valley of Aosta to inform him of the

taking of the fort of Bard. I never left him for a moment during the ascent. We encountered no personal danger, and escaped with no other inconvenience than excessive fatigue.

On his arrival at the convent the First Consul visited the chapel and the three little libraries. He had time to read a few pages of an old book, of which I have forgotten the title.¹

Our breakfast-dinner was very frugal. The little garden was still covered with snow, and I said to one of the fathers, "You can have but few vegetables here." — "We get our vegetables from the valleys," he replied; "but in the month of August, in warm seasons, we have a few lettuces of our own growing."

When we reached the summit of the mountain we seated ourselves on the snow and slid down. Those who went first smoothed the way for those who came behind them. This rapid descent greatly amused us, and we were only stopped by the mud which succeeded the snow at the distance of five or six hundred toises down the declivity.

We crossed, or rather climbed up, Mont Albaredo, to avoid passing under the fort of Bard, which closes the valley of Aosta. As it was impossible to get the artillery up this mountain it was resolved to convey it through the town of Bard, which was not fortified. For this operation we made choice of night, and the wheels of the cannon and caissons, and even the horses' feet, being wrapped in straw, the whole passed quietly through the little town. They were, indeed, under the fire of the fort; however, it did not so completely command the street but that the houses would have protected them against any very fatal consequences. A great part of the army had passed before the surrender of the fort, which so completely commands the narrow valley leading to Aosta that it is difficult to comprehend the negligence of the Austrians in not throwing up more efficient works; by very simple precautions they might have rendered the passage of St. Bernard unavailing.

¹ The Vallaisians afterwards erected a tablet in honor of Napoleon in the Convent of the Great St. Bernard, inscribing it in terse, if not elegant, Latin:—"NAPOLEONI ÆGYPTIACO, BIS ITALICO, SEMPER INVICTO GRATA RESPUBLICA."

On the 23d we came within sight of the fort of Bard, which commands the road bounded by the Doria Baltea on the right and Mont Albaredo on the left. The Doria Baltea is a small torrent which separates the town of Bard from the fort. Bonaparte, whose retinue was not very numerous, crossed the torrent. On arriving within gunshot of the fort he ordered us to quicken our pace to gain a little bridle path on the left, leading to the summit of Mont Albaredo, and turning the town and fort of Bard. We ascended this path on foot with some difficulty. On reaching the summit of the mountain, which commands the fort, Bonaparte levelled his telescope on the grass, and stationing himself behind some bushes, which served at once to shelter and conceal him, he attentively reconnoitred the fort. After addressing several questions to the persons who had come to give him information, he mentioned, in a tone of dissatisfaction, the fault that had been committed, and ordered the erection of a new battery to attack a point which he marked out, and from whence, he guaranteed, the firing of a few shots would oblige the fort to surrender. Having given these orders, he descended the mountain and went to sleep that night at Yver. On the 2d of June he learned that the fort had surrendered the day before.

The passage of Mont St. Bernard must occupy a great place in the annals of successful temerity. The boldness of the First Consul seemed, as it were, to have incensed the enemy, and his enterprise was so unexpected that not a single Austrian corps defended the approaches of the fort of Bard. The country was entirely exposed, and we only encountered here and there a few feeble parties, who were incapable of checking our march upon Milan. Bonaparte's advance astonished and confounded the enemy, who thought of nothing but marching back the way he came, and repulsing the invasion of France. The bold genius which actuated Bonaparte did not inspire General Melas, the commander in chief of the Austrian forces. If Melas had had the firmness which ought to belong to the leader of an army — if he had compared the respective positions of the two parties — if he had considered

that there was no longer time to regain his line of operations and recover his communication with the Hereditary States, that he was master of all the strong places in Italy, that he had nothing to fear from Masséna, that Suchet could not resist him:—if, then, following Bonaparte's example, he had marched upon Lyons, what would have become of the First Consul? Melas would have found few obstacles, and almost everywhere open towns, while the French army would have been exhausted without having an enemy to fight. This is, doubtless, what Bonaparte would have done had he been Melas; but, fortunately for us, Melas was not Bonaparte.

We arrived at Milan on the 2d of June, the day on which the First Consul heard that the fort of Bard was taken. But little resistance was opposed to our entrance into the capital of Lombardy, and the term "engagements" can scarcely be applied to a few affairs of advance posts, in which success could not be for a moment doubtful. The fort of Milan was immediately blockaded. Murat was sent to Piacenza, of which he took possession without difficulty, and Lannes beat General Ott at Montebello. He was far from imagining that by that exploit he conquered for himself a future duchy!

The First Consul passed six days at Milan. On the day after our arrival there a spy who had served us very well in the first campaign in Italy was announced. The First Consul recollected him, and ordered him to be shown into his cabinet. "What, are you here?" he exclaimed; "so you are not shot yet!"—"General," replied the spy, "when the war recommenced I determined to serve the Austrians because you were far from Europe. I always follow the fortunate; but the truth is, I am tired of the trade. I wish to have done with it, and to get enough to enable me to retire. I have been sent to your lines by General Melas, and I can render you an important service. I will give an exact account of the force and the position of all the enemy's corps, and the names of their commanders. I can tell you the situation in which Alessandria now is. You know me: I will not deceive you; but, I must carry back some report to my general. You need

MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

care for giving me some true particulars which I can communicate to him." — "Oh! as to that," resumed the First Consul, "the enemy is welcome to know my forces and my intentions, provided I know his, and he be ignorant of my plans. You shall be satisfied; but do not deceive me; you shall have 1000 louis, you shall have them if you serve me well." Bonaparte wrote down, from the dictation of the spy, the names of the corps, their amount, their positions, and the names of the generals commanding them. The Consul stuck pins in the map to mark his plans on places respecting which he had received information from the spy. We also learned that Mantua was without provisions, that Melas was far from expecting a siege, that many of his troops were sick, and that he wanted medicines. Berthier was ordered to draw up for Bonaparte a nearly accurate statement of our positions.

The information given by this man proved so accurate and complete that on his return from Marengo Bonaparte ordered to pay him the 1000 louis. The spy afterwards informed that Melas was delighted with the way in which he had conducted him in this affair, and had rewarded him handsomely. Bonaparte assured us that he had bidden farewell to his odious profession. The First Consul regarded this little event as one of the favors of fortune.

On passing through Geneva the First Consul had an interview with M. Necker.¹ I know not how it happened, but at the time he did not speak to me of this interview. However, I was curious to know what he thought of a man who had enjoyed so much celebrity in France. One evening, when we were talking of one thing and another, I managed to turn the conversation on that subject. "M. Necker," said he, "appears very far below his reputation. He did not equal the idea I had formed of him. I tried all I could to get him to

Madame de Staël briefly mentions this interview in her *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*. "M. Necker," she says, "had an interview with Bonaparte, when he was on his way to Italy by the passage of Mont St. Julien, a few days before the battle of Marengo. During this conversation which lasted two hours, the First Consul made a very favorable impression on me, by the confident way he spoke of his future projects." — *ibid.*



DESAIX.

Desaix

talk; but he said nothing remarkable. He is an ideologist¹—a banker. It is impossible that such a man can have any but narrow views; and, besides, most celebrated people lose on a close view.” — “Not always, General,” observed I. — “Ah!” said he, smiling, “that is not bad, Bourrienne. You are improving. I see I shall make something of you in time!”

The day was approaching when all was to be lost or won. The First Consul made all his arrangements, and sent off the different corps to occupy the points he had marked out. I have already mentioned that Murat's task was the occupation of Piacenza. As soon as he was in possession of that town he intercepted a courier of General Melas. The despatch, which was addressed to the Augie Council of Vienna, was delivered to us on the night of the 8th of June. It announced the capitulation of Genoa, which took place on the 4th, after the long and memorable defence which reflected so much honor on Masséna. Melas in his despatch spoke of what he called our pretended army of reserve with inconceivable contempt, and alluded to the presence of Bonaparte in Italy as a mere fabrication. He declared he was still in Paris. It was past three in the morning when Murat's courier arrived. I immediately translated the despatch, which was in German. About four o'clock I entered the chamber of the First Consul, whom I was obliged to shake by the arm in order to wake him. He had desired me, as I have already mentioned, never to respect his repose on the arrival of bad news; but on the receipt of good news to let him sleep. I read to him the despatch, and so much was he confounded by this unexpected event that his first exclamation was, “Bah! you do not understand German.” But hardly had he uttered these words when he arose, and by eight o'clock in the morning orders were despatched for repairing the possible consequences of this disaster, and countermanding the march of the troops on the Scrivia. He himself proceeded the same day to Stradella.

¹ This was a constant term of reproach with Bonaparte. He set all the metaphysicians of the Continent against him by exclaiming, “*Je ne veux point d'ideologues.*”

I have seen it mentioned in some accounts that the First Consul in person gained the battle of Montebello. This is a mistake. He did not leave Milan until the 9th of June, and that very day Lannes was engaged with the enemy. The conflict was so terrible that Lannes, a few days after, describing it in my presence to M. Collot, used these remarkable words, which I well remember: "Bones were cracking in my division like a shower of hail falling on a skylight."

By a singular chance Desaix, who was to contribute to the victory and stop the rout of Marengo, arrived from Egypt at Toulon, on the very day on which we departed from Paris. He was enabled to leave Egypt in consequence of the capitulation of El-Arish, which happened on the 4th of January, 1800. He wrote me a letter, dated 16th Floréal, year VIII. (6th of May, 1800), announcing his arrival. This letter I did not receive until we reached Martigny. I showed it to the First Consul. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "Desaix in Paris!" and he immediately despatched an order for him to repair to the headquarters of the army of Italy wherever they might be. Desaix arrived at Stradella on the morning of the 11th of June. The First Consul received him with the warmest cordiality, as a man for whom he had a high esteem, and whose talents and character afforded the fairest promise of what might one day be expected of him. Bonaparte was jealous of some generals, the rivalry of whose ambition he feared; but on this subject Desaix gave him no uneasiness; equally remarkable for his unassuming disposition, his talent, and information, he proved by his conduct that he loved glory for her own sake, and that every wish for the possession of political power was foreign to his mind. Bonaparte's friendship for him was enthusiastic. At this interview at Stradella Desaix was closeted with the First Consul for upwards of three hours. On the day after his arrival an order of the day communicated to the army that Desaix was appointed to the command of Boudet's division.¹

¹ Boudet was on terms of great intimacy with Bonaparte, who, no doubt, was much affected at his death. However, the only remark he made on

I expressed to Bonaparte my surprise at his long interview with Desaix. "Yes," replied he, "he has been a long time with me; but you know what a favorite he is. As soon as I return to Paris I will make him War Minister. I would make him a prince if I could. He is quite an antique character." Desaix died two days after he had completed his thirty-third year, and in less than a week after the above observations.

About this time M. Collet came to Italy and saw Bonaparte at Milan. The latter received him coldly, though he had not yet gained the battle of Marengo. M. Collet had been on the most intimate footing with Bonaparte, and had rendered him many valuable services. These circumstances sufficiently accounted for Bonaparte's coolness, for he would never acknowledge himself under obligations to any one, and he did not like those who were initiated into certain family secrets which he had resolved to conceal.¹

receiving the intelligence, was "Who the devil shall I get to supply Boudet's place?" — *Bourricorne*.

The command given to Desaix was a corps specially formed of the two divisions of Boudet and Monnier (*Savary*, tome i. p. 252). Boudet was not killed at Marengo, still less before (see *Erreurs*, tome i. p. 14).

¹ The day after the interview I had a long conversation with M. Collet while Bonaparte was gone to review some corps stationed at Milan. M. Collet perfectly understood the cause of the unkind treatment he had experienced, and of which he gave me the following explanation: —

Some days before the Consulate, — that is to say, two or three days after our return from Egypt, — Bonaparte, during his jealous fit spoke to M. Collet about his wife, her levities, and their publicity. "Henceforth," said Bonaparte, "I will have nothing to do with her." — "What, would you part from her?" — "Does not her conduct justify me in so doing?" — "I do not know; but is this the time to think of such a thing, when the eyes of all France are fixed upon you? These domestic squabbles will degrade you in the eyes of the people, who expect you to be wholly devoted to their interests; and you will be laughed at, like one of Mollero's husbands. If you are displeased with your wife's conduct you can call her to account when you have nothing better to do. Begin by raising up the State. After that you may find a thousand reasons for your resentment when now you would not find one. You know the French people well enough to see how important it is that you should not commence with this absurdity."

By these and other similar remarks M. Collet thought he had produced some impression, when Bonaparte suddenly exclaimed: "No, my determination is fixed; she shall never again enter my house. I care not what people say. They will gossip about the affair for two days, and on the third it will be forgotten. She shall go to Malmatson, and I will live here. The public know enough, not to be mistaken as to the reasons of her removal."

M. Collet vainly endeavored to calm his irritation. Bonaparte vented a torrent of reproaches upon Josephine. "All this violence," observed M. Collet, "proves that you still love her. Do but see her; she will explain the

On the 13th the First Consul slept at Torre di Galifola. During the evening he ordered a staff-officer to ascertain whether the Austrians had a bridge across the Bormida. A report arrived very late that there was none. This information set Bonaparte's mind at rest, and he went to bed very well satisfied; but early next morning, when a firing was heard, and he learned that the Austrians had debouched on the plain, where the troops were engaged, he flew into a furious passion, called the staff-officer a coward, and said he had not advanced far enough. He even spoke of bringing the matter to an investigation. From motives of delicacy I refrain from mentioning the name of the officer here alluded to.

Bonaparte mounted his horse and proceeded immediately to the scene of action. I did not see him again until six in the evening. In obedience to his instructions I repaired to San Giuliano, which is not above two leagues from the place

business to your satisfaction, and you will forgive her." "I forgive her! Never! Collot, you know me. If I were not sure of my own resolution, I would tear out this heart and cast it into the fire." Here anger almost choked his utterance, and he made a motion with his hand as if tearing his breast.

When this violent paroxysm had somewhat subsided M. Collot withdrew; but before he went away Bonaparte invited him to breakfast on the following morning.

At ten o'clock M. Collot was there, and as he was passing through the courtyard he was informed that Madame Bonaparte, who, as I have already mentioned, had gone to Lyons without meeting the General, had returned during the night. On M. Collot's entrance Bonaparte appeared considerably embarrassed. He led him into a side room, not wishing to bring him into the room where I was writing. "Well," said Bonaparte to M. Collot, "she is here."—"I rejoice to hear it. You have done well for yourself as well as for us."—"But do not imagine I have forgiven her. As long as I live I shall suspect. The fact is, that on her arrival I desired her to be gone; but that fool Joseph was there. What could I do, Collot? I saw her descend the staircase followed by Eugène and Hortense. They were all weeping; and I have not a heart to resist tears. Eugène was with me in Egypt. I have been accustomed to look upon him as my adopted son. He is a fine brave lad. Hortense is just about to be introduced into society, and she is admired by all who know her. I confess, Collot, I was deeply moved; I could not endure the distress of the two poor children. 'Should they,' thought I, 'suffer for their mother's faults?' I called back Eugène and Hortense, and their mother followed them. What could I say, what could I do? I should not be a man without some weakness." "Be assured they will reward you for this." "They ought, Collot, they ought; for it has cost me a hard struggle." After this dialogue Bonaparte and M. Collot entered the breakfast-parlor, where I was then sitting. Eugène breakfasted with us, but neither Josephine nor Hortense. I have already related how I acted the part of mediator in this affair. Next day nothing was wanting to complete the reconciliation between the Conqueror of Egypt and the charming woman who conquered Bonaparte. -- *Bourruine*.

where the engagement commenced. In the course of the afternoon I saw a great many wounded passing through the village, and shortly afterwards a multitude of fugitives. At San Giuliano nothing was talked of but a retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone firmly opposed. I was then advised to leave San Giuliano, where I had just received a courier for the General-in-Chief. On the morning of the 14th General Desaix was sent towards Novi to observe the road to Genoa, which city had fallen several days before, in spite of the efforts of its illustrious defender, Masséna. I returned with this division to San Giuliano. I was struck with the numerical weakness of the corps which was marching to aid an army already much reduced and dispersed. The battle was looked upon as lost, and so indeed it was. The First Consul having asked Desaix what he thought of it, that brave General bluntly replied, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, we have time to gain another to-day." I heard this from Bonaparte himself the same evening. Who could have imagined that Desaix's little corps, together with the few heavy cavalry commanded by General Kellerman, would, about five o'clock, have changed the fortune of the day? It cannot be denied that it was the instantaneous inspiration of Kellerman that converted a defeat into a victory, and decided the battle of Marengo.

That memorable battle, of which the results were incalculable, has been described in various ways. Bonaparte had an account of it commenced no less than three times; and I must confess that none of the narratives are more correct than that contained in the *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*. The Emperor Napoleon became dissatisfied with what had been said by the First Consul Bonaparte. For my part, not having had the honor to bear a sword, I cannot say that I saw any particular movement executed this or that way; but I may mention here what I heard on the evening of the battle of Marengo respecting the probable chances of that event. As to the part which the First Consul took in it, the reader, perhaps, is sufficiently acquainted with his character to account for it. He did not choose that a result so decisive should be

attributed to any other cause than the combinations of his genius; and if I had not known his insatiable thirst for glory I should have been surprised at the sort of half satisfaction evinced at the cause of the success amidst the joy manifested for the success itself. It must be confessed that in this he was very unlike Jourdan, Hoche, Kléber, and Moreau, who were ever ready to acknowledge the services of those who had fought under their orders.

Within two hours of the time when the divisions commanded by Desaix left San Giuliano I was joyfully surprised by the triumphant return of the army, whose fate, since the morning, had caused me so much anxiety. Never did fortune within so short a time show herself under two such various faces. At two o'clock all denoted the desolation of a defeat, with all its fatal consequences; at five victory was again faithful to the flag of Arcola. Italy was reconquered by a single blow, and the crown of France appeared in the perspective.

At seven in the evening, when I returned with the First Consul to headquarters, he expressed to me his sincere regret for the loss of Desaix, and then he added, "Little Kellerman made a lucky charge. He did it at just the right moment. We are much indebted to him. You see what trifling circumstances decide these affairs."

These few words show that Bonaparte sufficiently appreciated the services of Kellerman. However, when that officer approached the table at which were seated the First Consul and a number of his generals, Bonaparte merely said, "You made a pretty good charge." By way of counterbalancing this cool compliment he turned towards Bessières, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the Guard, and said, "Bessières, the Guard has covered itself with glory." Yet the fact is, that the Guard took no part in the charge of Kellerman, who could assemble only 500 heavy cavalry; and with this handful of brave men he cut in two the Austrian column, which had overwhelmed Desaix's division, and had made 6000 prisoners. The Guard did not charge at Marengo until nightfall.

Next day it was reported that Kellerman, in his first feeling of dissatisfaction at the dry congratulation he had received, said to the First Consul, "I have just placed the crown on your head!" I did not hear this, and I cannot vouch for the truth of its having been said. I could only have ascertained that fact through Bonaparte, and of course I could not, with propriety, remind him of a thing which must have been very offensive to him. However, whether true or not, the observation was circulated about, verbally and in writing, and Bonaparte knew it. Hence the small degree of favor shown to Kellerman, who was not made a general of division on the field of battle as a reward for his charge at Marengo.¹

¹ If Savary's story be correct, and he was then *aide de camp* to Desaix, and Bourrienne acknowledges his account to be the best, the inspiration of the charge did not come from the young Kellerman. Savary says that Desaix sent him to tell Napoleon that he could not delay his attack, and that he must be supported by some cavalry. Savary was then sent by Napoleon to a spot where he was told he would find Kellerman, to order him to charge in support of Desaix. Desaix and Kellerman were so placed as to be out of sight of each other (*Savary*, tome i. pp. 274-279). Thiers (tome i. p. 415) follows Savary.

It may here be mentioned that Savary, in his account of the battle, expressly states that he carried the order from Bonaparte to Kellerman to make this charge. He also makes the following observations on the subject:—

"After the fall of the Imperial Government some pretended friends of General Kellerman have presumed to claim for him the merit of originating the charge of cavalry. That general, whose share of glory is sufficiently brilliant to gratify his most sanguine wishes, can have no knowledge of so presumptuous a pretension. I the more readily acquit him from the circumstance that, as we were conversing one day respecting that battle, I called to his mind my having brought to him the First Consul's orders, and he appeared not to have forgotten that fact. I am far from suspecting his friends of the design of lessening the glory of either General Bonaparte or General Desaix; they know as well as myself that theirs are names so respected that they can never be affected by such detractions, and that it would be as vain to dispute the praise due to the Chief who planned the battle as to attempt to depreciate the brilliant share which General Kellerman had in its successful result. I will add to the above a few observations.

"From the position which he occupied General Desaix could not see General Kellerman; he had even desired me to request the First Consul to afford him the support of some cavalry. Neither could General Kellerman, from the point where he was stationed, perceive General Desaix's division; it is even probable that he was not aware of the arrival of that General, who had only joined the army two days before. Both were ignorant of each other's position, which the First Consul was alone acquainted with; he alone could introduce harmony into their movements; he alone could make their efforts respectively conduce to the same object.

"The fate of the battle was decided by Kellerman's bold charge; had it, however, been made previously to General Desaix's attack, in all probability it would have had a quite different result. Kellerman appears to have

M. Delaforêt, the Postmaster-general, sometimes *transacted business* with the First Consul. The nature of this secret business may easily be guessed at.¹ On the occasion of one of their interviews the First Consul saw a letter from Kellerman to Lasalle, which contained the following passage: "Would you believe, my friend, that Bonaparte has not made me a general of division though I have just placed the crown on his head?" The letter was sealed again and sent to its address; but Bonaparte never forgot its contents.

Whether Kellerman did or did not give the crown of France to the First Consul, it is very certain that on the evening of the battle of Marengo he gave him a supper, of which his famishing staff and the rest of us partook. This was no inconsiderable service in the destitute condition in which we were. We thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate in profiting by the precaution of Kellerman, who had procured provisions from one of those pious retreats which are always well supplied, and which soldiers are very glad to fall in with when campaigning. It was the convent del Bosco which on this occasion was laid under contribution; and in return for the abundance of good provisions and wine with which they supplied the commander of the heavy cavalry the holy fathers were allowed a guard to protect them against pillage and the other disastrous concomitants of war.

After supper was over the First Consul dictated to me the bulletin of the battle. When we were alone I said to him, "General, here is a fine victory! You recollect what you said the other day about the pleasure with which you would return to France after striking a grand blow in Italy; surely

been convinced of it, since he allowed the Austrian column to cross our field of battle and extend its front beyond that of the troops we had still in line without making the least attempt to impede its progress. The reason of Kellerman's not charging it sooner was that it was too serious a movement, and the consequences of failure would have been irretrievable; that charge, therefore, could only enter into a general combination of plans, to which he was necessarily a stranger" (*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, tome i. pp. 278-280).

¹ When M. Delaforêt was replaced soon after this by Lavalette, Napoleon ordered the discontinuance of the practice followed until then of allowing letters to be opened by subordinate officials. This right was restricted, as in England, to the Minister. However bad this practice, it was limited, not extended in his reign. See *Meneval*, tome iii. pp. 60-62, and *Lavalette*, tome, ii. p. 10.

you must be satisfied now ?" --- " Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied ! But Desaix ! . . . Ah, what a triumph would this have been if I could have embraced him to-night on the field of battle ! " As he uttered these words I saw that Bonaparte was on the point of shedding tears, so sincere and profound was his grief for the death of Desaix. He certainly never loved, esteemed, or regretted any man so much.

The death of Desaix has been variously related, and I need not now state that the words attributed to him in the bulletin were imaginary. Neither did he die in the arms of his *aide de camp*, Lebrun, as I wrote from the dictation of the First Consul. The following facts are more correct, or at all events more probable : --- The death of Desaix was not perceived at the moment it took place. He fell without saying a word, at a little distance from Lefebvre-Desnouettes. A sergeant of battalion of the 9th brigade of light infantry, commanded by Barrois, seeing him extended on the ground, asked permission to pick up his cloak. It was found to be perforated behind ; and this circumstance leaves it doubtful whether Desaix was killed by some unlucky inadvertency, while advancing at the head of his troops or by the enemy when turning towards his men to encourage them. However, the event was so instantaneous, the disorder so complete, and the change of fortune so sudden, that it is not surprising there should be no positive account of the circumstances which attended his death.¹

Early next morning the Prince of Liechtenstein came from General Melas with negotiations to the First Consul. The propositions of the General did not suit Bonaparte, and he declared to the Prince that the army shut up in Alexandria should evacuate freely, and with the honors of war ; but on

¹ Savary, though Desaix's *aide de camp*, throws no light on the cause of that General's death. He says : " As soon as the Austrian column was dispersed I quitted General Kellerman's cavalry, and was returning to meet General Desaix, whose troops were debouching in my view, when the Colonel of the 8th regiment informed me that he had been killed. I was at the distance of only a hundred paces from the spot where I had left him. I hastened to it, and found the General stretched upon the ground, completely stripped of his clothes, and surrounded by other naked bodies. I recognized him notwithstanding the darkness, owing to the thickness of his hair, which still retained its tie " (*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, tome i. p. 277).

those conditions, which are well known, and by which Italy was to be fully restored to the French domination. That day were repaired the faults of Scherer, whose inertness and imbecility had paralyzed everything, and who had fled and been constantly beaten, from the Adriatic to Mont Cenis. The Prince of Liechtenstein begged to return to render an account of his mission to General Melas. He came back in the evening, and made many observations on the hard nature of the conditions. "Sir," replied the First Consul, in a tone of marked impatience, "carry my final determination to your General, and return quickly. It is irrevocable! Know that I am as well acquainted with your position as you are yourselves. I did not begin to learn the art of war yesterday. You are blocked up in Alessandria; you have many sick and wounded; you are in want of provisions and medicines. I occupy the whole of your rear. Your finest troops are among the killed and wounded. I might insist on harder conditions; my position would warrant me in so doing; but I moderate my demands in consideration of the gray hairs of your General, whom I respect."

This reply was delivered with considerable dignity and energy. I showed the Prince out, and he said to me, "These conditions are very hard, especially that of giving up Genoa, which surrendered to us only a fortnight ago, after so long a siege." It is a curious fact that the Emperor of Austria received intelligence of the capitulation and restitution of Genoa at the same time.

When the First Consul returned to Milan he made Savary and Rapp his *aides de camp*. They had previously served in the same rank under Desaix. The First Consul was at first not much disposed to take them, alleging that he had *aides de camp* enough. But his respect for the choice of Desaix, added to a little solicitation on my part, soon removed every obstacle. These two officers served him to the last hour of his political career with unfailing zeal and fidelity.

I have seen nothing in the *Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo* (Savary) about my having had anything to do with his admission to the honor. I can probably tell the reason why one of

the two *aides de camp* has risen higher than the other. Rapp had an Alsatian frankness which always injured him.¹

¹ Several instances of this will be found in Rapp's Memoirs, which may indeed partly explain why he was only count when Savary was a duke. A Corsican connection being introduced into Napoleon's room, Rapp, as in the case of Georges Cadoudal (see *ante*), would not, at first, withdraw, and when ordered out left the door ajar, telling Napoleon afterwards, "I do not like your Corsicans." On another occasion, "Rapp," said Napoleon, having a quantity of French gold before him, "do not the Germans like these little napoleons?"—"Yes, sire, much more than they do the great one."—"See," answered Napoleon, "what may be called German frankness" (*Rapp*, p. 25).



IN 1841

MEMOIRS
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY
LOUIS ANTOINE FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE
HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE HUNDRED DAYS
OF NAPOLEON'S SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH, AND OF
HIS RESIDENCE AND DEATH AT ST. HELENA,
WITH ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIVE EXTRACTS FROM ALL
THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES

EDITED BY R. W. PHIPPS

COLONEL, LATE ROYAL ARTILLERY

"Ah! Bourrienne, you also will be immortal!" said Napoleon.
"How, General?" "Are you not my Secretary?"

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WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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CONCORDANCE OF THE REPUBLICAN AND GREGORIAN CALENDARS.

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

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WHAT little time, and how few events sometimes suffice to change the destiny of nations! We left Milan on the 13th of June, Marengo on the 14th, and on the 15th Italy was ours! A suspension of hostilities between the French and Austrian armies was the immediate result of a single battle; and by virtue of a convention, concluded between Berthier and Melas, we resumed possession of all the fortified places of any importance, with the exception of Mantua. As soon as this convention was signed Bonaparte dictated to me at Torre de Galifolo the following letter to his colleagues:—

The day after the battle of Marengo, CITIZENS CONSULS, General Melas transmitted a message to our advance posts requesting permission to send General Skal to me. During the day the convention, of which J

send you a copy, was drawn up, and at night it was signed by Generals Berthier and Melas. I hope the French people will be satisfied with the conduct of their army.¹ (Signed) BONAPARTE.

The only thing worthy of remark in this letter would be the concluding sentence, in which the First Consul still affected to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people, were it not that the words "Citizens Consuls" were evidently foisted in with a particular design. The battle was gained; and even in a trifling matter like this it was necessary that the two other Consuls should feel that they were not so much the colleagues as the subordinates of the First Consul.

We returned to Milan, and our second occupation of that city was marked by continued acclamations, wherever the First Consul showed himself. At Milan the First Consul now saw Masséna, for the first time since our departure for Egypt. Bonaparte lavished upon him the highest praises, but not higher than he deserved, for his admirable defence of Genoa. He named him his successor in the command of the army of Italy. Moreau was on the Rhine, and therefore none but the conqueror of Zurich could properly have succeeded the First Consul in that command. The great blow was struck; but there might still occur an emergency requiring the presence of a skilful experienced general, well acquainted with the country. And besides, we could not be perfectly at ease, until it was ascertained what conditions would be adhered to by the Cabinet of Vienna, which was then entirely under the influence of the Cabinet of London.

After our return from the battle the popular joy was general and heartfelt, not only among the higher and middle ranks of society, but in all classes; and the affection evinced from all quarters to the First Consul was unfeigned. In what a tone of sincerity did he say to me one day, when returning from the parade, "Bonrrienne, do you hear the acclamations

¹ The nephew of Cambacérès points out that Bonrrienne has omitted the heading of this letter, "*To the Citizens of the Republic*," and also its ending, "*I shall be at Milan this evening.*" "*I salute you affectionately.*" This last formula, he says, Napoleon seems to have attached some importance to, as in other original letters, where Bonrrienne in his haste had omitted it, Napoleon had added it with his own hands (*l'écrit*, tome ii. p. 185).

still resounding? That noise is as sweet to me as the sound of Josephine's voice. How happy and proud I am to be loved by such a people!"

During our stay at Milan Bonaparte had arranged a new government for Piedmont; he had ever since cherished the wish to unite that rich and fertile country to the French territory because some Piedmontese provinces had been possessed by Louis XIV. That monarch was the only king whom the First Consul really admired. "If," said he one day, "Louis XIV. had not been born a king, he would have been a great man. But he did not know mankind; he could not know them, for he never knew misfortune." He admired the resolution of the old King, who would rather bury himself under the ruins of the monarchy than submit to degrading conditions, after having commanded the sovereigns of Europe. I recollect that Bonaparte was extremely pleased to see in the reports which he ordered to be made that in Casal, and in the valleys of Pignerol, Latour, and Luzerne, there still existed many traces of the period when those countries belonged to France; and that the French language was yet preserved there. He already began to identify himself with the past; and abusing the old kings of France was not the way to conciliate his favor.

The First Consul appointed for the government of Piedmont a Council which, as may naturally be imagined, he composed of those Piedmontese who were the declared partisans of France. He stated as the grounds of this arrangement that it was to give to Piedmont a new proof of the affection and attachment of the French people. He afterwards appointed General Dupont President of the Council, with the title of Minister-Extraordinary of the French Government. I will here mention a secret step taken by Bonaparte towards the overthrowing of the Republic. In making the first draught of General Dupont's appointment I had mechanically written, "Minister-Extraordinary of the French Republic." — "No! no!" said Bonaparte, "not of the *Republic*; say of the *Government*."

On his return to Paris the First Consul gave almost incred-

ible proofs of his activity. The day after his arrival he promulgated a great number of decrees, and afterwards allotted the rewards to his soldiers. He appointed Kellerman a general of Division which, on every principle of justice, he ought to have done on the field of battle. He distributed sabres of honor, with the following inscription, highly complimentary to himself:—

"Battle of Marengo,¹ commanded in person by the First Consul. — Given by the Government of the Republic to General Lannes."

Similar sabres were presented to Generals Victor, Watrin, Gardanne, and Murat; and sabres of less value to other officers: and also muskets and drumsticks of honor to the soldiers and drummers who had distinguished themselves at Marengo, or in the army of the Rhine; for Bonaparte took care that the officers and men who had fought under Moreau should be included among those to whom the national rewards were presented. He even had a medal struck to perpetuate the memory of the entry of the French army into Munich. It is worthy of remark that while official fabrications and exaggerated details of facts were published respecting Marengo and the short campaign of Italy, by a feigned modesty the victorious army of Marengo received the unambitious title of *Army of Reserve*. By this artifice the honor of the Constitution was saved. The First Consul had not violated it. If he had marched to the field, and staked everything on a chance, it was merely accidentally, for he commanded only an "Army of Reserve," which nevertheless he had greeted with the title of *Grand Army* before he entered upon the campaign. It is scarcely conceivable that Bonaparte, possessing as he did an extraordinary mind, should have descended to such pitiful artifices.²

Even foreigners and prisoners were objects of Bonaparte's

¹ Spelt for some time, I do not know why, as *Marengo*. *Bourrienne*.

² Thiers (tome vi. p. 70) says the title *Grande Armée* was first given by Napoleon to the force prepared in 1805 for the campaign against Austria. The Constitution forbade the first Consul to command the armies in person. Hence the title, "*Army of Reserve*," given to the force which fought Marengo.

ng attentions. I recollect one evening his saying to Bourrienne, write to the Minister of War, and tell him to get a fine brace of pistols, of the Versailles manufacture, and then, in my name, to General Zach. He dined with me that day, and highly praised our manufacture of arms. I was like to give him a token of remembrance; besides,—the matter will be talked of at Vienna, and may perhaps do

soon as the news of the battle of Marengo reached Paris

Bonaparte, Minister of the Interior, ordered preparation for the festival, fixed for the 14th of July, in commemoration of the first Federation. This festival and that of the 10th d miaire were the only ones preserved by the Consular Government. Indeed, in those memorable days, when the Republic appeared in its fairest point of view, France had known such joy as that to which the battle of Marengo gave rise. Still, amidst all this popular transport there was a feeling of regret. The fame of Desaix, his heroic character, and the words attributed to him and believed to be uttered in mourning to be mingled with joy. It was agreed to make a subscription for erecting a national monument to his memory. A reflection naturally arises here upon the difference between the period referred to and the present time. France has endowed with nearly a million the children of one of her greatest orators and most eloquent defenders of public liberty. Yet, for the monument to the memory of Desaix only 20,000 francs were subscribed. Does not this form a striking contrast with the patriotic munificence displayed at the death of General Foy? The pitiful monument to Desaix, in Place Dauphine, sufficiently attests the want of spirit on the part of the subscribers. Bonaparte, who was much afflicted with it, gave the name of Desaix to a new quay, the cornerstone of which was laid with due solemnity on the 14th of July.

On that day the crowd was immense in the Champ-de-Mars, before the Temple of Mars, the name which at that time the Rue of the Invalides still preserved. Lucien delivered a speech upon the encouraging prospects of France, and Lannes

made an appropriate address on presenting to the Government the flags taken at Marengo. Two more speeches followed; one from an *aide de camp* of Masséna, and the other from an *aide de camp* of Lecourbe; and after the distribution of some medals the First Consul then delivered the following address:—

CITIZENS! SOLDIERS!—The flags presented to the Government, in the presence of the people of this immense capital, attest at once the genius of the Commanders-in-Chief Moreau, Masséna, and Berthier; the military talents of the generals, their lieutenants; and the bravery of the French soldiers.

On your return to the camp tell your comrades that for the 1st Vendémiaire, when we shall celebrate the anniversary of the Republic, the French people expect either peace, or if the enemy obstinately refuse it, other flags, the fruit of fresh victories.

After this harangue of the First Consul, in which he addressed the military in the name of the people, and ascribed to Berthier the glory of Marengo, a hymn was chanted, the words of which were written by M. de Fontanes, and the music composed by Méhul. But what was most remarkable in this *fête* was neither the poetry, the music, nor even the panegyrical eloquence of Lucien, it was the arrival at the Champ-de-Mars, after the ceremony at the Invalides, of the Consular Guard returning from Marengo. I was at a window of the *École-Militaire*, and I can never forget the commotion, almost electrical, which made the air resound with cries of enthusiasm at their appearance. These soldiers did not defile before the First Consul in fine uniforms as at a review. Leaving the field of battle when the firing ceased, they had crossed Lombardy, Piedmont, Mont Cenis, Savoy, and France in the space of twenty-nine days. They appeared worn by the fatigue of a long journey, with faces browned by the summer sun of Italy, and with their arms and clothing showing the effects of desperate struggles. Do you wish to have an idea of their appearance? You will find a perfect type in the first grenadier put by Gérard at one side of his picture of the battle of Austerlitz.

At the time of this *fête*, that is to say, in the middle of the

MARSHAL TURENNE'S REMAINS.

month of July, the First Consul could not have imagined the moderate conditions he had proposed after the would not be accepted by Austria. In the hope, there a peace which could not but be considered probable the first time since the establishment of the Consular Government, convoked the deputies of the departments appointed their time of assembling in Paris for the 1^{er} décade, a day which formed the close of one republic century and marked the commencement of another.

The remains of Marshal Turenne, to which Louis XVI. awarded the honors of annihilation by giving them among the royal tombs in the vaults of St. Denis, had been torn from their grave at the time of the sacrilegious violation of the tombs. His bones, mingled indiscriminately with others, had long lain in obscurity in a garret of the Faculty of Medicine when M. Lenoir collected and restored the ancient tomb of Turenne in the Musée des Petits Palais. Bonaparte resolved to enshrine these relics in sculptured marble with which the glory of Turenne could well dispense. This was, however, intended as a connecting link between the past days of France and the future to which he looked forward. He thought that the sentiments expressed by the solemn honors rendered to the memory of Turenne would dispose the deputies of the departments to receive with greater enthusiasm the pacific communications he had been able to make.

However, the negotiations did not take the favorable turn which the First Consul had expected; and, notwithstanding all the address of Lucien, the communication was not made without much uneasiness. But Lucien had prepared a speech quite to the taste of the First Consul. After dilating some time on the efforts of the Government to obtain peace, he deplored the tergiversations of Austria, accused the influence of England, and added in a more elevated and solemn tone, "At the very moment when the Consuls were entering the Palace of the Government a courier arrived with despatches which the First Consul has directed me to communicate to you." He then read a note declaring that

Austrian Government consented to surrender to France the three fortresses of Ulm, Philipsburg, and Ingolstadt. This was considered as a security for the preliminaries of peace being speedily signed. The news was received with enthusiasm, and that anxious day closed in a way highly gratifying to the First Consul.

Whilst victory confirmed in Italy the destinies of the First Consul, his brothers were more concerned about their own interests than the affairs of France. They loved money as much as Bonaparte loved glory. A letter from Lucien to his brother Joseph, which I shall subjoin, shows how ready they always were to turn to their own advantage the glory and fortune of him to whom they were indebted for all their importance. I found this letter among my papers, but I cannot tell why and how I preserved it. It is interesting, inasmuch as it shows the opinion that a family of future kings entertained of their own situation, and of what their fate would have been had Bonaparte, like Desaix, fallen on the field of Marengo. It is, besides, curious to observe the philosopher Lucien causing *Te Deums* to be chanted with the view of influencing the public funds. At all events I copy Lucien's letter as he wrote it, giving the words marked in italics, and the numerous notes of exclamation which distinguish the original.

24th June.

MY BROTHER -- I send you a courier; I particularly wish that the First Consul would give me notice of his arrival twenty four hours beforehand, and that he would inform *me alone* of the barrier by which he will enter. The city wishes to prepare triumphal arches for him, and it deserves not to be disappointed.

At my request a Te Deum was chanted yesterday. There were 60,000 persons present.

The intrigues of Autenil¹ continue. It has been found difficult to

¹ This intrigue, so called from Talleyrand, one of its heads, living in the suburb of Autenil, arose from the wish of many of the most influential men to be prepared in case of the death of Napoleon in any action in Italy. It was simply a continuation of the same combinations which had been attempted or planned in 1799, till the arrival of Bonaparte from Egypt made the party choose him as the instrument for the overthrow of the Directors. There was little secrecy about their plans; see Miot de Melito (tome i. p. 276) where Joseph Bonaparte tells his friends all that was being

between C—— and La F——. The latter has proposed his daughter to me. Intrigue has been carried to the last extreme. I know yet whether the High Priest has decided for one party or other. I believe that he would cheat them both for an Orleans, and friend of Auteuil was at the bottom of it all. The news of the battle of Marengo petrified them, and yet next day the High Priest certainly spent three hours with your friend of Auteuil. As to us, had the victory of Marengo closed the First Consul's career we should now have been bed.

My letters say nothing of what I expected to hear. I hope at least to be informed of the answer from Vienna before any one. I am sorry I have not paid me back for the battle of Marengo.

The festival of the 14th of July will be very gratifying. We expect it as a certainty, and the triumphant return of the First Consul. The weather is all well. Your wife and all her family are at Morfontaine. I am at Paris. Why do you return with the First Consul? Peace! and think of our last interview. I embrace you.

(Signed) LUCIEN.

the margin is written —

S. — Read the letter addressed to the Consul, and give it to him. You have carefully closed it.

Forward the enclosed. Madame Murat never lodged in my house. Her husband is a fool, whom his wife ought to punish by not writing to her a month.

(Signed) LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

Naparte, confirmed in his power by the victory of Marengo, remained some days longer at Milan to settle the affairs of Italy. He directed me to furnish Madame Grassini money to pay her expenses to Paris.¹ We departed amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and took the road to Turin. The First Consul stopped at Turin for some hours, inspected the citadel, which had been surrendered to us

in case his brother fell. Carnot seems to have been the most likely choice as leader and replacer of Bonaparte. In the above letter "C——" stands for Carnot, "La F——," for La Fayette, the "High Priest" is Talleyrand, and the "friend of Auteuil" is Talleyrand; see Iung's *Lucien*, p. 411. The postscript seems to refer to a wretched scandal about the First Consul and Lucien; see Iung's *Lucien*, tome i. pp. 411, 432, 433. The reader will remark the retention of this and other documents by Bourrienne, forms one of the charges brought against him farther on. The First Consul saw Madame Grassini at a concert at Milan, and was struck with her beauty. He was introduced to her, and at the expiration of a few weeks the Conqueror of Italy counted one conquest more. Madame Grassini proceeded to Paris, where she subsequently became one of the favorites of the Court concerts (*Mémoires de Constant*).

in pursuance of the capitulation of Alessandria. In passing over Mont Cenis we observed the carriage of Madame Kellerman, who was going to meet her husband. Bonaparte on recognizing the lady stopped his carriage and congratulated her on the gallant conduct of her husband at the battle of Marengo.

On our arrival at Lyons we alighted at the Hôtel des Céléstins, and the loud acclamations of a numerous multitude assembled round the hotel obliged Bonaparte to show himself on the balcony. Next day he proceeded to the Square of Bellecour, where, amidst the plaudits of the people, he laid the first stone of some new buildings destined to efface one of the disasters of the Revolution.

We left Lyons that evening and continued our journey by way of Dijon. On our arrival in that town the joy of the inhabitants was very great. I never saw a more graceful and captivating sight than that which was presented by a group of beautiful young females,¹ crowned with flowers, who accompanied Bonaparte's carriage, and which at that period, when the Revolution had renewed all the republican recollections of Greece and Rome, looked like the chorus of females dancing around the victor at the Olympic games.

But all our journey was not so agreeable. Some accidents awaited us. The First Consul's carriage broke down between Villeneuve-le-Roi and Sens. He sent a courier to inform my mother that he would stop at her house till his carriage was repaired. He dined there, and we started again at seven in the evening.

But we had other disasters to encounter. One of our off-wheels came off, and as we were driving at a very rapid pace the carriage was overturned on the bridge at a short distance from Montreuil-Faut-Yonne. The First Consul, who sat on my left, fell upon me, and sustained no injury. My head was slightly hurt by striking against some things which were in the pocket of the carriage; but this accident was not worth

¹ Savary (tome i. p. 287), remarking on the extreme joy shown by the ladies of Dijon, remarks, "One of the most beautiful became, later, one of the ornaments of the Court as the Duchess of Bassano," i. e. Madame Maret.

ASSASSINATION OF KLÉBER.

stopping for, and we arrived at Paris on the same night, 2d of July. Duroc, who was the third in the carriage, not hurt.

I have already mentioned that Bonaparte was rather active when travelling; and as we were passing through Burgundy, on our return to Paris from Marengo, he was exultingly, "Well, a few more events like this campaign, I may go down to posterity."—"I think," replied I, "you have already done enough to secure great and lasting fame."—"Yes," resumed he, "I have done enough, it is true. In less than two years I have won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow I should not at the end of ten centuries occupy half a page in general history!"

On the very day when Desaix fell on the field of Marengo, Kléber was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman, named Soleiman Haleby,¹ who stabbed him with a dagger, and that blow decided the fate of Egypt. Thus was France, on the same day, and almost at the same hour, deprived of her most distinguished generals. Menou, as senior in command, succeeded Kléber, and the First Consul confirmed the appointment. From that moment the loss of Egypt was inevitable.

I have a few details to give respecting the tragical death of Kléber. The house of Elfy Bey, which Bonaparte occupied at Cairo, and in which Kléber lived after his departure, had a terrace leading from a *salon* to an old ruined cistern, and from which, down a few steps, there was an entrance into a garden. The terrace commanded a view of the grand square of El Beguyeh, which was to the right on coming out of

¹ This fellah was, at most, eighteen or twenty years of age; he was a native of Damascus, and declared that he had quitted his native city by the command of the grand vizier, who had intrusted him with the commission of repairing to Egypt and killing the grand sultan of the French [Bonaparte, being probably intended]. That for this purpose alone he had left his family, and performed the whole journey on foot, and had received from the grand vizier no other money than what was absolutely requisite for the exigencies of the journey. On arriving at Cairo he had gone forth to perform his devotions in the great mosque, and it was only on the eve of the execution of his project that he confided it to one of the sheriffs of the market. (*Duc de Rovigo's Memoirs*, tome i. p. 367).

salon, while the garden was on the left. This terrace was Bonaparte's favorite promenade, especially in the evenings, when he used to walk up and down and converse with the persons about him. I often advised him to fill up the reservoir, and to make it level with the terrace. I even showed him, by concealing myself in it, and coming suddenly behind him, how easy it would be for any person to attempt his life and then escape, either by jumping into the square, or passing through the garden. He told me I was a coward, and was always in fear of death; and he determined not to make the alteration I suggested, which, however, he acknowledged to be advisable. Kléber's assassin availed himself of the facility which I so often apprehended might be fatal to Bonaparte.

I shall not stop to refute all the infamous rumors which were circulated respecting Kléber's death. When the First Consul received the unexpected intelligence he could scarcely believe it. He was deeply affected; and on reading the particulars of the assassination he instantly called to mind how often he had been in the same situation as that in which Kléber was killed, and all I had said respecting the danger of the reservoir—a danger from which it is inconceivable he should have escaped, especially after his Syrian expedition had excited the fury of the natives. Bonaparte's knowledge of Kléber's talents—the fact of his having confided to him the command of the army, and the aid which he constantly endeavored to transmit to him, repel at once the horrible suspicion of his having had the least participation in the crime, and the thought that he was gratified to hear of it.

It is very certain that Bonaparte's dislike of Kléber was as decided as the friendship he cherished for Desaix. Kléber's fame annoyed him, for he was weak enough to be annoyed at it. He knew the manner in which Kléber spoke of him, which was certainly not the most respectful. During the long and sanguinary siege of St. Jean d'Acre Kléber said to me, "That little scoundrel Bonaparte, who is no higher than my boot, will enslave France. See what a villanous expedition he has succeeded in involving us in." Kléber often made

same remark to others as well as to me. I am not certain if it was ever reported to Bonaparte; but there is reason to believe that those who found it their interest to accuse others did not spare Kléber.

Kléber, who was a sincere republican, saw and dreaded for his country's sake the secret views and inordinate ambition of Bonaparte. He was a grumbler by nature; yet he never expressed discontent in the discharge of his duties as a soldier. He swore and stormed, but marched bravely to the cannon's mouth: he was indeed courage personified. One day when he was in the trench at St. Jean d'Acre, standing up, and by his tall stature exposed to every shot, Bonaparte called to him, "Stoop down, Kléber, stoop down!" — "Why," replied Kléber, "your confounded trench does not reach to my knees." He never regarded the Egyptian expedition with a favorable eye. He thought it too expensive, and utterly useless to success. He was convinced that in the situation in which we stood, without a navy or a powerful Government, it would have been better to have confined our attention to Europe than to have wasted French blood and money on the banks of the Nile, and among the ruined cities of Syria. Kléber, who was a cool, reflecting man, judged Bonaparte without enthusiasm, a thing somewhat rare at that time, and he was not blind to any of his faults.¹

Bonaparte alleged that Kléber said to him, "*General, you are as great as the world!*" Such a remark is in direct opposition to Kléber's character. He was too sincere to say anything against his conviction. Bonaparte, always anxious to conquer Egypt, of which the preservation alone could justify the conquest, allowed Kléber to speak because he acted at the same time. He knew that Kléber's sense of military duty would always triumph over any opposition he might cherish in his views and plans. Thus the death of his lieutenant, far from causing Bonaparte any feeling of satisfaction, afflicted

¹*Erreurs* (tome i. p. 6) suggests that Moreau should be substituted here for Kléber, as the letters of Kléber show that Kléber did not and that Moreau disliked the expedition. Thiers (*Consulat*, tome ii. p. 4) describes Kléber at first "ardently" wishing to take part in the expedition, and when in Egypt wishing to return. Kléber was a man disliking command, and not inclined to obey.

him the more, because it almost totally deprived him of the hope of preserving a conquest which had cost France so dear, and which was his work.

The news of the death of Kleber arrived shortly after our return to Paris. Bonaparte was anxiously expecting accounts from Egypt, none having been received for a considerable time. The arrival of the courier who brought the fatal intelligence gave rise to a scene which I may relate here. It was two o'clock in the morning when the courier arrived at the Tuileries. In his hurry the First Consul could not wait to rouse any one to call me up. I had informed him some days before that if he should want me during the night he should send for me to the corridor, as I had changed my bedchamber on account of my wife's accouchement. He came up himself, and instead of knocking at my door knocked at that of my secretary. The latter immediately rose, and opening the door to his surprise saw the First Consul with a candle in his hand, a Madras handkerchief on his head, and having on his gray great-coat. Bonaparte, not knowing of the little step down into the room, slipped and nearly fell. "Where is Bourrienne?" asked he. The surprise of my secretary at the apparition of the First Consul can be imagined. "What, General, is it you?" "Where is Bourrienne?" Then my secretary, in his shirt, showed the First Consul my door. After having told him that he was sorry at having called him up, Napoleon came to me.¹ I dressed in a hurry, and we went downstairs to my usual room. We rang several times before they opened the door for us. The guard were not asleep, but having heard so much running to and fro feared

¹ After such a circumstantial account it is odd that Miot de Melito (tome i. p. 290) places the reception of this news at Montfaucon, where he himself apparently was. He says that Joseph did not conceal that his brother looked on this as a fresh favor of fortune. Kleber, says Miot, was the personal enemy of Bonaparte, who did not pardon him for abandoning him in Egypt, and as Kleber had a great reputation in the army, if he had returned to France he would have been a redoubtable obstacle to the designs of the First Consul. Savary (tome i. p. 368) describes Napoleon as having already forgotten his grievances against Kleber, and as showing much regret at being him in such an unfortunate manner.

A similar respect for the slanders of others will be found in the experience of Meneval (tome i. p. 135 and tome iii. p. 124).

we were thieves. At last they opened the door, and the First Consul threw on the table the immense packet of despatches which he had just received. They had been fumigated and steeped in vinegar. When he read the announcement of the death of Kléber the expression of his countenance sufficiently denoted the painful feelings which arose in his mind. I read in his face, *Egypt is lost!*

CHAPTER II.

1800-1801.

Bonaparte's wish to negotiate with England and Austria--An emigrant's letter--Domestic details. The bell. Conspiracy of Cécœchi, Aréna, Harrel, and others. Bonaparte's visit to the opera. Arrests. Harrel appointed commandant of Vincennes. The Duc d'Enghien's foster sister--The third Nivôse. First performance of Haydn's "Creation." The infernal machine--Congratulatory addresses. Arbitrary condemnations--M. Tissot erased from the list of the banished. M. Truguet. Bonaparte's hatred of the Jacobins explained. The real criminals discovered. Justification of Fouche. Execution of St. Regent and Carbon. Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte. Conversation between Bonaparte and Fouche. Pretended anger. Fouche's dissimulation. Lucien's resignation--His embassy to Spain. War between Spain and Portugal. Dinner at Fouche's. Treachery of Joseph Bonaparte. A trick upon the First Consul. A three days' coolness. Reconciliation.

The happy events of the campaign of Italy had been crowned by the armistice, concluded on the 5th of July. This armistice was broken on the 1st of September, and renewed after the battle of Hohenlinden. On his return from Marengo Bonaparte was received with more enthusiasm than ever. The rapidity with which, in a campaign of less than two months, he had restored the triumph of the French standard, excited universal astonishment. He then actively endeavored to open negotiations with England and Austria; but difficulties opposed him in every direction. He frequently visited the theatre, where his presence attracted prodigious throngs of persons, all eager to see and applaud him.

The immense number of letters which were at this time addressed to the First Consul is scarcely conceivable. They contained requests for places, protestations of fidelity, and, in short, they were those petitionary circulars that are addressed to all persons in power. These letters were often exceedingly curious, and I have preserved many of them; among the rest was one from Durosel Beaumanoir, an emigrant who had fled

to Jersey. This letter contains some interesting particulars relative to Bonaparte's family. It is dated Jersey, 12th of July, 1800, and the following are the most remarkable passages it contains :—

I trust, General, that I may, without indiscretion, intrude upon your notice, to remind you of what, I flatter myself, you have not totally forgotten, after having lived eighteen or nineteen years at Ajaccio. But you will, perhaps, be surprised that so trifling an affair should be the subject of the letter which I have the honor to address to you. You cannot have forgotten, General, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, from whence he went to see you at Brienne, he was unprovided with money, and he asked me for twenty-five louis, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return he had no opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to dispose of some plate in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience, and previous to the breaking out of the Revolution I believe it was not in her power to fulfil her wish of discharging the debt.

I am sorry, General, to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle. But such is my unfortunate situation that even this trifle is of some importance to me. Driven from my country, and obliged to take refuge in this island, where everything is exceedingly expensive, the little sum I have mentioned, which was formerly a matter of indifference, would now be of great service to me.

You will understand, General, that at the age of eighty-six, after having served my country well for sixty years, without the least interruption, not counting the time of emigration, chased from every place, I have been obliged to take refuge here, to subsist on the scanty succor given by the English Government to the French emigrant. I say *emigrant* because I have been forced to be one. I had no intention of being one, but a horde of brigands, who came from Caen to my house to assassinate me, considered I had committed a great crime in being the senior general of the canton and in having the Grand Cross of St. Louis: this was too much for them; if it had not been for the cries of my neighbors, my door would have been broken open, and I should have been assassinated; and I had but time to fly by a door at the back, only carrying away what I had on me. At first I retired to Paris, but there they told me that I could do nothing but go into a foreign country, so great was the hate entertained for me by my fellow-citizens, although I lived in retirement, never having any discussion with any one. Thus, General, I have abandoned all I possessed, money and goods, leaving them at the mercy of what they call the nation, which has profited a good deal by this, as I have nothing left in the world, not even a spot to put my foot on. If even a house had been reserved for me, General, I could ask for what depends on you, for I have heard it said that some emigrants have been

allowed to return home. I do not even ask this favor, not having a place to rest my foot. And, besides, I have with me here an exiled brother, older than I am, very ill and in perfect second childhood, whom I could not abandon. I am resigned to my own unhappy fate, but my sole and great grief is that not only I myself have been ill-treated, but that my fate has, contrary to the law, injured relations whom I love and respect. I have a mother-in-law eighty years old, who has been refused the dower I had given her from my property, and this will make me die a bankrupt if nothing is changed, which makes me miserable.

I acknowledge, General, that I know little of the new style, but, according to the old form, I am your humble servant,

DUROSEL BEAUMANOIR.

I read this letter to the First Consul, who immediately said, "Bourrienne, this is sacred! Do not lose a minute. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel that he shall be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the Convention have done! I can never repair it all." Bonaparte uttered these words with a degree of emotion which I rarely saw him evince. In the evening he asked me whether I had executed his orders, which I had done without losing a moment. The death of M. Frotte had given me a lesson as to the value of time!

Availing myself of the privilege I have already frequently taken of making abrupt transitions from one subject to another, according as the recollection of past circumstances occurs to my mind, I shall here note down a few details, which may not improperly be called *domestic*, and afterwards describe a conspiracy which was protected by the very man against whom it was hatched.

At the Tuileries, where the First Consul always resided during the winter and sometimes a part of the summer, the grand *salon* was situated between his cabinet and the room in which he received the persons with whom he had appointed audiences. When in this audience-chamber, if he wanted anything or had occasion to speak to anybody, he pulled a bell which was answered by a confidential servant named Landoire, who was the messenger of the First Consul's cabinet. When Bonaparte's bell rung it was usually for the

purpose of making some inquiry of me respecting a paper, a name, a date, or some matter of that sort; and then Landoire had to pass through the cabinet and *salon* to answer the bell and afterwards to return and to tell me I was wanted. Impatient at the delay occasioned by this running about, Bonaparte, without saying anything to me, ordered the bell to be so altered that it should ring within the cabinet, and exactly above my table. Next morning when I entered the cabinet I saw a man mounted upon a ladder. "What are you doing here?" said I. "I am hanging a bell, sir." I called Landoire and asked him who had given the order. "The First Consul," he replied. I immediately ordered the man to come down and remove the ladder, which he accordingly did. When I went, according to custom, to awaken the First Consul and read the newspapers to him I said, "General, I found a man this morning hanging a bell in your cabinet. I was told it was by your orders; but being convinced there must be some mistake I sent him away. Surely the bell was not intended for you, and I cannot imagine it was intended for me: whom then could it be for?" -- "What a stupid fellow that Landoire is!" said Bonaparte. "Yesterday, when Cambacérès was with me, I wanted you. Landoire did not come when I touched the bell. I thought it was broken, and ordered him to get it repaired. I suppose the bell-hanger was doing it when you saw him, for you know the wire passes through the cabinet." I was satisfied with this explanation, though I was not deceived by it. For the sake of appearance he reproved Landoire, who, however, had done nothing more than execute the order he had received. How could he imagine I would submit to such treatment, considering that we had been friends since our boyhood, and that I was now living on full terms of confidence and familiarity with him?

Before I speak of the conspiracy of Gêraccchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and others, I must notice a remark made by Napoleon at St. Helena. He said, or is alleged to have said, "The two attempts which placed me in the greatest danger were those of the sculptor Gêraccchi and of the fanatic of Schönbrunn." I was not at Schönbrunn at the time; but I am convinced that

Bonaparte was in the most imminent danger. I have been informed on unquestionable authority that Staps set out from Erfurth with the intention of assassinating the Emperor; but he wanted the necessary courage for executing the design. He was armed with a large dagger, and was twice sufficiently near Napoleon to have struck him. I heard this from Rapp, who seized Staps, and felt the hilt of the dagger under his coat. On that occasion Bonaparte owed his life only to the irresolution of the young *illuminato* who wished to sacrifice him to his fanatical fury. It is equally certain that on another occasion, respecting which the author of the St. Helena narrative observes complete silence, another fanatic more dangerous than Staps attempted the life of Napoleon.¹

The following is a correct statement of the facts relative to Céracchi's conspiracy. The plot itself was a mere shadow; but it was deemed advisable to give it substance, to exaggerate, at least in appearance, the danger to which the First Consul had been exposed:—

There was at that time in Paris an idle fellow called Harrel; he had been a *chef de bataillon*, but he had been dismissed the service, and was consequently dissatisfied. He became connected with Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville. From different motives all these individuals were violently hostile to the First Consul, who, on his part, was no friend to Céracchi and Aréna, but scarcely knew the two others. These four individuals formed, in conjunction with Harrel, the design of assassinating the First Consul, and the time fixed for the perpetration of the deed was one evening when Bonaparte intended to visit the opera.

On the 20th of September, 1800, Harrel came to me at the Tuileries. He revealed to me the plot in which he was engaged, and promised that his accomplices should be apprehended in the very act if I would supply him with money to bring the plot to maturity. I knew not how to act upon this disclosure, which I, however, could not reject without incur-

¹ At the time of this second attempt I was not with Napoleon; but he directed me to see the madman who had formed the design of assassinating him. It will be seen in the course of these Memoirs what were his plans, and what was the result of them. — *Bourrienne*.

ring too great a responsibility. I immediately communicated the business to the First Consul, who ordered me to supply Harrel with money; but not to mention the affair to Fouché, to whom he wished to prove that he knew better how to manage the police than he did.

Harrel came nearly every evening at eleven o'clock to inform me of the progress of the conspiracy, which I immediately communicated to the First Consul, who was not sorry to find Aréna and Céracchi deeply committed. But the time passed on, and nothing was done. The First Consul began to grow impatient. At length Harrel came to say that they had no money to purchase arms. Money was given him. He, however, returned next day to say that the gunsmith refused to sell them arms without authority. It was now necessary to communicate the business to Fouché in order that he might grant the necessary permission to the gunsmith, which I was not empowered to do.

On the 10th of October the Consuls, after the breaking up of the Council, assembled in the cabinet of their colleague. Bonaparte asked them in my presence whether they thought he ought to go to the opera. They observed that as every precaution was taken no danger could be apprehended, and that it was desirable to show the futility of attempts against the First Consul's life. After dinner Bonaparte put on a great-coat over his green uniform and got into his carriage accompanied by me and Duroc. He seated himself in front of his box, which at that time was on the left of the theatre between the two columns which separated the front and side boxes. When we had been in the theatre about half an hour the First Consul directed me to go and see what was doing in the corridor. Scarcely had I left the box than I heard a great uproar, and soon discovered that a number of persons, whose names I could not learn, had been arrested. I informed the First Consul of what I had heard, and we immediately returned to the Tuileries.

It is certain that the object of the conspiracy was to take the First Consul's life, and that the conspirators neglected nothing which could further the accomplishment of their

atrocious design. The plot, however, was known through the disclosures of Harrel; and it would have been easy to avert instead of conjuring up the storm. Such was, and such still is, my opinion. Harrel's name was again restored to the army list, and he was appointed commandant of Vincennes. This post he held at the time of the Duc d'Enghien's assassination. I was afterwards told that his wife was foster-sister to the unfortunate prince, and that she recognized him when he entered the prison which in a few short hours was to prove his grave.

Carbonneau, one of the individuals condemned, candidly confessed the part he had taken in the plot, which he said was brought to maturity solely by the agents of the police, who were always eager to prove their zeal to their employers by some new discovery.

Although three months intervened between the machinations of Céracchi and Aréna and the horrible attempt of the 3d Nivôse, I shall relate these two events in immediate succession; for if they had no other points of resemblance they were at least alike in their object. The conspirators in the first affair were of the revolutionary faction. They sought Bonaparte's life as if with the view of rendering his resemblance to Caesar so complete that not even a Brutus should be wanting. The latter, it must with regret be confessed, were of the Royalist party, and in their wish to destroy the First Consul they were not deterred by the fear of sacrificing a great number of citizens.

The police knew nothing of the plot of the 3d Nivôse for two reasons; first, because they were no parties to it, and secondly, because two conspirators do not betray and sell each other when they are resolute in their purpose. In such cases the giving of information can arise only from two causes, the one excusable, the other infamous, viz. the dread of punishment, and the hope of reward. But neither of these causes influenced the conspirator of the 3d Nivôse, the inventors and constructors of that machine which has so justly been denominated *infernal*!

On the 3d Nivôse (24th December, 1800) the first perform-

ance of Haydn's magnificent oratorio of the "Creation" took place at the opera, and the First Consul had expressed his intention of being present. I did not dine with him that day, but as he left me he said, "Bourrienne, you know I am going to the opera to-night, and you may go too; but I cannot take you in the carriage, as Lannes, Berthier, and Lauriston are going with me." I was very glad of this, for I much wished to hear one of the masterpieces of the German school of composition. I got to the opera before Bonaparte, who on his entrance seated himself, according to custom, in front of the box. The eyes of all present were fixed upon him, and he appeared to be perfectly calm and self-possessed. Lauriston, as soon as he saw me, came to my box, and told me that the First Consul, on his way to the opera, had narrowly escaped being assassinated in the Rue St. Nicaise by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder, the concussion of which had shattered the windows of his carriage. "Within ten seconds after our escape," added Lauriston, "the coachman having turned the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, stopped to take the First Consul's orders; and he coolly said, 'To the opera.'"¹

¹ The following particulars respecting the affair of the infernal machine are related by Rapp, who attended Madame Bonaparte to the opera. He differs from Bourrienne as to the total ignorance of the police:—

"The affair of the infernal machine has never been properly understood by the public. The police had intimated to Napoleon that an attempt would be made against his life, and cautioned him not to go out. Madame Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Beauharnais, Madame Murat, Lannes, Bessières, the *aide de camp* on duty, Lieutenant Lebrun, now Duke of Piacenza, were all assembled in the *salon*, while the First Consul was writing in his cabinet. Haydn's oratorio was to be performed that evening; the ladies were anxious to hear the music, and we also expressed a wish to that effect. The escort piquet was ordered out; and Lannes requested that Napoleon would join the party. He consented; his carriage was ready, and he took along with him Bessières, and the *aide de camp* on duty. I was directed to attend the ladies. Josephine had received a magnificent shawl from Constantinople, and she that evening wore it for the first time. 'Permit me to observe,' said I, 'that your shawl is not thrown on with your usual elegance.' She good-humoredly begged that I would fold it after the fashion of the Egyptian ladies. While I was engaged in this operation we heard Napoleon depart. 'Come, sister,' said Madame Murat, who was impatient to get to the theatre; 'Bonaparte is going.' We stepped into the carriage: the First Consul's equipage had already reached the middle of the Place du Carrousel. We drove after it, but we had scarcely entered the place when the machine exploded. Napoleon escaped by a singular chance. St. Régent, or his servant François, had stationed himself in the middle of the Rue Nicaise. A grenadier of the escort, supposing he was really what he appeared to be, a water-carrier, gave him a few blows with the flat of his sabre and drove him off. The cart was turned round, and the machine exploded between the carriages of Napo-

On hearing this I left the theatre and returned to the Palace, under the expectation that I should speedily be wanted. Bonaparte soon returned home, and as intelligence of the affair had spread through Paris the grand *salon* on the ground-floor was filled with a crowd of functionaries, eager to read in the eye of their master what they were to think and say on the occasion. He did not keep them long in suspense. "This," exclaimed he vehemently, "is the work of the Jacobins: they have attempted my life! . . . There are neither nobles, priests, nor Chouans in this affair! . . . I know what I am about, and they need not think to impose on me. These are the Septembrizers who have been in open revolt and conspiracy, and arrayed against every succeeding Government. It is scarce three months since my life was attempted by Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville. They all belong to one gang! The cut-throats of September, the assassins of Versailles, the brigands of the 31st of May, the conspirators of Prairial are the authors of all the crimes committed against established Governments! If they cannot be checked they must be crushed! France must be purged of these ruffians!" It is impossible to form any idea of the bitterness with which Bonaparte pronounced these words. In vain did some of the Councillors of State, and Fouché in particular, endeavor to point out to him that there was no evidence against any one, and that before he pronounced people to be guilty it would be right to ascertain the fact. Bonaparte repeated with increased violence what he had before said of the Jacobins; thus adding, not without some ground of suspicion, one crime more to the long catalogue for which they had already to answer.

leon and Josephine. The ladies shrieked on hearing the report, the carriage windows were broken, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais received a slight hurt on her hand. I alighted and crossed the Rue Nicaise, which was strewn with the bodies of those who had been thrown down, and the fragments of the walls that had been shattered by the explosion. Neither the General nor any individual of his suite sustained any serious injury. When I entered the theatre Napoleon was seated in his box, calm and composed, and looking at the audience through his opera-glass. Fouché was beside him. "Josephine?" said he, as soon as he observed me. She entered at that moment, and he did not finish his question. "The rascals," said he very coolly, "wanted to blow me up. Bring me a book of the orators!" (*Memoirs of General Count Rapp*, p. 19).

Fouché had many enemies, and I was not, therefore, surprised to find some of the Ministers endeavoring to take advantage of the difference between his opinion and that of the First Consul; and it must be owned that the utter ignorance of the police respecting this event was a circumstance not very favorable to Fouché. He, however, was like the reed in the fable—he bent with the wind, but was soon erect again. The most skillful actor could scarcely imitate the inflexible calmness he maintained during Bonaparte's paroxysm of rage, and the patience with which he allowed himself to be accused.

Fouché, when afterwards conversing with me, gave me nearly to understand that he did not think the Jacobins guilty. I mentioned this to the First Consul, but nothing could make him retract his opinion. "Fouché," said he, "has good reason for his silence. He is serving his own party. It is very natural that he should seek to screen a set of men who are polluted with blood and crimes! He was one of their leaders. Do not I know what he did at Lyons and the Loire? That explains Fouché's conduct now!"

This is the exact truth; and now let me contradict one of the thousand fictions about this event. It has been said and printed that "the dignitaries and the Ministers were assembled at the Tuileries. 'Well,' said the First Consul, advancing angrily towards Fouché, 'will you still say that this is the Royalist party?' Fouché, better informed than was believed, answered coolly, 'Yes, certainly, I shall say so; and, what is more, I shall prove it.' This speech caused general astonishment, but was afterwards fully borne out." This is pure invention. The First Consul only said to Fouché, "I do not trust to your police; I guard myself, and watch till two in the morning." This, however, was very rarely the case.

On the day after the explosion of the infernal machine a considerable concourse assembled at the Tuileries. There was absolutely a torrent of congratulations. The prefect of the Seine convoked the twelve mayors of Paris and came to their head to wait on the First Consul. In his reply to

their address Bonaparte said, "As long as this gang of assassins confined their attacks to me personally I left the law to take its course; but since, by an unparalleled crime, they have endangered the lives of a portion of the population of Paris, their punishment must be as prompt as exemplary. A hundred of these wretches who have libelled liberty by perpetrating crimes in her name must be effectually prevented from renewing their atrocities." He then conferred with the Ministers, the Councillors of State, etc., on the event of the preceding day; and as all knew the First Consul's opinion of the authors of the crime each was eager to confirm it. The Council was several times assembled when the Senate was consulted, and the adroit Fouché, whose conscience yielded to the delicacy of his situation, addressed to the First Consul a report worthy of a Mazarin. At the same time the journals were filled with recollections of the Revolution, raked up for the purpose of connecting with past crimes the individuals on whom it was now wished to cast odium. It was decreed that a hundred persons should be banished; and the Senate established its character for complaisance by passing a *Sénatus-consulte* conformable to the wishes of the First Consul.

A list was drawn up of the persons styled Jacobins, who were condemned to transportation. I was fortunate enough to obtain the erasure of the names of several whose opinions had perhaps been violent, but whose education and private character presented claims to recommendation. Some of my readers may probably recollect them without my naming them, and I shall only mention M. Tissot, for the purpose of recording, not the service I rendered him, but an instance of grateful acknowledgment.

When in 1815 Napoleon was on the point of entering Paris M. Tissot came to the prefecture of police, where I then was, and offered me his house as a safe asylum, assuring me I should there run no risk of being discovered. Though I did not accept the offer yet I gladly seize on this opportunity of making it known. It is gratifying to find that difference of political opinion does not always exclude sentiment, of generosity and honor! I shall never forget the way in which

the author of the essays on Virgil uttered the words *Domus mea*.

But to return to the fatal list. Even while I write this I shudder to think of the way in which men utterly innocent were accused of a revolting crime without even the shadow of a proof. The name of an individual, his opinions, perhaps only assumed, were sufficient grounds for his banishment. A decree of the Consuls, dated 4th of January, 1801, confirmed by a *Sénatus-consulte* on the next day, banished from the territory of the Republic, and placed under special inspectors, 130 individuals, nine of whom were merely designated in the report as Septembrizers.

The exiles, who in the reports and in the public acts were so unjustly accused of being the authors of the infernal machine, were received at Nantes with so much indignation that the military were compelled to interfere to save them from being massacred.

In the discussions which preceded the decree of the Consuls few persons had the courage to express a doubt respecting the guilt of the accused. Truguet was the first to mount the breach. He observed that without denying the Government the extraordinary means for getting rid of its enemies he could not but acknowledge that the emigrants threatened the purchasers of national domains, that the public mind was corrupted by pamphlets, and that — Here the First Consul, interrupting him, exclaimed, "To what pamphlets do you allude?" — "To pamphlets which are publicly circulated." — "Name them!" — "You know them as well as I do."¹

After a long and angry ebullition the First Consul abruptly dismissed the Council. He observed that he would not be duped; that the villains were known; that they were Septembrizers, the hatchers of every mischief. He had said at a sitting three days before, "If proof should fail, we must take advantage of the public excitement. The event is to me merely the opportunity. They shall be banished for the 2d September, for the 31st May, for Babœuf's conspiracy — or anything else."

¹ The *Parallel between Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte*, of which I shall speak a little farther on, is here alluded to. — *Bourrienne*.

On leaving one of the sittings of the Council, at which the question of a special tribunal had been discussed, he told me that he had been a little ruffled; that he had said a violent blow must be struck; that blood must be put; and that as many of the guilty should be shot as there had been victims of the explosion (from fifteen to twenty); that 200 should be banished, and the Republic purged of these scoundrels.

The arbitrariness and illegality of the proceeding were so evident, that the *Sanctus-casselle* contained no mention of the transactions of the 3d Nivôse, which was very remarkable. It was, however, declared that the measure of the previous day had been adopted with a view to the preservation of the Constitution. This was promising.

The First Consul manifested the most violent hatred of the Jacobins; for this he could not have been blamed if under the title of Jacobins he had not comprised every devoted advocate of public liberty. Their opposition annoyed him, and he could never pardon them for having presumed to condemn his tyrannical acts, and to resist the destruction of the freedom which he had himself sworn to defend, but which he was incessantly laboring to overturn. These were the true motives of his conduct; and, conscious of his own faults, he regarded with dislike those who saw and disapproved of them. For this reason he was more afraid of those whom he called Jacobins than of the Royalists.

I am here recording the faults of Bonaparte, but I excuse him; situated as he was, any other person would have acted in the same way. Truth now reached him with difficulty, and when it was not agreeable he had no disposition to hear it. He was surrounded by flatterers; and the greater number of those who approached him, far from telling him what they really thought, only repeated what he himself had been thinking. Hence he admired the wisdom of his Counsellors. Thus Fouché, to maintain himself in favor, was obliged to deliver up to his master 130 names, chosen from among his own most intimate friends as objects of proscription.

Meanwhile Fouché, still believing that he was not deceived as to the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivôse, set in

motion with his usual dexterity all the springs of the police. His efforts, however, were for some time unsuccessful; but at length on Saturday, the 31st January, 1801, about two hours after our arrival at Malmaison, Fouché presented himself and produced authentic proofs of the accuracy of his conjectures. There was no longer any doubt on the subject; and Bonaparte saw clearly that the attempt of the 3d Nivôse was the result of a plot hatched by the partisans of royalty. But as the act of proscription against those who were jumbled together under the title of *the Jacobins* had been executed, it was not to be revoked.

Thus the consequence of the 3d Nivôse was that both the innocent and guilty were punished; with this difference, however, that the guilty at least had the benefit of a trial. When the Jacobins, as they were called, were accused with such precipitation, Fouché had no positive proofs of their innocence; and therefore their illegal condemnation ought not to be attributed to him. Sufficient odium is attached to his memory without his being charged with a crime he never committed. Still, I must say that had he boldly opposed the opinion of Bonaparte in the first burst of his fury he might have averted the blow. Every time he came to the Tuileries, even before he had acquired any traces of the truth, Fouché always declared to me his conviction of the innocence of the persons first accused. But he was afraid to make the same observation to Bonaparte. I often mentioned to him the opinion of the Minister of Police; but as proof was wanting he replied to me with a triumphant air, "Bah! bah! This is always the way with Fouché. Besides, it is of little consequence. At any rate I shall get rid of them. Should the guilty be discovered among the Royalists they also shall be punished."

The real criminals being at length discovered through the researches of Fouché, St. Régent and Carbon expiated their crimes by the forfeit of their heads. Thus the First Consul gained his point, and justice gained hers.¹

¹ It was St. Régent, or St. Réjeant, who fired the infernal machine. The violence of the shock flung him against a post and part of his breast-bone

I have often had occasion to notice the multifarious mean employed by Bonaparte to arrive at the possession of supreme power, and to prepare men's minds for so great a change. Those who have observed his life must have also remarked how entirely he was convinced of the truth that public opinion wastes itself on the rumor of a project, and possesses no energy at the moment of its execution. In order, therefore, to direct public attention to the question of hereditary power, a pamphlet was circulated about Paris, and the following is the history of it :

In the month of December, 1800, while Fouché was searching after the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivôse, a small pamphlet, entitled "*Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte*," was sent to the First Consul. He was absent when it came. I read it, and perceived that it openly advocated hereditary monarchy. I then knew nothing about the origin of this pamphlet, but I soon learned that it issued from the office of the Minister of the Interior [Lucien Bonaparte], and that it had been largely circulated. After reading it, I laid it on the table. In a few moments Bonaparte entered, and taking up the pamphlet pretended to look through it: "Have you read this?" said he. "Yes, General." "Well! what is your opinion of it?" "I think it is calculated to produce an unfavorable effect on the public mind: it is ill timed, for it prematurely reveals your views." The First Consul took the pamphlet and threw it on the ground, as he did all the stupid publications of the day after having slightly glanced over them. I was not singular in my opinion of the pamphlet, for next day the préfets in the immediate neighborhood of Paris sent a copy of it to the First Consul, complaining of its mischievous effect; and I recollect that in one of their letters it was stated that such a work was calculated to direct against him the poignards of new assassins. After reading this correspondence he said to

was driven in. He was obliged to resort to a surgeon, and it would seem that this man denounced him (*Memoirs of André Malito*, tome I. pp. 354).

The discussions which took place in the Council of State on this affair are remarkably, both for the violence of Napoleon and for the resistance made in the Council, to a great extent successfully, to his views as to the plot being one of the Jacobin party.

me, "Bourrienne, send for Fouché; he must come directly, and give an account of this matter." In half an hour Fouché was in the First Consul's cabinet. No sooner had he entered than the following dialogue took place, in which the impetuous warmth of the one party was strangely contrasted with the phlegmatic and rather sardonic composure of the other.

"What pamphlet is this? What is said about it in Paris?"—"General, there is but one opinion of its dangerous tendency."—"Well, then, why did you allow it to appear?"—"General, I was obliged to show some consideration for the author!"—"Consideration for the author! What do you mean? You should have sent him to the Temple."—"But, General, your brother Lucien patronizes this pamphlet. It has been printed and published by his order. In short, it comes from the office of the Minister of the Interior."—"No matter for that! Your duty as Minister of Police was to have arrested Lucien, and sent him to the Temple. The fool does nothing but contrive how he can commit me!"

With these words the First Consul left the cabinet, shutting the door violently behind him. Being now alone with Fouché I was eager to get an explanation of the suppressed smile which had more than once curled his lips during Bonaparte's angry expostulation. I easily perceived that there was something in reserve. "Send the author to the Temple!" said Fouché; "that would be no easy matter!" Alarmed at the effect which this parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte was likely to produce, I went to Lucien to point out to him his imprudence. He made me no answer, but went and got a manuscript, which he showed me, and which contained corrections and annotations in the First Consul's handwriting.

When Lucien heard how Bonaparte had expressed his displeasure at the pamphlet he also came to the Tuileries to reproach his brother with having thrust him forward and then abandoned him. "'Tis your own fault," said the First Consul. You have allowed yourself to be caught! So much the worse for you! Fouché is too cunning for you! You are a

mere fool compared with him!" Lucien tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he departed for Spain. This diplomatic mission turned to his advantage. It was necessary that time should veil the Machiavelian invention of the *Parallèle*.¹ Lucien, among other instructions, was directed to use all his endeavors to induce Spain to declare against Portugal in order to compel that power to separate herself from England.

The First Consul had always regarded Portugal as an English colony, and he conceived that to attack it was to assail England. He wished that Portugal should no longer favor England in her commercial relations, but that, like Spain, she should become dependent on him. Lucien was therefore sent as ambassador to Madrid, to second the Minister of Charles IV. in prevailing on the King to invade Portugal. The King declared war, but it was not of long duration, and terminated almost without a blow being struck by the taking of Olivença. On the 6th of June, 1801, Portugal signed the treaty of Badajoz, by which she promised to cede Olivença, Almeida, and some other fortresses to Spain, and to close her ports against England. The First Consul, who was dissatisfied with the treaty, at first refused to ratify it. He still kept his army in Spain, and this proceeding determined Portugal to accede to some slight alterations in the first treaty. This business proved very advantageous to Lucien and Godoy.

The cabinet of the Tuileries was not the only place in which the question of hereditary succession was discussed. It was the constant subject of conversation in the *salons* of

¹ The *Parallèle* has been attributed to different writers, some phrases seemed the work of Lucien, but, says Thiers (tome ii. p. 200), its rare elegance of language and its classical knowledge of history should attribute it to its real author, Fontanes. Joseph Bonaparte (*France*, tome i. p. 270) says that Fontanes wrote it, and Lucien Bonaparte corrected it. See *Mémoires*, tome iii. p. 105. Whoever wrote it, Napoleon certainly planned its issue. "It was," said he to Rochet, "a work of which he himself had given the idea, but the last pages were by a fool" (*Mémoires*, tome i. p. 314). See also *Lainfray*, tome ii. p. 208; and compare the story in Jung's *France*, tome ii. p. 490. Miot, then in the confidence of Joseph, says, that Lucien's removal from office was the result of an angry quarrel between him and Fouché in the presence of Napoleon, when Fouché attacked Lucien, not only for the pamphlet, but also for the disorder of his public and his private life; but Miot (tome i. p. 319) fixes the date of this as the 3d November, while Bourrienne dates the disapproval of the pamphlet as in December.

Paris, where a new dynasty was already spoken of. This was by no means displeasing to the First Consul; but he saw clearly that he had committed a mistake in agitating the question prematurely; for this reason he waged war against the *Parallel*, as he would not be suspected of having had any share in a design that had failed. One day he said to me, "I believe I have been a little too precipitate. The pear is not quite ripe!" The Consulate for life was accordingly postponed till 1802, and the hereditary empire till 1804.

After the failure of the artful publication of the pamphlet Fouché invited me to dine with him. As the First Consul wished me to dine out as seldom as possible I informed him of the invitation I had received. He was, however, aware of it before, and he very readily gave me leave to go. At dinner Joseph was placed on the right of Fouché, and I next to Joseph, who talked of nothing but his brother, his designs, the pamphlet, and the bad effect produced by it. In all that fell from him there was a tone of blame and disapproval. I told him my opinion, but with greater reserve than I had used towards his brother. He seemed to approve of what I said; his confidence encouraged me, and I saw with pleasure that he entertained sentiments entirely similar to my own. His unreserved manner so imposed upon me that, notwithstanding the experience I had acquired, I was far from suspecting myself to be in the company of a spy. Next day the First Consul said to me very coldly, "Leave my letters in the basket, I will open them myself." This unexpected direction surprised me exceedingly, and I determined to play him a trick in revenge for his unfounded distrust. For three mornings I laid at the bottom of the basket all the letters which I now came from the Ministers, and all the reports which were addressed to me for the First Consul. I then covered them over with those which, judging from their envelopes and seals, appeared to be of that trifling kind with which the First Consul was daily overwhelmed: these usually consisted of requests that he would name the number of a lottery ticket so that the writer might have the benefit of *his* good luck — solicitations that he would stand godfather to a child — peti-

tions for places — announcements of marriages and births — absurd eulogies, etc. Unaccustomed to open the letters he became impatient at their number, and he opened very few. Often on the same day, but always on the morrow, came a fresh letter from a Minister, who asked for an answer to his former one, and who complained of not having received one. The First Consul unsealed some twenty letters and left the rest.

The opening of all these letters, which he was not at other times in the habit of looking at, annoyed him extremely; but as I neither wished to carry the joke too far, nor to remain in the disagreeable position in which Joseph's treachery had placed me, I determined to bring the matter to a conclusion. After the third day, when the business of the night, which had been interrupted by little fits of ill humor, was concluded, Bonaparte retired to bed. Half an hour after I went to his chamber, to which I was admitted at all hours. I had a candle in my hand, and, taking a chair, I sat down on the right side of the bed, and placed the candle on the table. Both he and Josephine awoke. "What is the matter?" he asked with surprise. "General, I have come to tell you that I can no longer remain here, since I have lost your confidence. You know how sincerely I am devoted to you; if you have, then, anything to reproach me with, let me at least know it, for my situation during the last three days has been very painful." -- "What has Bourrienne done?" inquired Josephine, earnestly. "That does not concern you," he replied. Then turning to me he said, "'Tis true, I have cause to complain of you. I have been informed that you have spoken of important affairs in a very indiscreet manner." "I can assure you that I spoke to none but your brother. It was he who led me into the conversation, and he was too well versed in the business for me to tell him any secret. He may have reported to you what he pleased, but could not I do the same by him? I could accuse and betray him as he has accused and betrayed me. When I spoke in confidence to your brother could I regard him as an inquisitor?" "I must confess," replied Bonaparte, "that after what I heard from

Joseph I thought it right to put my confidence in quarantine." — "The quarantine has lasted three days, General; surely that is long enough." — "Well, Bourrienne, let us say no more about it. Open my letters as usual; you will find the answers a good deal in arrear, which has much vexed me; and besides, I was always stumbling on some stupid nonsense or other!"

I fancy I still see and hear the amiable Josephine sitting up in bed and saying, in her gentle way, "What! Bonaparte, is it possible you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you, and who is your only friend? How could you suffer such a snare to be laid for him? What! a dinner got up on purpose! How I hate these odious police manœuvres!" — "Go to sleep," said Bonaparte; "let women mind their gewgaws, and not interfere with politics." It was near two in the morning before I retired.

When, after a few hours' sleep, I again saw the First Consul, he was more kind to me than ever, and I perceived that for the present every cloud had dispersed.¹

¹ Joseph Bonaparte (*Erreurs*, tome i. p. 273) says what he reported to his brother was Bourrienne's conversation to him in the First Consul's cabinet during Napoleon's absence. It is curious that at the only time when Napoleon became dissatisfied with Meneval (Bourrienne's successor), and ordered him not to open the letters, he used the same expression when returning to the usual order of business, which in this case was in a few hours. "My dear Meneval," said he, "there are circumstances in which I am forced to put my confidence in quarantine" (*Meneval*, tome i. p. 123). For any one who has had to manage an office it is pleasant to find that even Napoleon was much dependent on a good secretary. In an illness of his second secretary he said, showing the encumbrance of his desk, "With Meneval I should soon clear off all that" (*Meneval*, tome i. p. 151).

CHAPTER III.

1800 — 1801.

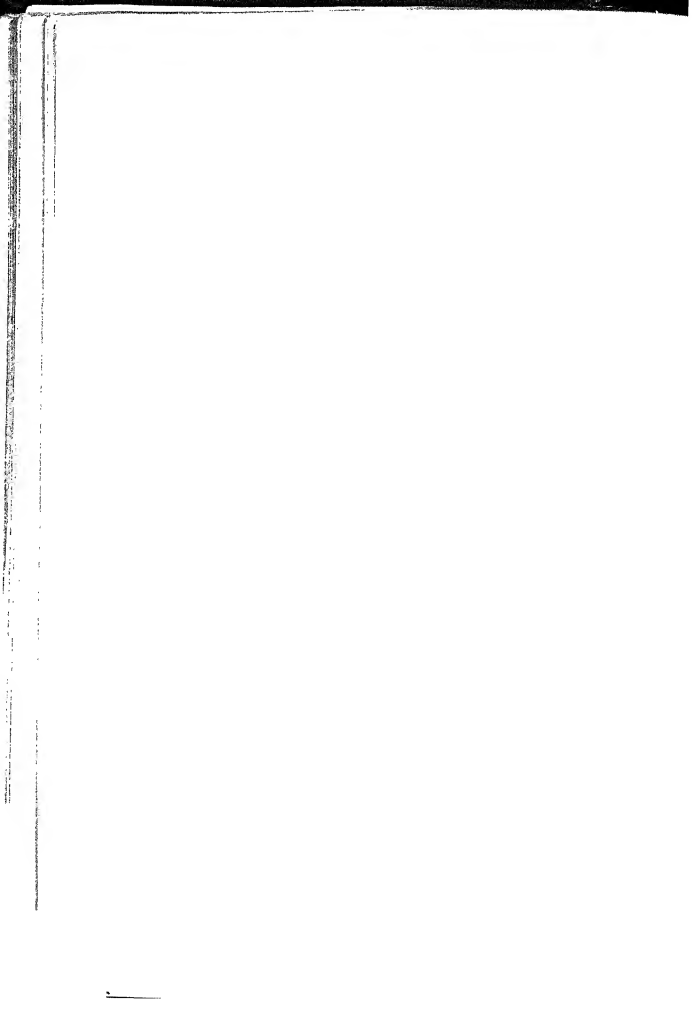
Austria bribed by England — M. de St. Julien in Paris — Duroc's mission — Rupture of the armistice — Surrender of three garrisons — M. Otto in London — Battle of Hohenlinden — Madame Moreau and Madame Hédot — Bonaparte's ill-treatment of the latter — Congress of Luneville — General Clarke — M. Maret — Peace between France and Austria — Joseph Bonaparte's speculation in the funds — M. de Talleyrand's advice — Post-office regulation — Cambagères — Importance of good dinners in the affairs of Government — Steamboats and intriguers — Death of Paul I. — New thoughts of the re-establishment of Poland — Duroc at St. Petersburg — Brbe rejected — Death of Abercromby.

The armistice concluded after the battle of Marengo, which had been first broken and then resumed, continued to be observed for some time between the armies of the Rhine and Italy and the Imperial armies. But Austria, bribed by a subsidy of 2,000,000 sterling, would not treat for peace without the participation of England. She did not despair of recommencing the war successfully.

M. de St. Julien had signed preliminaries at Paris; but the Court of Vienna disavowed them, and Duroc, whom Bonaparte sent to convey the preliminaries to Vienna for the Imperial ratification, was not permitted to pass the Austrian advance posts. This unexpected proceeding, the result of the all-powerful influence of England, justly incensed the First Consul, who had given decided proofs of moderation and a wish for peace. "I want peace," said he to me, "to enable me to organize the interior; the people also want it. You see the conditions I offer. Austria, though beaten, obtains all she got at Campo-Formio. What can she want more? I could make further exactions; but, without fearing the reverses of 1799, I must think of the future. Besides, I want tranquillity, to enable me to settle the affairs of the interior,



MOREAU.



and to send aid to Malta and Egypt. But I will not be trifled with. I will force an immediate decision !”

In his irritation the First Consul despatched orders to Moreau, directing him to break the armistice and resume hostilities unless he regained possession of the bridges of the Rhine and the Danube by the surrender of Philipsburg, Ulm, and Ingolstadt. The Austrians then offered to treat with France on new bases. England wished to take part in the Congress, but to this the First Consul would not consent until she should sign a separate armistice and cease to make common cause with Austria.

The First Consul received intelligence of the occupation of the three garrisons on the 23d of September, the day he had fixed in his ultimatum to England for the renewal of hostilities. But for the meanwhile he was satisfied with the concessions of Austria: that power, in the expectation of being supported by England, asked her on what terms she was to treat.

During these communications with Austria, M. Otto was in London negotiating for the exchange of prisoners. England would not hear of an armistice by sea like that which France had concluded with Austria by land. She alleged that, in case of a rupture, France would derive from that armistice greater advantage than Austria would gain by that already concluded. The difficulty and delay attending the necessary communications rendered these reasons plausible. The First Consul consented to accept other propositions from England, and to allow her to take part in the discussions of Luneville, but on condition that she should sign a treaty with him without the intervention of Austria. This England refused to do. Weary of this uncertainty, and the tergiversation of Austria, which was still under the influence of England, and feeling that the prolongation of such a state of things could only turn to his disadvantage, Bonaparte broke the armistice. He had already consented to sacrifices which his successes in Italy did not justify. The hope of an immediate peace had alone made him lose sight of the immense advantages which victory had given him.

Far from appearing sensible to the many proofs of modera-

tion which the First Consul evinced, the combined insolence of England and Austria seemed only to increase. Orders were immediately given for resuming the offensive in Germany and Italy, and hostilities then recommenced.

The chances of fortune were long doubtful. After a reverse Austria made promises, and after an advantage she evaded them; but finally, fortune proved favorable to France. The French armies in Italy and Germany crossed the Mincio and the Danube, and the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden brought the French advanced posts within ten leagues of Vienna. This victory secured peace; for, profiting by past experience, the First Consul would not hear of any suspension of arms until Austria should consent to a separate treaty. Driven into her last intrenchments, Austria was obliged to yield. She abandoned England; and the English Cabinet, in spite of the subsidy of 2,000,000 sterling, consented to the separation. Great Britain was forced to come to this arrangement in consequence of the situation to which the successes of the army of Moreau had reduced Austria, which it was certain would be ruined by longer resistance.

England wished to enter into negotiations at Laméville. To this the First Consul assented; but, as he saw that England was seeking to deceive him, he required that she should suspend hostilities with France, as Austria had done. Bonaparte very reasonably alleged that an indefinite armistice on the Continent would be more to the disadvantage of France than a long armistice by sea would be unfavorable to England. All this adjourned the preliminaries to 1801 and the peace to 1802.

The impatience and indignation of the First Consul had been highly excited by the evasions of Austria and the plots of England, for he knew all the intrigues that were carrying on for the restoration of the Bourbons. His joy may be therefore conceived when the battle of Hohenlinden balanced the scale of fortune in his favor. On the 3d of December, 1800, Moreau gained that memorable victory which at length put an end to the hesitations of the Cabinet of Vienna.¹

¹ On the eve of the battle of Hohenlinden Moreau was at supper with his *aides de camp* and several general officers when a despatch was delivered to

On the 6th of December the First Consul received intelligence of the battle of Hohenlinden. It was on a Saturday, and he had just returned from the theatre when I delivered the despatches to him. He literally danced for joy. I must say that he did not expect so important a result from the movements of the army of the Rhine. This victory gave a new face to his negotiations for peace, and determined the opening of the Congress of Luneville, which took place on the 1st of January following.

On receiving information of the battle of Hohenlinden Madame Moreau came to the Tuileries to call on the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte. She did not see them, and repeated her call several times with no better success. The last time she came she was accompanied by her mother, Madame Hulot. She waited for a considerable time in vain, and when she was going away her mother, who could no longer restrain her feelings, said aloud before me and several persons of the household, that "it ill became the wife of the conqueror of Hohenlinden to dance attendance in this way." This remark reached the ears of those to whom it was directed. Madame Moreau shortly after rejoined her husband in Germany; and some time after her departure Madame Hulot came to Malmaison to solicit promotion for her eldest son, who was in the navy. Josephine received Madame Hulot very kindly, and requested her to stay to dinner. She accepted the invitation. The First Consul, who did not see her until the hour of dinner, treated her very coolly: he said little to her, and retired as soon as dinner was over. His rudeness was so marked and offensive that Josephine, who was always kind and amiable, thought it necessary to apologize, by observing that his mind was disturbed by the non-arrival of a courier whom he expected.

Bonaparte entertained no dislike of Moreau, because he did not fear him; and after the battle of Hohenlinden he spoke

him. After he had read it he said to his guests, though he was far from being in the habit of boasting, "I am here made acquainted with Baron Kray's movements. They are all I could wish. To-morrow we will take from him 10,000 prisoners." Moreau took 40,000, besides a great many flags. — *Bourrinne*.

of him in the highest terms, and frankly acknowledged the services he had rendered on that important occasion; but he could not endure his wife's family, who, he said, were a set of intriguers.¹

Laneville having been fixed upon for the Congress, the First Consul sent his brother Joseph to treat with Count Louis de Cobentzel. On his way Joseph met M. de Cobentzel, who had passed Laneville, and was coming to Paris to sound the sentiments of the French Government. Joseph returned to Paris with him. After some conversation with the First Consul they set out next day for Laneville, of which place Bonaparte appointed General Clarke governor. This appeared to satisfy Clarke, who was very anxious to be something, and had long been importuning Bonaparte for an appointment.

A day or two after the news of the battle of Hohenlinden M. Maret came to present for Bonaparte's signature some decrees made in Council. While affixing the signatures, and without looking up, the First Consul said to M. Maret, who was a favorite with him, and who was standing at his right hand, "Are you rich, Maret?" "No, General." "So much the worse: a man should be independent." "General, I will never be dependent on any one but you." The First Consul then raised his eyes to Maret and said, "Hem! that is not bad!" and when the secretary general was gone he said to me, "Maret is not deficient in cleverness: he made me a very good answer."

On the 9th of February, 1801, six weeks after the opening of the Congress of Laneville, peace was signed between Austria and France. This peace—the fruit of Marengo and Hohenlinden—restored France to that honorable position which had been put in jeopardy by the feeble and incapable government of the pentarchy and the reverses of 1799. This

¹ Napoleon had good reason for his opinion. "Moreau had a mother in law and a wife lively and given to intrigue. Bonaparte could not bear intriguing women. Besides, on one occasion, Madame Moreau's mother, when at Malinison, had indulged in sharp remarks on a suspected scandalous intimacy between Bonaparte and his young sister Caroline, then just married. The Consul had not forgiven such conversation" (*Remusat*, tome i. p. 132). See also *Meneval*, tome iii. p. 57, as to the mischief done by Madame Hulot.

peace, which in the treaty, according to custom, was called perpetual, lasted four years.

Joseph Bonaparte, while treating for France at Luneville, was speculating on the rise of the funds which he thought the peace would produce. Persons more wise, who were like him in the secret, sold out their stock at the moment when the certainty of the peace became known. But Joseph purchased to a great extent, in the hope of selling to advantage on the signature of peace. However, the news had been discounted, and a fall took place. Joseph's loss was considerable, and he could not satisfy the engagements in which his greedy and silly speculations had involved him. He applied to his brother, who neither wished nor was able to advance him the necessary sum. Bonaparte was, however, exceedingly sorry to see his elder brother in this embarrassment. He asked me what was to be done. I told him I did not know; but I advised him to consult M. de Talleyrand, from whom he had often received good advice. He did so, and M. de Talleyrand replied, with that air of coolness which is so peculiar to him, "What! is that all? Oh! that is nothing. It is easily settled. You have only to raise the price of the funds."—"But the money."—"Oh, the money may be easily obtained. Make some deposits in the *Mont-de-Piété*, or the sinking-fund. That will give you the necessary money to raise the funds; and then Joseph may sell out, and recover his losses." M. de Talleyrand's advice was adopted, and all succeeded as he had foretold. None but those who have heard M. de Talleyrand converse can form an accurate idea of his easy manner of expressing himself, his imperturbable coolness, the fixed unvarying expression of his countenance, and his vast fund of wit.¹

During the sitting of the Congress the First Consul learnt that the Government couriers conveyed to favored individuals in Paris various things, but especially the delicacies of the

¹ Talleyrand had a large experience in all sorts of speculation. When old he gave this counsel to one of his *protégés*: "Do not speculate. I have always speculated on assured information, and that has cost me *so many* millions;" and he named his losses. We may believe that in this reckoning he rather forgot the amount of his gains (*Sainte-Beuve, Talleyrand*, 93).

table, and he ordered that this practice should be discontinued. On the very evening on which this order was issued Cambacérès entered the *salon*, where I was alone with the First Consul, who had already been harping at the mortification which he knew this regulation would occasion to his colleague: "Well, Cambacérès, what brings you here at this time of night?"—"I come to solicit an exception to an order which you have just given to the Director of the Posts. How do you think a man can make friends unless he keeps a good table? You know very well how much good dinners assist the business of Government." The First Consul laughed, called him a gourmand, and, putting him on the shoulder, said, "Do not distress yourself, my dear Cambacérès; the couriers shall continue to bring you your *dindes aux truffes*, your Strasbourg *pâtés*, your Mayence hams, and your other titbits."

Those who recollect the magnificent dinners given by Cambacérès and others, which were a general topic of conversation at the time, and who knew the ingenious calculation which was observed in the invitation of the guests, must be convinced of the vast influence of a good dinner in political affairs. As to Cambacérès, he did not believe that a good government could exist without good dinners; and his glory (for every man has his own particular glory) was to know that the luxuries of his table were the subject of eulogy throughout Paris, and even Europe. A banquet which commanded general suffrage was to him a Marengo or a Friedland.¹

At the commencement of 1801 Fulton presented to Bonaparte his memorial on steamboats. I urged a serious exami-

¹ Bourrienne does not exaggerate this excellent quality of the worthy Cambacérès. When Bignon was sent to administer the Grand Duchy of Berg, Cambacérès said to him, "Monsieur Bignon, the Emperor arranges crowns as he chooses; here is the Grand Duke of Berg (Murat) going to Naples; he is welcome, I have no objection, but every year the Grand Duke sent me a couple of dozen hams from his Grand Duchy, and I warn you I do not intend to lose them, so you must make your preparations. . . . I never once omitted to acquaint myself of the objection. . . . and if there was any delay, . . . his Highness never failed to exact one of his secretaries to write a good scolding to my house steward, but when the hams arrived exactly, his Highness never failed to write to my wife herself to thank her. This was not all: the hams were to come carriage free. This petty jobbery occasioned discontent, . . . and it would not have cost me more to pay the carriage. The Prince would not allow it. There was an agreement between

of the subject. "Bah!" said he, "these projectors are all either intriguers or visionaries. Don't trouble me with the business." I observed that the man whom he called an intriguer was only reviving an invention already known, and that it was wrong to reject the scheme without consideration. He would not listen to me; and thus was delayed, for some time, the practical application of a discovery which has given such an important impulse to trade navigation.

Paul I. fell by the hands of assassins on the night of the 24th of March, 1801. The First Consul was much shocked in receiving the intelligence. In the excitement caused by this unexpected event, which had so important an influence on his policy, he directed me to send the following note to the *Moniteur*:—

Paul I. died on the night of the 24th of March, and the English squadron crossed the Sound on the 30th. History will reveal the connection which probably exists between these two events.

These events were announced the crime of the 24th of March and the ill-founded suspicions of its authors.¹

The amicable relations of Paul and Bonaparte had been strengthened. "In concert with the Czar," said Bona-

d Lavalette (the head of the Posts). . . . And my Lord appeared to attach much stress on the performance of this treaty as on the procuring of news" (*Beugnot*, tome i. p. 262).

Cambacères never suffered the cares of Government to distract his attention from the great object of life. On one occasion, for example, being called in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner, he said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was the topic under discussion. He was observed, when the hour became very late, to show great symptoms of impatience and restlessness. He at last wrote a note which he gave to a gentleman usher in waiting to carry. Napoleon, suspecting the trick, nodded to an *aide de camp* to intercept the despatch. As he took the hands Cambacères begged earnestly that he would not read a trifle upon domestic matters. Napoleon persisted, and found it to be a note from the cook, containing only the following words, "*Gardez les entremets, ils sont perdus.*" When Napoleon was in good humor at the result of this diplomatic conference he was accustomed to take leave of the plenipotentiaries with "Go and dine with Cambacères." His table was in fact an outfit stage engine, as appears from the anecdote of the trout sent to him by the municipality of Geneva, and charged 300 francs in their accounts. The *Journal des Comptes* having disallowed the item, was interdicted meddling with similar municipal affairs in future (*Hayward's Art of Living*, p. 20).

We do not attempt to rescue the fair fame of our country. This is one of many instances in which Bourrienne was misled.—*Editor of 1836*

parte, "I was sure of striking a mortal blow at the English power in India. A palace revolution has overthrown all my projects." This resolution, and the admiration of the Autocrat of Russia for the head of the French Republic, may certainly be numbered among the causes of Paul's death. The individuals generally accused at the time were those who were violently and perseveringly threatened, and who had the strongest interest in the succession of a new Emperor. I have seen a letter from a northern sovereign which in my mind leaves no doubt on this subject, and which specified the reward of the crime, and the part to be performed by each actor. But it must also be confessed that the conduct and character of Paul I., his tyrannical acts, his violent caprices, and his frequent excesses of despotism, had rendered him the object of accumulated hatred, for patience has its limit. These circumstances did not probably create the conspiracy, but they considerably facilitated the execution of the plot which deprived the Czar of his throne and his life.

As soon as Alexander ascended the throne the ideas of the First Consul respecting the dismemberment of Poland were revived, and almost wholly engrossed his mind. During his first campaign in Italy, and several times when in Egypt, he told Sulkowsky that it was his ardent wish to re-establish Poland, to avenge the iniquity of her dismemberment, and by that grand reparatory act to restore the former equilibrium of Europe. He often dictated to me for the *Moniteur* articles tending to prove, by various arguments, that Europe would never enjoy repose until those great spoliations were avenged and repaired; but he frequently destroyed these articles instead of sending them to press. His system of policy towards Russia changed shortly after the death of Paul. The thought of a war against that empire unceasingly occupied his mind, and gave birth to the idea of that fatal campaign which took place eleven years afterwards, and which had other causes than the re-establishment of Poland. That object was merely set forward as a pretext.

Duroc was sent to St. Petersburg to congratulate the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. He

arrived in the Russian capital on the 24th of May. Duroc, who was at this time very young, was a great favorite of the First Consul. He never importuned Bonaparte by his solicitations, and was never troublesome in recommending any one or busying himself as an agent for favor; yet he warmly advocated the cause of those whom he thought injured, and honestly repelled accusations which he knew to be false. These moral qualities, joined to an agreeable person and elegant manners, rendered him a very superior man.

The year 1801 was, moreover, marked by the fatal creation of special tribunals, which were in no way justified by the urgency of circumstances. This year also saw the re-establishment of the African Company, the treaty of Luneville (which augmented the advantages France had obtained by the treaty of Campo-Formio), and the peace concluded between Spain and Portugal by means of Lucien. On the subject of this peace I may mention that Portugal, to obtain the cession of Olivenza, secretly offered Bonaparte, through me, 8,000,000 of francs if he would contribute his influence towards the acquisition of that town by Portugal. He rejected this offer indignantly, declaring that he would never sell honor for money. He has been accused of having listened to a similar proposition at Passeriano, though in fact no such proposition was ever made to him. Those who bring forward such accusations little know the inflexibility of his principles on this point.

One evening in April, 1801, an English paper—the *London Gazette*—arrived at Malmaison. It announced the landing in Egypt of the army commanded by Abercromby, the battle given by the English, and the death of their General. I immediately translated the article, and presented it to the First Consul, with the conviction that the news would be very painful to him. He doubted its truth, or at least pretended to do so. Several officers and *aides de camp* who were in the *salon* coincided in his opinion, especially Lannes, Bessières, and Duroc. They thought by so doing to please the First Consul, who then said to me, in a jeering tone, “Bah ! you do not understand English. This is the way with you :

you are always inclined to believe bad news rather than good!" These words, and the approving smiles of the gentlemen present, ruffled me, and I said with some warmth, "How, General, can you believe that the English Government would publish officially so important an event if it were not true? Do you think that a Government that has any self-respect would, in the face of Europe, state a falsehood respecting an affair the truth of which cannot long remain unknown? Did you ever know an instance of so important an announcement proving untrue after it had been published in the *London Gazette*? I believe it to be true, and the smiles of these gentlemen will not alter my opinion." On these observations the First Consul rose and said, "Come, Bourrienne, I want you in the library." After we had left the *salon* he added, "This is always the way with you. Why are you vexed at such trifles? I assure you I believe the news but too confidently, and I feared it before it came. But they think they please me by thus appearing to doubt it. Never mind them."—"I ask your pardon," said I, "but I conceive the best way of proving my attachment to you is to tell you what I believe to be true. You desire me not to delay a moment in announcing bad news to you. It would be far worse to disguise than to conceal it."

CHAPTER IV.

1801 — 1802.

An experiment of royalty — Louis de Bourbon and Maria Louisa of Spain -- Creation of the kingdom of Etruria -- The Count of Leghorn in Paris -- Entertainments given him -- Bonaparte's opinion of the King of Etruria -- His departure for Florence, and his reception there -- Negotiations with the Pope -- Bonaparte's opinion on religion -- *Te Deum* at Notre Dame -- Behavior of the people in the church -- Irreligion of the Consular Court -- Angereau's remark on the *Te Deum* -- First Mass at St. Cloud -- Mass in Bonaparte's apartments -- Talleyrand relieved from his clerical vows -- My appointment to the Council of State.

Before he placed two crowns on his own head Bonaparte thought it would promote the interests of his policy to place one on the head of a prince, and even a prince of the House of Bourbon. He wished to accustom the French to the sight of a king. It will hereafter be seen that he gave sceptres, like his confidence, conditionally, and that he was always ready to undo his own work when it became an obstacle to his ambitious designs.

In May, 1801, the Infanta of Spain, Maria Louisa, third daughter of Charles IV., visited Paris. The Infante Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, had gone to Madrid in 1798 to contract a marriage with Maria Amelia, the sister of Maria Louisa; but he fell in love with the latter. Godoy favored the attachment, and employed all his influence to bring about the marriage. The son who, six years later, was born of this union, was named Charles Louis, after the King of Spain. France occupied the Duchy of Parma, which, in fulfilment of the conventions signed by Lucien Bonaparte, was to belong to her after the death of the reigning Duke. On the other hand, France was to cede the Grand Duchy of Tuscany to the son of the Duke of Parma; and Spain paid to France, according to stipulation, a considerable sum of money. Soon after the treaty was communicated to Don Louis and his

wife they left Madrid and travelled through France. The prince took the title of Count of Leghorn. All accounts are unanimous as to the attentions which the Prince and Princess received on their journey. Among the *fêtes* in honor of the illustrious couple that given by M. de Talleyrand at Neuilly was remarkable for magnificence.¹

When the Count of Leghorn was coming to pay his first visit to Malmaison Bonaparte went into the drawing-room to see that everything was suitably prepared for his reception. In a few minutes he returned to his cabinet and said to me, somewhat out of humor, "Bourrienne, only think of their stupidity; they had not taken down the picture representing me on the summit of the Alps pointing to Lombrady and commanding the conquest of it. I have ordered its removal. How mortifying it would have been if the Prince had seen it!"

Another picture in the drawing-room at Malmaison represented the First Consul sleeping on the snow on the summit of the Alps before the battle of Marengo.

The Count of Leghorn's visit to Paris imparted brilliancy to the first years of the reign of Bonaparte, of whom it was at that time said, "He made kings, but would not be one!"

At the representation of *Edipus*, the following expression of Philactetes was received with transport:

"J'ai fait des Souverains, et n'ai pas voulu l'être."

"Monarchs I've made, but one I would not be."

The First Consul, on leaving the theatre, did not conceal his satisfaction. He judged, from the applause with which that verse had been received, that his pamphlet was forgotten. The manner, moreover, in which a king, crowned by his hands, had been received by the public, was no indifferent matter to him, as he expected that the people would thus again become familiar with what had been so long proscribed.

This King, who, though well received and well entertained, was in all respects a very ordinary man, departed for Italy. I

¹ A full account of these *fêtes* appears in the *Memoirs of Madame Janet, Duchesse d'Abrantès*, vol. ii. p. 229.

say very ordinary, not that I had an opportunity of judging of his character myself, but the First Consul told me that his capabilities were extremely limited; that he even felt repugnance to take a pen in his hand; that he never cast a thought on anything but his pleasures: in a word, that he was a fool.

One day, after the First Consul had spent several hours in company with him and his consort, he said to me, "I am quite tired. He is a mere automaton. I put a number of questions to him, but he can answer none. He is obliged to consult his wife, who makes him understand as well as she is able what he ought to say." The First Consul added, "The poor Prince will set off to-morrow, without knowing what he is going to do." I observed that it was a pity to see the happiness of the people of Tuscany intrusted to such a prince. Bonaparte replied, "Policy requires it. Besides, the young man is not worse than the usual run of kings." The Prince fully justified in Tuscany the opinion which the First Consul formed of him.¹

¹ This unfortunate Prince was very ill-calculated to recommend, by his personal character, the institutions to which the nobility clung with so much fondness. Nature had endowed him with an excellent heart, but with very limited talents; and his mind had imbibed the false impress consequent upon his monastic education. He resided at Malmaison nearly the whole time of his visit to Paris. Madame Bonaparte used to lead the Queen to her own apartments; and as the First Consul never left his closet except to sit down to meals, the *aides de camp* were under the necessity of keeping the King company, and of endeavoring to entertain him, so wholly was he devoid of intellectual resources. It required, indeed, a great share of patience to listen to the frivolities which engrossed his attention. His turn of mind being thus laid open to view, care was taken to supply him with the playthings usually placed in the hands of children; he was, therefore, never at a loss for occupation. His nonentity was a source of regret to us: we lamented to see a tall handsome youth, destined to rule over his fellow-men, trombling at the sight of a horse, and wasting his time in the game of hide-and-seek, or at leap-frog, and whose whole information consisted in knowing his prayers, and in saying grace before and after meals. Such, nevertheless, was the man to whom the destinies of a nation were about to be committed! When he left France to repair to his kingdom, "Rome need not be uneasy," said the First Consul to us after the farewell audience, "there is no danger of his crossing the Rubicon" (*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. i. p. 363).

I once heard the First Consul, in a conversation with his colleague, Cambacérès, treat his royal *protégé*, the King of Etruria, very severely. Of course his Majesty was not present. "This good King," said he, "evinces no great concern for his dear and well-beloved subjects. He spends his time in gossiping with old women, to whom he is very lavish of his praise to me, though in secret he murmurs bitterly at the thought of owing his elevation to the hateful French Republic."—"It is alleged," observed M. Cambacérès, "that you wished to disgust the French people with kings by showing them this fine specimen of royalty, as the Spartans used to disgust their chil-

In order to show still further attention to the King of Etruria, after his three weeks' visit to Paris, the First Consul directed him to be escorted to Italy by a French guard, and selected his brother-in-law Murat for that purpose.

The new King¹ of a new kingdom entered Florence on the 12th of April, 1801; but the reception given him by the Tuscans was not at all similar to what he had experienced at Paris. The people received the royal pair as sovereigns imposed on them by France. The ephemeral kingdom of Etruria lasted scarcely six years. The King died in 1803, in the flower of his age, and in 1807 the Queen was expelled from her throne by him who had constructed it for her.

At this period a powerful party urged Bonaparte to break with the Pope, and to establish a Gallican Church, the head of which should reside in France. They then hit to flatter his ambition by indicating to him a new source of power which might establish a point of comparison between him and the first Roman emperors. But his ideas did not coincide with theirs on this subject. "I am convinced," said he, "that a part of France would become Protestant, especially if I were to favor that disposition. I am also certain that the much greater portion would remain Catholic, and would oppose, with the greatest zeal and fervor, the schism of a part of their fellow-citizens. I dread the religious quarrels, the family dissensions, and the public distractions, which such a state of things would inevitably occasion. In reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and which still prevails in the hearts of the people, and in giving the liberty of exercising their worship to the minority, I shall satisfy every one."

dren with intoxication by showing them a drunken slave." "Not at all, not at all," resumed the First Consul, "I have no wish to excite a distaste for royalty; but the presence of his Majesty, the King of Etruria, will vex a good many worthy folks who are striving hard to revive a taste for the Bourbons" (*Mémoires de Constant*).

¹ Louis de Bourbon (1773-1803), Prince of Parma, son of Ferdinand, Duke of Parma. Given Tuscany in 1801 as kingdom of Etruria, in return for Parma taken from his father. Died 1803. His wife, Maria Louisa (1782-1824), daughter of Charles IV., of Spain, governed as Regent in the name of her son, Charles Louis, till 1807, when Etruria was annexed to France. In 1815 she was given the Duchy of Lucca.

The First Consul, taking a superior view of the state of France, considered that the re-establishment of religious worship would prove a powerful support to his Government: and he had been occupied ever since the commencement of 1801 in preparing a *Concordat* with the Pope. It was signed in the month of July in the same year. It required some time to enable the parties to come to an understanding on the subject.

Cardinal Consalvi arrived, in the month of June, 1801, at Paris, to arrange matters on the part of the Pope. Cardinal Caprara and M. de Spina also formed part of the embassy sent by the Holy Father. There were, besides, several able theologians, among whom Doctor C—— was distinguished. He was a member of the Pope's chancery; his knowledge gave him so much influence over his colleagues that affairs advanced only as much as he pleased. However, he was gained over by honors conferred on him, and promises of money. Business then went on a little quicker. The *Concordat* was signed on the 15th of July, 1801, and made a law of the State in the following April. The plenipotentiaries on the part of Bonaparte were Joseph Bonaparte, Grotet, and the Abbé Bernier, afterwards Bishop of Versailles.

A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted at the cathedral of Notre Dame on Sunday, the 11th of April. The crowd was immense, and the greater part of those present stood during the ceremony, which was splendid in the extreme; but who would

¹ The "Doctor C——" was *Caselli*, later Archbishop of Parma. Bernier was given the Bishopric of Orleans, not Versailles; see *Erreurs*, tome i. p. 275. The details of the surprise attempted at the last moment by putting before Cardinal Consalvi for his signature an altered copy of the *Concordat* should be read in his *Memoirs* (tome i. p. 355) or in *Lamfray* (tome ii. p. 357). As for Napoleon's belief that part of the nation might become Protestant, Narbonne probably put the matter truly when he said there was not religion enough in France to stand a division. It should be noted that the *Concordat* did not so much restore the Catholic Church as destroy the old Gallican Church, with all its liberties, which might annoy either Pope or Emperor. But on this point see *The Gallican Church and the Revolution*, by Jervia; London, Kegan, Paul, Trench, and Co., 1882. The clergy may, it is true, have shown wisdom in acceding to any terms of restoration. Renan (*Sourceurs*, p. 212), speaking of M. Emery of St. Sulpice, and obviously thinking of the resistance of the French clergy of the present day, says that Emery would have been astonished if told that a request for authority to reopen the great seminary of St. Sulpice was a base concession to the civil power, and a sort of impiety.

presume to say that the general feeling was in harmony with all this pomp? Was, then, the time for this innovation not yet arrived? Was it too abrupt a transition from the habits of the twelve preceding years? It is unquestionably true that a great number of the persons present at the ceremony expressed, in their countenances and gestures, rather a feeling of impatience and displeasure than of satisfaction or of reverence for the place in which they were. Here and there murmurs arose expressive of discontent. The whispering, which I might more properly call open conversation, often interrupted the divine service, and sometimes observations were made which were far from being moderate. Some would turn their heads aside on purpose to take a bit of chocolate-cake, and biscuits were openly eaten by many who seemed to pay no attention to what was passing.

The Consular Court was in general extremely irreligious; nor could it be expected to be otherwise, being composed chiefly of those who had assisted in the annihilation of all religious worship in France, and of men, who having passed their lives in camps, had oftener entered a church in Italy to carry off a painting than to hear the Mass. Those who, without being imbued with any religious ideas, possessed that good sense which induces men to pay respect to the belief of others, though it be one in which they do not participate, did not blame the First Consul for his conduct, and conducted themselves with some regard to decency. But on the road from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, Lannes and Angereau wanted to alight from the carriage as soon as they saw that they were being driven to Mass, and it required an order from the First Consul to prevent their doing so. They went therefore to Notre Dame, and the next day Bonaparte asked Angereau what he thought of the ceremony. "Oh! it was all very fine," replied the General; "there was nothing wanting, except the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are setting up."¹ Bonaparte was much displeased at this remark.²

¹ This remark has been attributed elsewhere to General Delmas.

² According to a gentleman who played a part in this empty pageantry, Lannes at one moment did get out of the carriage, and Angereau kept swear-

During the negotiations with the Holy Father Bonaparte one day said to me, "In every country religion is useful to the Government, and those who govern ought to avail themselves of it to influence mankind. I was a Mahometan in Egypt; I am a Catholic in France. With relation to the police of the religion of a state, it should be entirely in the hands of the sovereign. Many persons have urged me to found a Gallican Church, and make myself its head; but they do not know France. If they did, they would know that the majority of the people would not like a rupture with Rome. Before I can resolve on such a measure the Pope must push matters to an extremity; but I believe he will not do so."—"You are right, General, and you recall to my memory what Cardinal Consalvi said: 'The Pope will do all the First Consul desires.'"—"That is the best course for him. Let him not suppose that he has to do with an idiot. What do you think is the point his negotiations put most forward? The salvation of my soul! But with me immortality is the recollection one leaves in the memory of man. That idea prompts to great actions. It would be better for a man never to have lived than to leave behind him no traces of his existence."

Many endeavors were made to persuade the First Consul to perform in public the duties imposed by the Catholic religion. An influential example, it was urged, was required. He told me once that he had put an end to that request by the following declaration: "Enough of this. Ask me no more. You will not obtain your object. You shall never make a hypocrite of me. Let us remain where we are."

I have read in a work remarkable on many accounts that it was on the occasion of the *Concordat* of the 15th July, 1801, that the First Consul abolished the republican calendar and re-established the Gregorian. This is an error. He did not make the calendar a religious affair. The *Sénatus consulte*, which restored the use of the Gregorian calendar, to com-

ing in no low whisper during the whole of the chanted Mass. Most of the military chiefs who sprung out of the Revolution had no religion at all, but there were some who were Protestants, and who were irritated by the restoration of Catholicism as the national faith. *Editor of 1835 edition.*

mence in the French Empire from the 11th Nivôse, year XIV. (1st January, 1806), was adopted on the 22d Fructidor, year XIII. (9th September, 1805), more than four years after the *Concordat*. The re-establishment of the ancient calendar had no other object than to bring us into harmony with the rest of Europe on a point so closely connected with daily transactions, which were much embarrassed by the decadary calendar.¹

Bonaparte at length, however, consented to hear Mass, and St. Cloud was the place where this ancient usage was first re-established. He directed the ceremony to commence sooner than the hour announced in order that those who would only make a scoff at it might not arrive until the service was ended.

Whenever the First Consul determined to hear Mass publicly on Sundays in the chapel of the Palace a small altar was prepared in a room near his cabinet of business. This room had been Anne of Austria's oratory. A small portable altar, placed on a platform one step high, restored it to its original destination. During the rest of the week this chapel was used as a bathing-room. On Sunday the door of communication was opened, and we heard Mass sitting in our cabinet of business. The number of persons there never exceeded three or four, and the First Consul seldom failed to transact some business during the ceremony, which never lasted longer than twelve minutes. Next day all the papers had the news that the First Consul had heard Mass in his apartments. In the same way Louis XVIII. has often heard it in his!

On the 19th of July, 1801, a papal bull absolved Talleyrand from his vows. He immediately married Madame Grandt, and the affair obtained little notice at the time. This tale-ment sufficiently proves how report has perverted the fact. It has been said that Bonaparte on becoming Emperor wished to restore that decorum which the Revolution had destroyed, and therefore resolved to put an end to the improper intimacy which subsisted between Talleyrand and Madame Grandt. It is alleged that the Minister at first refused to marry the lady, but that he at last found it necessary to obey

¹ See the end of this volume.

the peremptory order of his master. This pretended resurrection of morality by Bonaparte is excessively ridiculous. The bull was not registered in the Council of State until the 19th of August, 1802.¹

I will end this chapter by a story somewhat foreign to the preceding transactions, but which personally concerns myself. On the 20th of July, 1801, the First Consul, *ex proprio motu*,

¹ The First Consul had on several occasions urged M. de Talleyrand to return to holy orders. He pointed out to him that that course would be most becoming his age and high birth, and promised that he should be made a cardinal, thus raising him to a par with Richelieu, and giving additional lustre to his administration (*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. i. p. 426).

In a recently published work, entitled, *Echoes from Old Calcutta*, the author, Dr. Busted, gives an account of Madame Grandt which is obtained entirely from original sources. Married to a gentleman in the Civil Service before she was fifteen years of age, Madame Grandt was, within eighteen months of her marriage, the heroine of a *crim. con.* case against Sir Philip Francis, in which her husband laid the damages at 1,500,000 sicca rupees. The facts relating to this remarkable action are republished by Dr. Busted from the notes of one of the judges who presided at the trial—Mr. Justice Hyde. Eventually judgment was pronounced for the plaintiff by the majority of the judges, with damages at 50,000 sicca rupees. After living for a short time under the protection of Francis, Madame Grandt went to Europe, and ultimately emerged from obscurity as the wife of Talleyrand. Her extraordinary beauty—which lasted till late in life—has been perpetuated by a painting by Gerard, which hangs between the portraits of Madame Récamier and Prince de Talleyrand in the Musée at Versailles. The following is the description given of her by Francis to his second wife:—

"She was tall, most elegantly formed, with the stature of a nymph, a complexion of unequalled delicacy, and auburn hair of the most luxuriant profusion; fine blue eyes with black eyelashes and brows gave her countenance a most piquant singularity."

And so Madame de Rémusat writes of her in later life in her recently published *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 183:—

"She was tall, and her figure had all the suppleness and grace so common to women born in the East. Her complexion was dazzling, her eyes of the brightest blue, and her slightly turned-up nose gave her, singularly enough, a look of Talleyrand himself. Her fine golden hair was of proverbial beauty."

Another French writer says that she possessed "*la plus belle chevelure blonde qui ait peut-être jamais existé.*" Like many other reigning beauties, however, she was credited with dulness. The Robinson Crusoe incident (when Sir George Robinson was asked about "his man Friday")—"Vous avez dû être bien content le jour où vous avez trouvé Vendredi"—which is usually cited in evidence of the prevailing belief, did not actually happen. "It was guessed at," said Talleyrand, "and that was enough; the blunder was ascribed to her without compunction." The real hero of the incident is supposed to have been a French abbé. But it matters not who it was, for the fact is undeniable that the lady's understanding was not equal to her beauty; and as the story is an excellent one it will doubtless always be associated with the name of the Princesse de Talleyrand, née Catherine Noel Worlée, sometime Madame Grandt (*The Academy*).

But M. de Talleyrand vindicated his choice, saying, "A clever wife often compromises her husband; a stupid one only compromises herself" (*Historical Characters*, p. 122, Bulwer, Lord Dalling).

named me a Councillor of State extraordinary. Madame Bonaparte kindly condescended to have an elegant but somewhat ideal costume made for me. It pleased the First Consul, however, and he had a similar one made for himself. He wore it a short time and then left it off. Never had Bonaparte since his elevation shown himself so amiable as on this occasion.

CHAPTER V.

1802.

Last chapter on Egypt — Admiral Gantheaume — Way to please Bonaparte — General Menou's flattery and his reward — Davoust — Bonaparte regrets giving the command to Menou, who is defeated by Abercromby — M. Otto's negotiation in London — Preliminaries of peace.

For the last time in these Memoirs I shall return to the affairs of Egypt — to that episode which embraces so short a space of time and holds so high a place in the life of Bonaparte. Of all his conquests he set the highest value on Egypt, because it spread the glory of his name throughout the East. Accordingly he left nothing unattempted for the preservation of that colony. In a letter to General Kléber he said, "You are as able as I am to understand how important is the possession of Egypt to France. The Turkish Empire, in which the symptoms of decay are everywhere discernible, is at present falling to pieces, and the evil of the evacuation of Egypt by France would now be the greater, as we should soon see that fine province pass into the possession of some other European power." The selection of Gantheaume, however, to carry assistance to Kléber was not judicious. Gantheaume had brought the First Consul back from Egypt, and though the success of the passage could only be attributed to Bonaparte's own plan, his determined character, and superior judgment, yet he preserved towards Gantheaume that favorable disposition which is naturally felt for one who has shared a great danger with us, and upon whom the responsibility may be said to have been imposed.

This confidence in mediocrity, dictated by an honorable feeling, did not obtain a suitable return. Gantheaume, by his indecision and creeping about in the Mediterranean, had already failed to execute a commission intrusted to him. The First Consul, upon finding he did not leave Brest after

he had been ordered to the Mediterranean, repeatedly said to me, "What the devil is Gantheaume about?" With one of the daily reports sent to the First Consul he received the following quatrain, which made him laugh heartily:—

"Vaisseaux lestés, tête sans lest,
Ainsi part l'Amiral Gantheaume;
Il s'en va de Brest à Bertheaume,
Et revient de Bertheaume à Brest!"

"With ballast on board, but none in his brain,
Away went our gallant Gantheaume,
On a voyage from Brest to Bertheaume,
And then from Bertheaume—to Brest back again!"

Gantheaume's hesitation, his frequent tergiversations, his arrival at Toulon, his tardy departure, and his return to that port on the 19th of February, 1801, only ten days prior to Admiral Keith's appearance with Sir Ralph Abercromby off Alexandria, completely foiled all the plans which Bonaparte had conceived of conveying succor and re-inforcements to a colony on the brink of destruction.

Bonaparte was then dreaming that many French families would carry back civilization, science, and art to that country which was their cradle. But it could not be concealed that his departure from Egypt in 1799 had prepared the way for the loss of that country, which was hastened by Kléber's death and the choice of Menou as his successor.

A sure way of paying court to the First Consul and gaining his favor was to eulogize his views about Egypt, and to appear zealous for maintaining the possession of that country. By these means it was that Menou gained his confidence. In the first year of the occupation of that country he laid before him his dreams respecting Africa. He spoke of the negroes of Senegal, Mozambique, Mehedie, Marabout, and other barbarous countries which were all at once to assume a new aspect, and become civilized, in consequence of the French possession of Egypt. To Menou's adulation is to be attributed the favorable reception given him by the First Consul, even after his return from Egypt, of which his foolish conduct had allowed

the English to get possession. The First Consul appointed him Governor of Piedmont, and at my request gave my elder brother the situation of Commissary-General of Police in that country; but I am in candor obliged to confess that the First Consul was obliged to retract this mark of his favor in consequence of my brother's making an abuse of it.

It was also by flattering the First Consul on the question of the East that Davoust, on his return from Egypt in 1800 in consequence of the convention of El-Arish, insinuated himself into Bonaparte's good graces and, if he did not deserve, obtained his favor.¹ At that time Davoust certainly had no title whatever to the good fortune which he suddenly experienced. He obtained, without first serving in a subordinate rank, the command-in-chief of the grenadiers of the Consular Guard; and from that time commenced the deadly hatred which Davoust bore towards me. Astonished at the great length of time that Bonaparte had been one day conversing with him I said, as soon as he was gone, "How could you talk so long with a man whom you have always called a stupid fellow?"—"Ah! but I did not know him well enough before. He is a better man, I assure you, than he is thought; and you will come over to my opinion."—"I hope so." The First Consul, who was often extremely indiscreet, told Davoust my opinion of him, and his hostility against me ceased but with his life.

The First Consul could not forget his cherished conquest in the East. It was constantly the object of his thoughts. He endeavored to send re-inforcements to his army from Brest and Toulon, but without success. He soon had cause to repent having intrusted to the hands of Menou the command-in-chief, to which he became entitled only by seniority, after the assassination of Kléber by Soleiman Haleby. But Bonaparte's indignation was excited when he became acquainted with Menou's neglect and mismanagement, when he saw him giving reins to his passion for reform, altering and destroying

¹ It is difficult to imagine a man of Davoust's determined character playing the rôle of a sycophant. Allowance must be made for M. de Bourrienne's evident bias.

everything, creating nothing good in its stead, and dreaming about forming a land communication with the Hottentots and Congo instead of studying how to preserve the country. His pitiful plans of defence, which were useless from their want of combination, appeared to the First Consul the height of ignorance. Forgetful of all the principles of strategy, of which Bonaparte's conduct afforded so many examples, he opposed to the landing of Abercromby a few isolated corps, which were unable to withstand the enemy's attack, while the English army might have been entirely annihilated had all the disposable troops been sent against it.

The great admiration which Menou expressed at the expedition to Egypt; his excessive fondness for that country, the religion of which he had ridiculously enough embraced under the name of Abdallah; the efforts he made, in his sphere, to preserve the colony; his enthusiasm and blind attachment to Bonaparte; the flattering and encouraging accounts he gave of the situation of the army, at first had the effect of entirely covering Menou's incapacity.¹ This alone can account for the First Consul's preference of him. But I am far from concurring in what has been asserted by many persons, that France lost Egypt at the very moment when it seemed most easy of preservation. Egypt was conquered by a genius of vast intelligence, great capacity, and profound military science. Fatuity, stupidity, and incapacity lost it. What was the result of that memorable expedition? The destruction of one of our finest armies; the loss of some of our best generals; the annihilation of our navy; the surrender of Malta; and the sovereignty of England in the

¹ For a ludicrous description of Menou see the *Memoirs of Marmont*: "Clever and gay, he was an agreeable talker, but a great liar. He was not destitute of some education. His character, one of the oddest in the world, came very near to lunacy. Constantly writing, always in motion in his room, riding for exercise every day, he was never able to start on any necessary or useful journey. . . . When, later, Bonaparte, then First Consul, gave him by special favor the administration of Piedmont, he put off his departure from day to day for six months; and then he only did start because his friend Maret himself put him into his carriage, with post-horses already harnessed to it. . . . When he left this post they found in his cabinet 900 letters which he had not opened. He was an eccentric humatic, amusing enough sometimes, but a curse to everything which depended on him" (*Memoirs of the Duc de Raguse*, tome i. p. 410).

Mediterranean. What is the result at present? A scientific work. The gossiping stories and mystifications of Herodotus, and the reveries of the good Rollin, are worth as much, and have not cost so dear.

The First Consul had long been apprehensive that the evacuation of Egypt was unavoidable. The last news he had received from that country was not very encouraging, and created a presentiment of the approach of the dreaded catastrophe. He, however, published the contrary; but it was then of great importance that an account of the evacuation should not reach England until the preliminaries of peace were signed, for which purpose M. Otto was exerting all his industry and talent. We made a great merit of abandoning our conquests in Egypt; but the sacrifice would not have been considered great if the events which took place at the end of August had been known in London before the signing of the preliminaries on the 1st of October. The First Consul himself answered M. Otto's last despatch, containing a copy of the preliminaries ready to be adopted by the English Ministry. Neither this despatch nor the answer was communicated to M. de Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. The First Consul, who highly appreciated the great talents and knowledge of that Minister, never closed any diplomatic arrangement without first consulting him; and he was right in so doing. On this occasion, however, I told him that as M. de Talleyrand was, for his health, taking the waters of Bourbon-l'Archambault, four days must elapse before his reply could be received, and that the delay might cause the face of affairs to change. I reminded him that Egypt was on the point of yielding. He took my advice, and it was well for him that he did, for the news of the compulsory evacuation of Egypt arrived in London the day after the signing of the preliminaries. M. Otto informed the First Consul by letter that Lord Hawkesbury, in communicating to him the news of the evacuation, told him he was very glad everything was settled, for it would have been impossible for him to have treated on the same basis after the arrival of such news. In reality we consented at Paris to the voluntary

evacuation of Egypt, and that was something for England, while Egypt was at that very time evacuated by a convention made on the spot. The definitive evacuation of Egypt took place on the 30th of August, 1801; and thus the conquest of that country, which had cost so dear, was rendered useless, or rather injurious.¹

¹ *Erreurs* (tome i. p. 94) attacks the correctness of this paragraph, but it appears to be right. See *Thiers*, tome iii. p. 184. The French had consented to evacuate Egypt, but neither side knew of the surrender of Alexandria when the preliminaries were signed.

CHAPTER VI.

1802.

The most glorious epoch for France — The First Consul's desire of peace — Malta ceded and kept — Bonaparte and the English journals — Mr. Addington's letter to the First Consul — Bonaparte prosecutes Peltier — Leclerc's expedition to St. Domingo — Toussaint L'Ouverture — Death of Leclerc — Rochambeau, his successor, abandons St. Domingo — First symptoms of Bonaparte's malady — Josephine's intrigues for the marriage of Hortense — Falsehood contradicted.

THE epoch of the peace of Amiens must be considered as the most glorious in the history of France, not excepting the splendid period of Louis XIV.'s victories and the more brilliant era of the Empire. The Consular glory was then pure, and the opening prospect was full of flattering hope ; whereas those who were but little accustomed to look closely into things could discern mighty disasters lurking under the laurels of the Empire.

The proposals which the First Consul made in order to obtain peace sufficiently prove his sincere desire for it. He felt that if in the commencement of his administration he could couple his name with so hoped for an act he should ever experience the affection and gratitude of the French. I want no other proof of his sentiments than the offer he made to give up Egypt to the Grand Signior, and to restore all the ports of the Gulf of Venice and of the Mediterranean to the States to which they had previously belonged ; to surrender Malta to the order of the Knights of St. John, and even raze its fortifications if England should think such a measure necessary for her interests. In the Indies, Ceylon was to be left to him,¹ and he required the surrender of the Cape of

¹ Ceylon belonged to Holland, but was retained by England under the treaty of Amiens.

Good Hope and all the places taken by the English in the West Indies.

England had firmly resolved to keep Malta, the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, and the Cape of Good Hope, the caravanserai of the Indies. She was therefore unwilling to close with the proposition respecting Malta; and she said that an arrangement might be made by which it would be rendered independent both of Great Britain and France. We clearly saw that this was only a lure, and that, whatever arrangements might be entered into, England would keep Malta, because it was not to be expected that the maritime power would willingly surrender an island which commands the Mediterranean. I do not notice the discussions respecting the American islands, for they were, in my opinion, of little consequence to us.¹ They cost more than they produce; and they will escape from us, some time or other, as all colonies ultimately do from the parent country. Our whole colonial

¹ It is strange that Bourrienne does not allude to one of the first arbitrary acts of Napoleon, the discussions on which formed part of those conversations between Napoleon and his brother Lucien of which Bourrienne complained to Josephine he knew nothing. In 1763 France had ceded to England the part of Louisiana on the east of the Mississippi, and the part on the west of that river, with New Orleans, to Spain. By the treaty negotiated with Spain by Lucien Bonaparte in 1800 her share was given back to France. On the 30th April, 1803, Napoleon sold the whole to the United States for 80,000,000 francs (£3,250,000), to the intense anger of his brothers Joseph and Lucien. Lucien was especially proud of having obtained the cession for which Napoleon was, at that time, very anxious; but both brothers were horrified when Napoleon disclosed how little he cared for constitutional forms by telling them that if the Legislature, as his brothers threatened, would not ratify the treaty, he would do without the ratification; see *Jung's Lucien*, tome ii. p. 126.

Napoleon's most obvious motives were want of money and the certainty of the seizure of the province by England, as the rupture with her was now certain. But there was perhaps another cause. The States had already been on the point of seizing the province from Spain, which had interfered with their trade (*Hinton's United States*, p. 435, and *Thiers*, tome iv. p. 320).

Of the sum to be paid, 20,000,000 were to go to the States, to cover the illegal seizures of American ships by the French navy, a matter which was not settled for many years later. The remaining 60,000,000 were employed in the preparations for the invasion of England; see *Thiers*, tome iv. pp. 320 and 325, and *Langfey*, tome iii. p. 48. The transaction is a remarkable one, as forming the final withdrawal of France from North America (with the exception of some islands on the Newfoundland coast), where she had once held such a proud position. It also eventually made an addition to the number of slave States.

There seems to have been some difficulty about handing over the country; see *Martens*, tome ix. p. 302, where the States, on 27th October, 1810, announce their intention of annexing certain lands to the eastwards and southwards of the Spanish portion, which they had not received.

system is absurd ; it forces us to pay for colonial produce at a rate nearly double that for which it may be purchased from our neighbors.

When Lord Hawkesbury consented to evacuate Malta, on condition that it should be independent of France and Great Britain, he must have been aware that such a condition would never be fulfilled. He cared little for the order of St. John, and he should have put by way of postscript, at the bottom of his note, "We will keep Malta in spite of you." I always told the First Consul that if he were in the situation of the English he would act the same part ; and it did not require much sagacity to foretell that Malta would be the principal cause of the rupture of peace. He was of my opinion ; but at that moment he thought everything depended on concluding the negotiations, and I entirely agreed with him. It happened, as was foreseen, that Malta caused the renewal of the war. The English, on being called upon to surrender the island, eluded the demand, shifted about, and at last ended by demanding that Malta should be placed under the protection of the King of Naples, — that is to say, under the protection of a power entirely at their command, and to which they might dictate what they pleased. This was really too cool a piece of irony !

I will here notice the quarrel between the First Consul and the English newspapers, and give a new proof of his views concerning the freedom of the press. However, liberty of the press did *once* contribute to give him infinite gratification, namely, when all the London journals mentioned the transports of joy manifested in London on the arrival of General Lauriston, the bearer of the ratification of the preliminaries of peace.

The First Consul was at all times the declared enemy of the liberty of the press, and therefore he ruled the journals with a hand of iron.¹ I have often heard him say, "Were I

¹ An incident illustrative of the great irritation which Bonaparte felt at the plain speaking of the English press, also shows the important character of Coleridge's writings in the *Morning Post*. In the course of a debate in the House of Commons Fox asserted that the rupture of the truce of Amiens had its origin in certain essays which had appeared in the *Morning Post*, and which were known to have proceeded from the pen of Coleridge.

to slacken the reins, I should not continue three months in power." He unfortunately held the same opinion respecting every other prerogative of public freedom. The silence he had imposed in France he wished, if he could, to impose in England. He was irritated by the calumnies and libels so liberally cast upon him by the English journals, and especially by one written in French, called *l'Ambigu*, conducted by Peltier, who had been the editor of the *Actes des Apôtres* in Paris. The *Ambigu* was constantly teeming with the most violent attacks on the First Consul and the French nation. Bonaparte could never, like the English, bring himself to despise newspaper libels, and he revenged himself by violent articles which he caused to be inserted in the *Moniteur*. He directed M. Otto to remonstrate, in an official note, against a system of calumny which he believed to be authorized by the English Government. Besides this official proceeding he applied personally to Mr. Addington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, requesting him to procure the adoption of legislative measures against the licentious writings complained of; and, to take the earliest opportunity of satisfying his hatred against the liberty of the press, the First Consul seized the moment of signing the preliminaries to make this request.

Mr. Addington wrote a long answer to the First Consul, which I translated for him. The English Minister refuted, with great force, all the arguments which Bonaparte had employed against the press. He also informed the First Consul that, though a foreigner, it was competent in him to institute a complaint in the courts of law; but that in such case

But Fox added an ungenerous and malicious hint that the writer was at Rome, within the reach of Bonaparte. The information reached the ears for which it was uttered, and an order was sent from Paris to compass the arrest of Coleridge. It was in the year 1806, when the poet was making a tour in Italy. The news reached him at Naples, through a brother of the illustrious Humboldt, as Mr. Gillman says — or in a friendly warning from Prince Jérôme Bonaparte, as we have it on the authority of Mr. Cottle — and the Pope appears to have been reluctant to have a hand in the business, and, in fact, to have furnished him with a passport, if not with a carriage for flight. Coleridge eventually got to Leghorn, where he got a passage by an American ship bound for England; but his escape coming to the ears of Bonaparte, a look-out was kept for the ship, and she was chased by a French cruiser, which threw the captain into such a state of terror that he made Coleridge throw all his journals and papers overboard (*Andrew's History of Journalism*, vol. ii. p. 28).

he must be content to see all the scandalous statements of which he complained republished in the report of the trial. He advised him to treat the libels with profound contempt, and do as he and others did, who attached not the slightest importance to them. I congratulate myself on having in some degree prevented a trial taking place at that time.

Things remained in this state for the moment; but after the peace of Amiens the First Consul prosecuted Peltier, whose journal was always full of violence and bitterness against him. Peltier was defended by the celebrated Mackintosh, who, according to the accounts of the time, displayed great eloquence on this occasion, yet, in spite of the ability of his counsel, he was convicted. The verdict, which public opinion considered in the light of a triumph for the defendant, was not followed up by any judgment, in consequence of the rupture of the peace occurring soon after. It is melancholy to reflect that this nervous susceptibility to the libels of the English paper contributed certainly as much as, and perhaps more than, the consideration of great political interests to the renewal of hostilities. The public would be astonished at a great many things if they could only look under the card.

I have anticipated the rupture of the treaty of Amiens that I might not interrupt what I had to mention respecting Bonaparte's hatred of the liberty of the press. I now return to the end of the year 1801, the period of the expedition against St. Domingo.

The First Consul, after dictating to me during nearly the whole of one night instructions for that expedition, sent for General Leclerc, and said to him in my presence, "Here, take your instructions; you have a fine opportunity for filling your purse—Go, and no longer tease me with your eternal requests for money." The friendship which Bonaparte felt for his sister Pauline had a good deal of influence in inducing him to take this liberal way of enriching her husband.

The expedition left the ports of France on the 14th of December, 1801, and arrived off Cape St. Domingo on the 1st of February, 1802. The fatal result of the enterprise is well

Toussaint, who had at first shown a disposition to close with the bargain, yet feeling afraid of being deceived by the French, and probably induced by ambitious motives, resolved on war. He displayed a great deal of talent; but, being attacked before the climate had thinned the French ranks, he was unable to oppose a fresh army, numerous and inured to war. He capitulated, and retired to a plantation, which he was not to leave without Leclerc's permission. A feigned conspiracy on the part of the blacks formed a pretence for accusing Toussaint, and he was seized and sent to France.

Toussaint was brought to Paris in the beginning of August. He was sent, in the first instance, to the Temple, whence he was removed to the Chateau de Joux. His imprisonment was rigorous; few comforts were allowed him. This treatment, his recollection of the past, his separation from the world, and the effects of a strange climate, accelerated his death, which took place a few months after his arrival in France. The reports which spread concerning his death, the assertion that it was not a natural one, and that it had been caused by poison, obtained no credit. I should add that Toussaint wrote a letter to Bonaparte; but I never saw in it the expression attributed to him—"The first man of the blacks to the first man of the whites!" Bonaparte acknowledged that the black leader possessed energy, courage, and great skill. I am sure that he would have rejoiced if the result of his relations with St. Domingo had been something else than the kidnapping and transportation of Toussaint.

Leclerc, after fruitless efforts to conquer the colony, was himself carried off by the yellow fever. Rochambeau succeeded him by right of seniority, and was as unsuccessful as Menon had been in Egypt. The submission of the blacks, which could only have been obtained by conciliation, he endeavored to compel by violence. At last, in December, 1803, he surrendered to an English squadron, and abandoned the island to Deschamps.

Bonaparte often experienced severe bodily pain, and I have now little doubt, from the nature of his sufferings, that they

terminated his life at St. Helena. The complaint, of which he frequently complained, affected him most acutely on the night when he dictated to me the instructions for General Leclerc. It was very late when I conducted him to his apartment. We had just been taking a cup of chocolate, a beverage of which we always partook when our business lasted longer than one o'clock in the morning. He never took a light with him when he went up to his bedroom. I gave him my arm, and we had scarcely got beyond the little staircase which leads to the corridor when he was rudely run against by a man who was endeavoring to escape as quickly as possible by the staircase. The First Consul did not fall because I supported him. We soon gained his chamber, where we heard Josephine, who, having heard the noise, awoke greatly alarmed. From the investigations which were immediately made, it appeared that the uproar was occasioned by a fellow who had been keeping an assignation and had exceeded the usual hour for his departure.¹

On the 7th of January, 1802, Mademoiselle Hortense was married to Louis Bonaparte. As the custom was not yet resumed of adding the religious ceremony to the civil contract, the nuptial benediction was on this occasion privately given by a priest at the *louis d'Or* de la Victoire. Bonaparte also caused the marriage of his sister Caroline, which had taken place two years earlier before a mayor, to be celebrated in the same manner; but he and his wife did not follow the example. Had he already, then, an idea of separating from Josephine, and therefore an unwillingness to render a divorce more difficult by giving his marriage a religious sanction? I am rather inclined to think, from what he said to me, that his

¹ In speaking of an accident when Napoleon had riding some fall at St. Cloud, having been thrown out of a carriage on to a great bank of sand, narrowly escaping severe injury to his stomach, Moltischnig says, "I could almost imagine that this accident may have contributed to develop the germ of the malady to which Napoleon succumbed at St. Helena, and I am surprised that this has not been already remarked." It is true, however, that he has often told me that this malady was hereditary in his family. (*Moltischnig*, tome i. p. 278.) His father and several other members of the family died of the same disease. This accident appears to have happened in an unsuccessful attempt to drive himself in 1802 (see *Jung & Zschew*, tome ii. p. 259).

² The wife of Murat, and the eldest of Bonaparte's sisters.



HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS.

QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

neglecting to take a part in the religious ceremony arose from indifference.

Bonaparte said at St. Helena, speaking of Louis and Hortense, that "they loved each other when they married: they desired to be united. The marriage was also the result of Josephine's intrigues, who found her account in it." I will state the real facts. Louis and Hortense did not love one another at all. That is certain. The First Consul knew it, just as he well knew that Hortense had a great inclination for Duroc, who did not fully return it. The First Consul agreed to their union, but Josephine was troubled by such a marriage, and did all she could to prevent it. She often spoke to me about it, but rather late in the day. She told me that her brothers-in-law were her declared enemies, that I well knew their intrigues, and that I well knew there was no end to the annoyances they made her undergo. In fact, I did know all this perfectly. She kept on repeating to me that with this projected marriage she would not have any support; that Duroc was nothing except by the favor of Bonaparte; that he had neither fortune, fame, nor reputation, and that he could be no help to her against the well-known ill will of the brothers of Bonaparte. She wanted some assurance for the future. She added that her husband was very fond of Louis, and that if she had the good fortune to unite him to her daughter this would be a counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of her other brothers-in-law. I answered her that she had concealed her intentions too long from me, and that I had promised my services to the young people, and the more willingly as I knew the favorable opinion of the First Consul, who had often said to me, "My wife has done well; they suit one another, they shall marry one another. I like Duroc; he is of good family. I have rightly given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Leclerc, and I can well give Hortense to Duroc, who is a fine fellow. He is worth more than the others. He is now general of a division: there is nothing against this marriage. Besides, I have other plans for Louis." In speaking to Madame Bonaparte I added that her daughter burst into tears when spoken to about her marriage with Louis.

The First Consul had sent a brevet of general of division to Duroc by a special courier, who went to Holland, through which the newly made general had to pass on his return from St. Petersburg, where, as I have already said, he had been sent to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. The First Consul probably paid this compliment to Duroc in the belief that the marriage would take place.

During Duroc's absence the correspondence of the lovers passed, by their consent, through my hands. Every night I used to make one in a party at billiards, at which Hortense played very well. When I told her, in a whisper, that I had got a letter for her, she would immediately leave off playing and run to her chamber, where I followed and gave her Duroc's epistle. When she opened it her eyes would fill with tears, and it was some time before she could return to the *salon*. All was useless for her. Josephine required a support in the *family* against the *family*. Seeing her firm resolution, I promised to no longer oppose her wishes, which I could not disapprove, but I told her I could only maintain silence and neutrality in these little debates, and she seemed satisfied.

When we were at Malmaison those intrigues continued. At the Tuileries the same conduct was pursued, but then the probability of success was on Duroc's side; I even congratulated him on his prospects, but he received my compliments in a very cold manner. In a few days after Josephine succeeded in changing the whole face of affairs. Her heart was entirely set on the marriage of Louis with her daughter; and prayers, entreaties, caresses, and all those little arts which she so well knew how to use, were employed to win the First Consul to her purpose.

On the 4th of January the First Consul, after dinner, entered our cabinet, where I was employed. "Where is Duroc?" he inquired. — "He has gone to the opera, I believe." — "Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised Hortense to him, and he shall have her. But I wish the marriage to take place in two days at the latest. I will give

his daughter; and I rather think that at that time the First Consul was looking after a royal alliance for Louis. He often expressed regret at the precipitate marriages of his sisters. It should be recollected that we were now in the year which saw the Consulship for life established, and which, consequently, gave presage of the Empire. Napoleon said truly to the companions of his exile that "Louis's marriage was the result of Josephine's intrigues," but I cannot understand how he never mentioned the intention he once had of uniting Hortense to Duroc. It has been erroneously stated that the First Consul believed that he reconciled the happiness of his daughter with his policy. Hortense did not love Louis and dreaded this marriage. There was no hope of happiness for her, and the event has proved this. As for the policy of the First Consul, it is not easy to see how it was concerned with the marriage of Louis to Hortense, and in any case the grand policy which professed so loudly to be free from all feminine influences would have been powerless against the intrigues of Josephine, for at this time at the Tuileries the boudoir was often stronger than the cabinet. Here I am happy to have it in my power to contradict most formally and most positively certain infamous insinuations which have prevailed respecting Bonaparte and Hortense. Those who have asserted that Bonaparte ever entertained towards Hortense any other sentiments than those of a father-in-law for a daughter-in-law have as the ancient knights used to say, "lied in their throats." We shall see farther on what he said to me on this subject, but it is never too soon to destroy such a base calumny. Authors unworthy of belief have stated, without any proof, that not only was there this criminal *liaison*, but they have gone so far as to say that Bonaparte was the father of the eldest son of Hortense. It is a lie, a vile lie. And yet the rumor has spread through all France and all Europe. Alas! has calumny such powerful charms that, once they are submitted to, their yoke cannot be broken? ¹

¹ Bourrienne's account of this marriage, and his denial of the vile calumny about Napoleon, is corroborated by Madame Rémusat. After say-

ing that Hortense had refused to marry the son of Rewbell and also the Comte de Mun, she goes on: "A short time afterwards Duroc, then *aide de camp* to the Consul, and already noted by him, fell in love with Hortense. She returned the feeling, and believed she had found that other half of herself which she sought. Bonaparte looked favorably on their union, but Madame Bonaparte in her turn was inflexible. 'My daughter,' said she, 'must marry a gentleman or a Bonaparte.' Louis was then thought of. He had no fancy for Hortense; detested the Beauharnais family, and had a supreme contempt for his sister-in-law. But as he was silent, he was believed to be gentle; and as he was severe by character, he was believed to be upright. Madame Louis told me afterwards that at the news of this arrangement she experienced violent grief. Not only was she forbidden to think of the man she loved, but she was about to be given to another of whom she had a secret distrust" (*Rémusat*, tome i. p. 156). For the cruel treatment of Hortense by Louis see the succeeding pages of *Rémusat*. As for the vile scandal about Hortense and Napoleon, there is little doubt that it was spread by the Bonapartist family for interested motives. "Madame Louis became *enceinte* soon after her marriage. The Bonapartists, and especially Madame Murat (Caroline), had disliked this marriage because Joseph having only daughters, it was foreseen that the first son of Louis and the grandson of Madame Bonaparte would be the object of great interest. They therefore spread the revolting story that this was the result of a connection of the First Consul with his daughter-in-law, encouraged by the mother herself. 'The public willingly believed this suspicion.' Madame Murat told Louis," etc. (*Rémusat*, tome i. p. 159). This last sentence is corroborated by Miot de Melito (tome ii. p. 170), who, speaking of the later proposal of Napoleon to adopt this child, says that Louis "remembered the damaging stories which ill will had tried to spread among the public concerning Hortense Beauharnais before he married her, and although a comparison of the date of his marriage with that of the birth of his son must have shown him that these tales were unfounded, he felt that they would be revived by the adoption of this child by the First Consul." Thus this wretched story did harm in every way. The conduct of Josephine must be judged with leniency, engaged as she was in a desperate struggle to maintain her own marriage, — a struggle she kept up with great skill; see *Metternich*, tome ii. p. 295. "She baffled all the calculations, all the manœuvres of her adversaries." But she was foolish enough to talk in her anger as if she believed some of the disgraceful rumors of Napoleon. "Had he not seduced his sisters, one after the other?" (*Rémusat*, tome i. p. 204). As to how far this scandal was really believed by the brothers of Napoleon, see Jung's *Lucien* (tome ii. pp. 268-269), where Lucien describes Louis as coming three times to him for advice as to his marriage with Hortense, both brothers referring to this rumor. The third time Louis announces he is in love with Hortense. "You are in love? Why the devil, then, do you come to me for advice? If so, forget what has been rumored, and what I have advised you. Marry, and may God bless you."

Thiers (tome iii. p. 308) follows Bourrienne's account. Josephine, alluding to Louis Bonaparte, said, "*His family* have maliciously informed him of the disgraceful stories which have been spread on the conduct of my daughter and on the birth of her son. Hate assigns this child to Napoleon" (*Rémusat*, tome i. p. 205). The child in question was Napoléon Charles (1802-1807).

CHAPTER VII.

1802 — 1803.

Bonaparte President of the Cisalpine Republic — Meeting of the deputation at Lyons — Malta and the English — My immortality — *Fête* given by Madame Murat — Erasures from the emigrant list — Restitution of property — General Sebastiani — Lord Whitworth — Napoleon's first symptoms of disease — Corvisart — Influence of physical suffering on Napoleon's temper — Articles for the *Moniteur* — General Andréossi — M. Talleyrand's pun — Jérôme Bonaparte — Extravagance of Bonaparte's brothers — M. Collot and the navy contract.

BONAPARTE was anxious to place the Cisalpine Republic on a footing of harmony with the Government of France. It was necessary to select a President who should perfectly agree with Bonaparte's views; and in this respect no one could be so suitable as Bonaparte himself. The two Presidencies united would serve as a transition to the throne. Not wishing to be long absent from Paris, and anxious to avoid the trouble of the journey to Milan, he arranged to meet the deputation half-way at Lyons. Before our departure I said to him, "Is it possible that you do not wish to revisit Italy, the first scene of your glory, and the beautiful capital of Lombardy, where you were the object of so much homage?" — "I certainly should," replied the First Consul, "but the journey to Milan would occupy too much precious time. I prefer that the meeting should take place in France. My influence over the deputies will be more prompt and certain at Lyons than at Milan; and then I should be glad to see the noble wreck of the army of Egypt, which is collected at Lyons."

On the 8th of January, 1802, we set out. Bonaparte, who was now ready to ascend the throne of France, wished to prepare the Italians for one day crowning him King of Italy, in

dent of the Cisalpine Republic was a great advance towards the sovereignty of Lombardy, as he afterwards found that the Consulate for life was a decisive step towards the throne of France. He obtained the title of President without much difficulty on the 26th of January, 1802. The journey to Lyons and the conferences were only matters of form; but high-sounding words and solemn proceedings were required for the public mind.¹

The attempts which had been made on the life of the First Consul gave rise to a report that he took extraordinary precautions for his safety during this journey to Lyons. I never saw those precautions, and Bonaparte was at all times averse to adopt any. He often repeated, "That whoever would risk his own life might take his." It is not true that guards preceded his carriage and watched the roads. The Consul travelled like a private person, and very rarely had arms in his carriage.²

At this time, when the ambition of Bonaparte every day took a farther flight, General Clarke took it into his head to go into the box of the First Consul at the "Français," and to place himself in the front seat. By chance the First Consul came to the theatre, but Clarke, hardly rising, did not give up his place. The First Consul only staid a short time, and

¹ Ugo Foscolo, the author of the *Ultime lettere di Jacopo Ortis*, a work which enjoys great and merited reputation in Italy, was at Lyons at the time of the meeting of the Cisalpine Senate.—*Bourrienne*.

² Bonaparte may have been careless of his own safety, but that he took great pains in regard to his brother's may be inferred from the following letter, written a few years later:—

"Take care that your *valets de chambre*, your cooks, the guards that sleep in your apartments, and those who come during the night to awaken you with despatches, are all Frenchmen. No one should enter your room during the night except your *aide de camp*, who should sleep in the chamber that precedes your bedroom. Your door should be fastened inside, and you ought not to open it even to your *aide de camp*, until you have recognized his voice; he himself should not knock at your door until he has locked that of the room which he is in, to make sure of being alone, and of being followed by no one. These precautions are important; they give no trouble, and they inspire confidence—besides, they may really save your life. You should establish these habits immediately and permanently; you ought not to be obliged to have recourse to them on some emergency, which would hurt the feelings of those around you. Do not trust only to your own experience. The Neapolitan character has been notorious in every age, and you have to do with a woman [Queen of Naples] who is the impersonation of crime" (*Napoleon to Joseph*, May 31, 1806—*Du Casse*, tome ii. p. 260).

when he came back he showed great discontent at this affectation of pride and of vanity. Wishing to get rid of a man whom he looked on as a blundering flatterer and a clumsy critic, he sent him away as *chargé d'affaires* to the young extemporized King of Etruria, where Clarke expiated his folly in a sort of exile. This is all the "*great disfavor*" which has been so much spoken about. In the end General Clarke returned to favor. Berlin knows and regrets it.

On the 25th of March of the same year England signed, at Amiens, a suspension of arms for fourteen months, which was called a treaty of peace. The clauses of this treaty were not calculated to inspire the hope of a very long peace. It was evident, as I have already said, that England would not evacuate Malta; and that island ultimately proved the chief cause of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. But England, heretofore so haughty in her bearing to the First Consul, had at length treated with him as the Head of the French Government. This, as Bonaparte was aware, boded well for the consolidation of his power.

At that time, when he saw his glory and power augmenting, he said to me, in one of our walks at Malmaison, in a moment of hilarity, and clapping me on the shoulder, "Well, Bourrienne, you also will be immortal!" — "Why, General?" — "Are you not my secretary?" — "Tell me the name of Alexander's,"¹ said I. Bonaparte then turned to me and laughing, said, "Hem! that is not bad." There was, to be sure, a little flattery conveyed in my question, but that never displeased him, and I certainly did not in that instance deserve the censure he often bestowed on me for not being enough of a courtier and flatterer.

Madame Murat gave a grand *fête* in honor of Bonaparte at her residence at Neuilly. At dinner Bonaparte sat opposite Madame Murat at the principal table, which was appropriated to the ladies. He ate fast, and talked but little. However, when the dessert was served, he put a question to each lady.

¹ Bonaparte did not know the name of Alexander's secretary, and I forgot at the moment to tell him it was Callisthenes. He wrote Alexander's Memoirs, as I am writing Bonaparte's: but, notwithstanding this coincidence, I neither expect nor desire the immortality of my name. — *Bourrienne*.

This question was to inquire their respective ages. When Madame Bourrienne's turn came he said to her, "Oh! I know yours." This was a great deal for his gallantry, and the other ladies were far from being pleased at it.

Next day, while walking with me in his favorite alley at Malmaison, he received one of those stupid reports of the police which were so frequently addressed to him. It mentioned the observations which had been made in Paris about a green livery he had lately adopted. Some said that green had been chosen because it was the color of the House of Artois. On reading that a slight sneer was observable in his countenance, and he said, "What are these idiots dreaming of? They must be joking, surely. Am I no better than M. d'Artois? They shall soon see the difference."

Until the middle of the year 1801 the erasures from the emigrant list had always been proposed by the Minister of Police. The First Consul having been informed that intrigue and even bribery had been employed to obtain them, determined that in future erasures should be part of the business of his cabinet. But other affairs took up his attention, and a dozen or fifteen erasures a week were the most that were made. After *Te Deum* had been chanted at Malmaison for the *Concordat* and the peace, I took advantage of that moment of general joy to propose to Bonaparte the return of the whole body of emigrants. "You have," said I in a half-joking way, "reconciled Frenchmen to God — now reconcile them to each other. There have never been any real emigrants, only absentees; and the proof of this is, that erasures from the list have always been, and will always be, made daily." He immediately seized the idea. "We shall see," said he; "but I must except a thousand persons belonging to high families, especially those who are or have been connected with royalty or the Court."

I said in the Chamber of Deputies, and I feel pleasure in repeating here, that the plan of the *Sénatus-consulte*, which Bonaparte dictated to me, excepted from restitution only such mansions as were used for public establishments. These he would neither surrender nor pay rent for. With those excep-

tions he was willing to restore almost all that was possessed by the State and had not been sold.

The First Consul, as soon as he had finished this plan of a decree, convoked a Grand Council to submit it to their consideration. I was in an adjoining room to that in which they met, and as the deliberations were carried on with great warmth, the members talking very loudly, sometimes even vociferating, I heard all that passed. The revolutionary party rejected all propositions of restitution. They were willing to call back their victims, but they would not part with the spoil.

When the first Consul returned to his cabinet, dissatisfied with the ill success of his project, I took the liberty of saying to him, "You cannot but perceive, General, that your object has been defeated, and your project unsuccessful. The refusal to restore to the emigrants all that the State possesses takes from the recall all its generosity and dignity of character. I wonder how you could yield to such an unreasonable and selfish opposition." — "The revolutionary party," replied he, "had the majority in the Council. What could I do? Am I strong enough to overcome all those obstacles?" — "General, you can revive the question again, and oppose the party you speak of." — "That would be difficult," he said; "they still have a high hand in these matters. Time is required. However, nothing is definitively arranged. We shall see what can be done." The *Sénatus-consulte*, published on the 6th Floréal, year X. (26th of April, 1802), a fortnight after the above conversation took place, is well known. Bonaparte was then obliged to yield to the revolutionary party, or he would have adhered to his first proposition.¹

Napoleon referred to this matter at St. Helena. He himself says that he "would have been able" (he should have said that he wished) to grant everything, that for a moment he thought of doing so, and that it was a mistake not to do so.

¹ The *Sénatus-consulte* retained the woods and forests of the emigrants, and made their recall an "*amnesty*." In the end this retention of the forests was used by Napoleon with great dexterity as a means of recalling the emigrant nobility and placing them under personal obligations to him for restoring this species of property. See *Thiers*, tome iii. p. 458, livre xiv.

"This limitation on my part," he adds, "destroyed all the good effect of the return of the emigrants. The mistake was the greater since I thought of doing it, but I was alone, surrounded by oppositions and by spies: all were against your party. You cannot easily picture the matter to yourself, but important affairs hurried me, time pressed, and I was obliged to act differently." Afterwards he speaks of a syndicate he wished to form, but I have never heard a word of that. I have said how things really happened, and what has been just read confirms this.¹

The Royalists, dissatisfied with the state of political affairs, were not better pleased with the illiberal conditions of the recall of the emigrants. The friends of public liberty, on the other hand, were far from being satisfied with the other acts of the First Consul, or with the conduct of the different public authorities, who were always ready to make concessions to him. Thus all parties were dissatisfied.

Bonaparte was much pleased with General Sebastiani's conduct when he was sent to Constantinople, after the peace of Amiens, to induce the Grand Seignior to renew amicable relations with France.²

At the period here alluded to, namely, before the news of the evacuation of Egypt, that country greatly occupied Bonaparte's attention. He thought that to send a man like Sebastiani travelling through Northern Africa, Egypt, and Syria might inspire the sovereigns of those countries with a more favorable idea of France than they now entertained, and might remove the ill impressions which England was endeavoring to produce. On this mission Sebastiani was accordingly despatched. He visited all the Barbary States, Egypt, Palestine, and the Ionian Isles. Everywhere he drew a highly colored

¹ This was by no means the only time that Napoleon's wishes were opposed successfully in his Council of State. On such occasions he used to describe himself as "*repulsed with loss.*" See the interesting work of St. Hilaire, *Napoleon au Conseil d'État*.

² There appears to be some confusion of dates here. The preliminaries of peace between Turkey and France were signed on 9th October, 1801, and the definitive treaty 25th June, 1802. Sebastiani only left Toulon for Tunis on 6th September, 1802, and did not arrive at Alexandria till 16th October, 1802. See *Erreurs*, tome i. p. 14; *Thiers*, tome iv. pp. 212 and 291; *Alison*, chap. xxxvi. paragraph 97.

picture of the power of Bonaparte, and depreciated the glory of England.¹ He strengthened old connections, and contracted new ones with the chiefs of each country. He declared to the authorities of the Ionian Isles that they might rely on the powerful protection of France. Bonaparte, in my opinion, expected too much from the labors of a single individual furnished with but vague instructions. Still Sebastiani did all that could be done. The interesting details of his proceedings were published in the *Moniteur*. The secret information respecting the means of successfully attacking the English establishments in India was very curious, though not affording the hope of speedy success.

The published abstract of General Sebastiani's report was full of expressions hostile to England. Among other things it was stated that Egypt might be conquered with 6000 men, and that the Ionian Isles were disposed to throw off the yoke. There can be little doubt that this publication hastened the rupture of the treaty of Amiens.

England suspended all discussions respecting Malta, and declared that she would not resume them till the King of Great Britain should receive satisfaction for what was called an act of hostility. This was always put forward as a justification, good or bad, for breaking the treaty of Amiens, which England had never shown herself very ready to execute.

Bonaparte, waiving the usual forms of etiquette, expressed his wish to have a private conference with Lord Whitworth, the ambassador from London to Paris, and who had been the English ambassador at St. Petersburg previous to the rupture which preceded the death of Paul I. Bonaparte counted much on the effect he might produce by that captivating manner which he so well knew how to assume in conversation; but all was in vain. In signing the treaty of Amiens the British Minister was well aware that he would be the first to break it.

About the commencement of the year 1802 Napoleon began to feel acute pains in his right side. I have often seen him

¹ This General, or Count Sebastiani, was afterwards ambassador for Louis Philippe at our Court.

at Malmaison, when sitting up at night, lean against the right arm of his chair, and unbuttoning his coat and waistcoat exclaim, "What pain I feel!" I would then accompany him to his bedchamber, and have often been obliged to support him on the little staircase which led from his cabinet to the corridor. He frequently used to say at this time, "I fear that when I am forty I shall become a great eater: I have a foreboding that I shall grow very corpulent." This fear of obesity, though it annoyed him very much, did not appear to have the least foundation, judging from his habitual temperance and spare habit of body. He asked me who was my physician. I told him M. Corvisart, whom his brother Louis had recommended to me. A few days after he called in Corvisart, who three years later was appointed first physician to the Emperor. He appeared to derive much benefit from the prescriptions of Corvisart, whose open and good-humored countenance at once made a favorable impression on him.

The pain which the First Consul felt at this time increased his irritability. Perhaps many of the acts of this epoch of his life should be attributed to this illness. At the time in question his ideas were not the same in the evening as they had been in the morning; and often in the morning he would tear up, even without the least remark, notes he had dictated to me at night and which he had considered excellent. At other times I took upon myself not to send to the *Moniteur*, as he wished me to do, notes which, dictated by annoyance and irascibility, might have produced a bad effect in Europe. When the next day he did not see the article, I attributed this to the note being too late, or to the late arrival of the courier. But I told him it was no loss, for it would be inserted the next day. He did not answer at once, but a quarter of an hour afterwards he said to me, "Do not send my note to the *Moniteur* without showing it to me." He took it and re-read it. Sometimes he was astonished at what he had dictated to me, and amused himself by saying that I had not understood him properly. "That is not much good, is it?" — "'Pon my word, I don't quite know." — "Oh, no, it is worthless; what say you?" Then he bowed his head a

little, and tore up the paper. Once when we were at the Tuileries he sent me at two o'clock in the morning a small note in his own writing, in which was, "To Bourrienne. Write to Maret to make him erase from the note which Fleurieu has read to the Tribunate the phrase (spelt *phrase*) concerning Costaz, and to soften as much as possible what concerns the reporter of the Tribunate."

This change, after time for reflection, arose, as often happened with him, from observations I had made to him, and which he had at first angrily repulsed.

After the peace of Amiens the First Consul, wishing to send an ambassador to England, cast his eyes — for what reason I know not — on General Andréossi. I took the liberty of making some observation on a choice which did not appear to me to correspond with the importance of the mission. Bonaparte replied, "I have not determined on it; I will talk to Talleyrand on the subject." When we were at Malmaison in the evening M. de Talleyrand came to transact business with the First Consul. The proposed appointment of an ambassador to England was mentioned. After several persons had been named the First Consul said, "I believe I must send Andréossi." M. de Talleyrand, who was not much pleased with the choice, observed in a dry, sarcastic tone, "You must send André *aussi*! Pray, who is this André?" — "I did not mention any André; I said Andréossi. You know Andréossi the general of artillery?" — "Ah! true: I did not think of him: I was thinking only of the diplomatic men, and did not recollect any of that name. Yes, yes; Andréossi is in the artillery!" The general was appointed ambassador, and went to London after the treaty of Amiens; but he returned again in a few months. He had nothing of consequence to do, which was very lucky for him.

In 1802 Jérôme was at Brest in the rank of *enseigne de vaisseau*.¹ He launched into expenses far beyond what his fortune or his pay could maintain. He often drew upon me for sums of money which the First Consul paid with much unwillingness. One of his letters in particular excited Napo-

¹ A rank in the navy equivalent to that of our lieutenant.

leon's anger. The epistle was filled with accounts of the entertainments Jérôme was giving and receiving, and ended by stating that he should draw on me for 17,000 francs. To this Bonaparte wrote the following reply:—

I have read your letter, Monsieur l'Enseigne de Vaisseau; and I am waiting to hear that you are studying on board your corvette a profession which you ought to consider as your road to glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolatory reflection; but if you live to sixty without having served your country, and without leaving behind you any honorable recollections, you had better not have lived at all.

Jérôme never fulfilled the wishes of his brother, who always called him a little profligate. From his earliest years his conduct was often a source of vexation to his brother and his family. Westphalia will not soon forget that he was her King; and his subjects did not without reason surname him 'Heliogabalus in miniature.'

The First Consul was harassed by the continual demands for money made on him by his brothers. To get rid of Joseph, who expended large sums at Mortfontaine, as Lucien did at Neuilly, he gave M. Collot the contract for victualling the navy, on the condition of his paying Joseph 1,500,000 francs a year out of his profits. I believe this arrangement answered Joseph's purpose very well; but it was anything but advantageous to M. Collot. I think a whole year elapsed without his pocketing a single farthing. He obtained an audience of the First Consul, to whom he stated his grievances. His outlays he showed were enormous, and he could get no payment from the navy office. Upon which the Consul angrily interrupted him, saying, "Do you think I am a mere capuchin? Decrès must have 100,000 crowns, Duroc 100,000, Bourrienne 100,000; you must make the payments, and don't come here troubling me with your long stories. It is the business of my Ministers to give me accounts of such matters; I will hear Decrès, and that's enough. Let me be teased no longer with these complaints; I cannot attend to them." Bonaparte then very unceremoniously dismissed M. Collot. I learned afterwards that he did not get a settlement of the business until

after a great deal of trouble. M. Collot once said to me, "If he had asked me for as much money as would have built a frigate he should have had it. All I want now is to be paid, and to get rid of the business." M. Collot had reason and honor on his side; but there was nothing but shuffling on the other.

CHAPTER VIII.

1802.

Proverbial falsehood of bulletins—M. Doublet—Creation of the Legion of Honor—Opposition to it in the Council and other authorities of the State—The partisans of an hereditary system—The question of the Consulship for life.

THE historian of these times ought to put no faith in the bulletins, despatches, notes, and proclamations which have emanated from Bonaparte, or passed through his hands. For my part, I believe that the proverb, "As great a liar as a bulletin," has as much truth in it as the axiom, two and two make four.

The bulletins always announced what Bonaparte wished to be believed true; but to form a proper judgment on any fact, counter-bulletins must be sought for and consulted. It is well known, too, that Bonaparte attached great importance to the place whence he dated his bulletins; thus, he dated his decrees respecting the theatres and Hamburg beef at Moscow.¹

The official documents were almost always incorrect. There was falsity in the exaggerated descriptions of his victories, and falsity again in the suppression or palliation of his reverses and losses. A writer, if he took his materials from the bulletins and the official correspondence of the time, would compose a romance rather than a true history. Of this many proofs have been given in the present work.

Another thing which always appeared to me very remarkable was, that Bonaparte, notwithstanding his incontestable

¹ This has been a common text for attacks on Napoleon, but *Erreurs* (tome i. p. 12) fairly remarks that with his centralized form of government the decrees daily required had to be daily signed, no matter where the Emperor was. The same with his Ministers. Daru, in a paper not meant for publicity, sends from near Moscow a long criticism on a plan for provis-

superiority, studied to depreciate the reputations of his military commanders, and to throw on their shoulders faults which he had committed himself. It is notorious that complaints and remonstrances, as energetic as they were well founded, were frequently addressed to General Bonaparte on the subject of his unjust and partial bulletins, which often attributed the success of a day to some one who had very little to do with it, and made no mention of the officer who actually had the command. The complaints made by the officers and soldiers stationed at Damietta compelled General Lanusse, the commander, to remonstrate against the alteration of a bulletin, by which an engagement with a body of Arabs was represented as an insignificant affair, and the loss trifling, though the General had stated the action to be one of importance, and the loss considerable. The misstatement, in consequence of his spirited and energetic remonstrances, was corrected.

Bonaparte took Malta, as is well known, in forty-eight hours. The empire of the Mediterranean, secured to the English by the battle of Aboukir, and their numerous cruising vessels, gave them the means of starving the garrison, and of thus forcing General Vaubois, the commandant of Malta, who was cut off from all communication with France, to capitulate. Accordingly on the 4th of September, 1800, he yielded up the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, after a noble defence of two years. These facts require to be stated in order the better to understand what follows.

On 22d February, 1802, a person of the name of Doublet, who was the commissary of the French Government at Malta when we possessed that island, called upon me at the Tuileries. He complained bitterly that the letter which he had written from Malta to the First Consul on the 2d Ventôse, year VIII. (9th February, 1800), had been altered in the *Moniteur*. "I congratulated him," said M. Doublet, "on the 18th Brumaire, and informed him of the state of Malta, which was very alarming. Quite the contrary was printed in the *Moniteur*, and that is what I complain of. It placed me in a very disagreeable situation at Malta, where I was accused of having concealed the real situation of the island, in which

I was discharging a public function that gave weight to my words." I observed to him that as I was not the editor of the *Moniteur* it was of no use to apply to me; but I told him to give me a copy of the letter, and I would mention the subject to the First Consul, and communicate the answer to him. Doublet searched his pocket for the letter, but could not find it. He said he would send a copy, and begged me to discover how the error originated. On the same day he sent me the copy of the letter, in which, after congratulating Bonaparte on his return, the following passage occurs:— "*Hasten to save Malta with men and provisions: no time is to be lost.*" For this passage these words were substituted in the *Moniteur*: "*His name inspires the brave defenders of Malta with fresh courage; we have men and provisions.*"

Ignorant of the motives of so strange a perversion, I showed this letter to the First Consul. He shrugged up his shoulders and said, laughing, "Take no notice of him: he is a fool; give yourself no further trouble about it."

It was clear there was nothing more to be done. It was, however, in despite of me that M. Doublet was played this ill turn. I represented to the First Consul the inconveniences which M. Doublet might experience from this affair. But I very rarely saw letters or reports published as they were received. I can easily understand how particular motives might be alleged in order to justify such falsifications; for, when the path of candor and good faith is departed from, any pretext is put forward to excuse bad conduct. What sort of a history would he write who should consult only the pages of the *Moniteur*?

After the vote for adding a second ten years to the duration of Bonaparte's Consulship he created, on the 19th of May, the order of the Legion of Honor. This institution was soon followed by that of the new nobility. Thus, in a short space of time the *Concordat* to tranquillize consciences and re-establish harmony in the Church; the decree to recall the emigrants; the continuance of the Consular power for ten years, by way of preparation for the Consulship for life, and the possession of the Empire; and the creation, in a country

which had abolished all distinctions, of an order which was to engender prodigies, followed closely on the heels of each other. The Bourbons, in reviving the abolished orders, were wise enough to preserve along with them the Legion of Honor.

It has already been seen how, in certain circumstances, the First Consul always escaped from the consequences of his own precipitation, and got rid of his blunders by throwing the blame on others—as, for example, in the affair of the parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte. He was indeed so precipitate that one might say, had he been a gardener, he would have wished to see the fruits ripen before the blossoms had fallen off. This inconsiderate haste nearly proved fatal to the creation of the Legion of Honor, a project which ripened in his mind as soon as he beheld the orders glittering at the buttonholes of the Foreign Ministers. He would frequently exclaim, “This is well! These are the things for the people!”

I was, I must confess, a decided partisan of the foundation in France of a new chivalric order, because I think, in every well-conducted State, the chief of the Government ought to do all in his power to stimulate the honor of the citizens, and to render them more sensible to honorary distinctions than to pecuniary advantages. I tried, however, at the same time to warn the First Consul of his precipitancy. He heard me not; but I must with equal frankness confess that on this occasion I was soon freed from all apprehension with respect to the consequences of the difficulties he had to encounter in the Council and in the other constituted orders of the State.

On the 4th of May, 1801, he brought forward, for the first time officially, in the Council of State the question of the establishment of the Legion of Honor,¹ which on the 19th May, 1802, was proclaimed, a law of the State. The opposition to this measure was very great, and all the power of the First Consul, the force of his arguments, and the immense

¹ For details of the debates on the establishment of the Legion of Honor, see Mathieu Dumas (tome iii. p. 226), who was one of the commission for the preparation of the scheme, and one of the orators charged with its defence.

influence of his position, could procure him no more than 14 votes out of 24. The same feeling was displayed at the Tribunal, where the measure only passed by a vote of 56 to 38. The balance was about the same in the Legislative Body, where the votes were 166 to 110. It follows, then, that out of the 394 voters in those three separate bodies a majority only of 78 was obtained. Surprised at so feeble a majority, the First Consul said in the evening, “Ah! I see very clearly the prejudices are still too strong. You were right; I should have waited. It was not a thing of such urgency. But then, it must be owned, the speakers for the measure defended it badly. The strong minority has not judged me fairly.” — “Be calm,” rejoined I: “without doubt it would have been better to wait; but the thing is done, and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not near gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You may expect some extraordinary circumstances from this creation — you will soon see them.”

In April, 1802, the First Consul left no stone unturned to get himself declared Consul for life. It is perhaps at this epoch of his career that he most brought into play those principles of duplicity and dissimulation which are commonly called Machiavelian. Never were trickery, falsehood, cunning, and affected moderation put into play with more talent or success.

In the month of March hereditary succession and a dynasty were in everybody’s mouth. Lucien was the most violent propagator of these ideas, and he pursued his vocation of apostle with constancy and address. It has already been mentioned that, by his brother’s confession, he published in 1800 a pamphlet enforcing the same ideas; which work Bonaparte afterwards condemned as a premature development of his projects. M. de Talleyrand, whose ideas could not be otherwise than favorable to the monarchical form of government, was ready to enter into explanations with the Cabinets of Europe on the subject. The words which now constantly resounded in every ear were “stability and order,” under cloak of which the downfall of the people’s right was to be

concealed. At the same time Bonaparte, with the view of disparaging the real friends of constitutional liberty, always called them *idéologues*,¹ or terrorists. Madame Bonaparte opposed with fortitude the influence of counsels which she believed fatal to her husband. He indeed spoke rarely, and seldom confidentially, with her on politics or public affairs. "Mind your distaff or your needle," was with him a common phrase. The individuals who applied themselves with most perseverance in support of the hereditary question were Lucien, Roederer, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, and Fontanes. Their efforts were aided by the conclusion of peace with England, which, by re-establishing general tranquillity for a time, afforded the First Consul an opportunity of forwarding any plan.

While the First Consul aspired to the throne of France, his brothers, especially Lucien, affected a ridiculous pride and pretension. Take an almost incredible example of which I was witness. On Sunday, the 9th of May, Lucien came to see Madame Bonaparte, who said to him, "Why did you not come to dinner last Monday?" — "Because there was no place marked for me: the brothers of Napoleon ought to have the first place after him." — "What am I to understand by that?" answered Madame Bonaparte. "If you are the brother of Bonaparte, recollect what you were. At my house all places are the same. Eugène would never have committed such a folly."²

¹ I have classed all these people under the denominations of *idéologues*, which, besides, is what specially and literally fits them, — searchers after ideas (ideas generally empty). They have been made more ridiculous than even I expected by this application, a correct one, of the term *idéologie* to them. The phrase has been successful, I believe, because it was mine (Napoleon in Jung's *Lucien*, tome ii. p. 243). Napoleon welcomed every attack on this description of sage. Much pleased with a discourse by Royer Collard, he said to Talleyrand, "Do you know, Monsieur le Grand Électeur, that a new and serious philosophy is rising in my university, which may do us great honor and disembarass us completely of the *idéologues*, slaying them on the spot by reasoning?" (Merlet, *Littérature Française*, tome i. p. 138). It is with something of the same satisfaction that Rénan, writing of 1848, says that the finer dreams had been disastrous when brought into the domain of facts, and that human concerns only began to improve when the *idéologues* ceased to meddle with them (*Souvenirs*, p. 122).

² On such points there was constant trouble with the Bonapartist family, as will be seen in Madame de Rémusat's *Memoirs*. For an instance, in 1802, where Joseph insisted on his mother taking precedence of Josephine at a dinner in his house, when Napoleon settled the matter by seizing Josephine's

At this period, when the Consulate for life was only in embryo, flattering counsels poured in from all quarters, and tended to encourage the First Consul in his design of grasping at absolute power.

Liberty rejected an unlimited power, and set bounds to the means he wished and had to employ in order to gratify his excessive love of war and conquest. "The present state of things, this Consulate of ten years," said he to me, "does not satisfy me; I consider it calculated to excite unceasing troubles." On the 7th of July, 1801, he observed, "The question whether France will be a Republic is still doubtful: it will be decided in five or six years." It was clear that he thought this too long a term. Whether he regarded France as his property, or considered himself as the people's delegate and the defender of their rights, I am convinced the First Consul wished the welfare of France; but then that welfare was in his mind inseparable from absolute power. It was with pain I saw him following this course. The friends of liberty, those who sincerely wished to maintain a Government constitutionally free, allowed themselves to be prevailed upon to consent to an extension of ten years of power beyond the ten years originally granted by the constitution. They made this sacrifice to glory and to that power which was its consequence; and they were far from thinking they were lending their support to shameless intrigues. They were firm, but for the moment only, and the nomination for life was rejected by the Senate, who voted only ten years more power to Bonaparte, who saw the vision of his ambition again adjourned.

arm and leading her in first, to the consternation of the party; see *Rémusat*, tome i. p. 234. But Napoleon, right in this case, had his own ideas on such points. "The place of the Princess Elisa, the eldest of his sisters, had been put below that of Caroline, Queen of Naples. Elisa was then only Princess of Lucca. The Emperor suddenly rose, and by a shift to the right placed the Princess Elisa above the Queen. 'Now,' said he, 'do not forget that in the imperial family I am the only King' (*Iung's Lucien*, tome ii. p. 251). This rule he seems to have adhered to, for when he and his brothers went in the same carriage to the Champ de Mai in 1815, Jérôme, titular King of Westphalia, had to take the front seat, while his elder brother, Lucien, only bearing the Roman title of Prince de Canino, sat on one of the seats of honor alongside Napoleon. Jérôme was disgusted, and grumbled at a King having to give way to a mere Roman Prince. See *Iung's Lucien*, tome ii. p. 190.

The First Consul dissembled his displeasure with that profound art which, when he could not do otherwise, he exercised to an extreme degree. To a message of the Senate on the subject of that nomination he returned a calm but evasive and equivocating answer, in which, nourishing his favorite hope of obtaining more from the people than from the Senate, he declared with hypocritical humility, "That he would submit to this new sacrifice if the wish of the people demanded what the Senate authorized." Such was the homage he paid to the sovereignty of the people, which was soon to be trampled under his feet!

An extraordinary convocation of the Council of State took place on Monday, the 10th of May. A communication was made to them, not merely of the Senate's consultation, but also of the First Consul's adroit and insidious reply. The Council regarded the first merely as a notification, and proceeded to consider on what question the people should be consulted. Not satisfied with granting to the First Consul ten years of prerogative, the Council thought it best to strike the iron while it was hot, and not to stop short in the middle of so pleasing a work. In fine they decided that the following question should be put to the people: "Shall the First Consul be appointed for life, and shall he have the power of nominating his successor?" The reports of the police had besides much influence on the result of this discussion, for they one and all declared that the whole of Paris demanded a Consul for life, with the right of naming a successor. The decisions on these two questions were carried as it were by storm. The appointment for life passed unanimously, and the right of naming the successor by a majority. The First Consul, however, formally declared that he condemned this second measure, which had not originated with himself. On receiving the decision of the Council of State the First Consul, to mask his plan for attaining absolute power, thought it advisable to appear to reject a part of what was offered him. He therefore cancelled that clause which proposed to give him the power of appointing a successor, and which had been carried by a small majority.

CHAPTER IX.

1802.

General Bernadotte pacifies La Vendée and suppresses a mutiny at Tours — Bonaparte's injustice towards him — A premeditated scene — Advice given to Bernadotte, and Bonaparte disappointed — The First Consul's residence at St. Cloud — His rehearsals for the Empire — His contempt of mankind — Mr. Fox and Bonaparte — Information of plans of assassination — A military dinner given by Bonaparte — Moreau not of the party — Effect of the *Sénatus-consultes* on the Consulate for life — Journey to Plombières — Previous scene between Lucien and Josephine — Theatrical representations at Neuilly and Malmaison — Loss of a watch, and honesty rewarded — Canova at St. Cloud — Bonaparte's reluctance to stand for a model.

HAVING arrived at nearly the middle of the career which I have undertaken to trace, before I advance farther I must go back for a few moments, as I have already frequently done, in order to introduce some circumstances which escaped my recollection, or which I purposely reserved, that I might place them amongst facts analogous to them. Thus, for instance, I have only referred in passing to a man who, since become a monarch, has not ceased to honor me with his friendship, as will be seen in the course of my Memoirs, since the part we have seen him play in the events of the 18th Brumaire. This man, whom the inexplicable combination of events has raised to a throne for the happiness of the people he is called to govern, is Bernadotte.

It was evident that Bernadotte must necessarily fall into a kind of disgrace for not having supported Bonaparte's projects at the period of the overthrow of the Directory. The First Consul, however, did not dare to avenge himself openly; but he watched for every opportunity to remove Bernadotte from his presence, to place him in difficult situations, and to

for which the First Consul might make him wholly responsible.

At the commencement of the Consulate the deplorable war in La Vendée raged in all its intensity. The organization of the Chouans was complete, and this civil war caused Bonaparte much more uneasiness than that which he was obliged to conduct on the Rhine and in Italy; because, from the success of the Vendéans might arise a question respecting internal government, the solution of which was likely to be contrary to Bonaparte's views. The slightest success of the Vendéans spread alarm amongst the holders of national property; and, besides, there was no hope of reconciliation between France and England, her eternal and implacable enemy, as long as the flame of insurrection remained unextinguished.

The task of terminating this unhappy struggle was obviously a difficult one. Bonaparte therefore resolved to impose it on Bernadotte; but this general's conciliatory disposition, his chivalrous manners, his tendency to indulgence, and a happy mixture of prudence and firmness, made him succeed where others would have failed. He finally established good order and submission to the laws.

Some time after the pacification of La Vendée, a rebellious disposition manifested itself at Tours amongst the soldiers of a regiment stationed there. The men refused to march until they received their arrears of pay. Bernadotte, as commander-in-chief of the army of the west, without being alarmed at the disturbance, ordered the fifty-second demi-brigade — the one in question — to be drawn up in the square of Tours, where at the very head of the corps, the leaders of the mutiny were by his orders arrested without any resistance being offered. Carnot, who was then Minister of War, made a report to the First Consul on this affair, which, but for the firmness of Bernadotte, might have been attended with disagreeable results. Carnot's report contained a plain statement of the facts, and of General Bernadotte's conduct. Bonaparte was, however, desirous to find in it some pretext for blaming him, and made me write these words on the

margin of the report: "*General Bernadotte did not act discreetly in adopting such severe measures against the fifty-second demi-brigade, he not having the means, if he had been unsuccessful, of re-establishing order in a town the garrison of which was not strong enough to subdue the mutineers.*"

A few days after, the First Consul having learned that the result of this affair was quite different from that which he affected to dread, and being convinced that by Bernadotte's firmness alone order had been restored, he found himself in some measure constrained to write to the General, and he dictated the following letter to me: —

PARIS, 11th Vendémiaire, year XI.

CITIZEN-GENERAL. — I have read with interest the account of what you did to re-establish order in the fifty-second demi-brigade, and also the report of General Liebert, dated the 5th Vendémiaire. Tell that officer that the Government is satisfied with his conduct. His promotion from the rank of Colonel to that of General of brigade is confirmed. I wish that brave officer to come to Paris. He has afforded an example of firmness and energy which does honor to a soldier.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

Thus in the same affair Bonaparte, in a few days, from the spontaneous expression of blame dictated by hate, was reduced to the necessity of declaring his approbation, which he did, as may be seen, with studied coldness, and even taking pains to make his praises apply to Colonel Liebert, and not to the general-in-chief.

Time only served to augment Bonaparte's dislike of Bernadotte. It might be said that the farther he advanced in his rapid march towards absolute power the more animosity he cherished against the individual who had refused to aid his first steps in his adventurous career. At the same time the persons about Bonaparte who practised the art of flattering failed not to multiply reports and insinuations against Bernadotte. I recollect one day, when there was to be a grand public levée, seeing Bonaparte so much out of temper that I asked him the cause of it. "I can bear it no longer," he replied impetuously. "I have resolved to have a scene with Bernadotte to-day. He will probably be here. I will

open the fire, let what will come of it. He may do what he pleases. We shall see! It is time there should be an end of this."

I had never before observed the First Consul so violently irritated. He was in a terrible passion, and I dreaded the moment when the levée was to open. When he left me to go down to the *salon* I availed myself of the opportunity to get there before him, which I could easily do, as the *salon* was not twenty steps from the cabinet. By good luck Bernadotte was the first person I saw. He was standing in the recess of a window which looked on the square of the Carrousel. To cross the *salon* and reach the General was the work of a moment. "General!" said I, "trust me and retire!—I have good reasons for advising it!" Bernadotte, seeing my extreme anxiety, and aware of the sincere sentiments of esteem and friendship which I entertained for him, consented to retire, and I regarded this as a triumph; for, knowing Bernadotte's frankness of character and his nice sense of honor, I was quite certain that he would not submit to the harsh observations which Bonaparte intended to address to him. My stratagem had all the success I could desire. The First Consul suspected nothing, and remarked only one thing, which was that his victim was absent. When the levée was over he said to me, "What do you think of it, Bourrienne?—Bernadotte did not come."—"So much the better for him, General," was my reply. Nothing further happened. The First Consul on returning from Josephine found me in the cabinet, and consequently could suspect nothing, and my communication with Bernadotte did not occupy five minutes. Bernadotte always expressed himself much gratified with the proof of friendship I gave him at this delicate conjuncture. The fact is, that from a disposition of my mind, which I could not myself account for, the more Bonaparte's unjust hatred of Bernadotte increased the more sympathy and admiration I felt for the noble character of the latter.¹

¹ All this part about Bernadotte is attacked in *Erreurs*, and it is evident that Bourrienne is influenced by his connection with that general. Bernadotte applied for the command in La Vendée which Bourrienne repre-

The event in question occurred in the spring of 1802. It was at this period that Bonaparte first occupied St. Cloud, which he was much pleased with, because he found himself more at liberty there than at the Tuileries; which Palace is really only a prison for royalty, as there a sovereign cannot even take the air at a window without immediately being the object of the curiosity of the public, who collect in large crowds. At St. Cloud, on the contrary, Bonaparte could walk out from his cabinet and prolong his promenade without being annoyed by petitioners. One of his first steps was to repair the cross-road leading from St. Cloud to Malmaison, between which places Bonaparte rode in a quarter of an hour. This proximity to the country, which he liked, made staying at St. Cloud yet pleasanter to him. It was at St. Cloud that the First Consul made, if I may so express it, his first rehearsals of the grand drama of the Empire. It was there he began to introduce, in external forms, the habits and etiquette which brought to mind the ceremonies of sovereignty. He soon perceived the influence which pomp of ceremony, brilliancy of appearance, and richness of costume, exercised over the mass of mankind. "Men," he remarked to me at this period, "well deserve the contempt I feel for them. I have only to put some gold lace on the coats of my virtuous republicans and they immediately become just what I wish them."

I remember one day, after one of his frequent sallies of contempt for human kind, I observed to him that although baubles might excite vulgar admiration, there were some distinguished men who did not permit themselves to be fascinated by their allurements; and I mentioned the celebrated

sents as forced on him. As for Napoleon not daring to attack Bernadotte openly, his treatment of Moreau, Pichegru, etc., shows that he told the truth when he, later, wrote to Joseph about Masséna: "I do not fear the generals, and I have no managements with them" (*Miot de Melito*, tome ii. p. 281). Bernadotte was not the important personage these Memoirs represent him to have been; see *Erreurs*, tome i. p. 202, and tome ii. p. 113, etc. Indeed, Napoleon had little "management" for him. In 1800 or 1801 he tells Joseph, Bernadotte's great friend, "Understand that if this wrong-headed Southerner continues to jeer at the acts of my Government, instead of giving him the command he asks for, I will have him shot on the Place du Carrousel" (Tung's *Lucien*, tome ii. p. 107). Later on, too, the Emperor's order of the day after Wagram will be borne in mind, though of course the relative positions of the two men had then much altered.

Fox by way of example, who, previous to the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, visited Paris, where he was remarked for his extreme simplicity. The First Consul said, "Ah! you are right with respect to him. Mr. Fox is a truly great man and pleases me much."

In fact, Bonaparte always received Mr. Fox's visits with the greatest satisfaction; and after every conversation they had together he never failed to express to me the pleasure which he experienced in discoursing with a man every way worthy of the great celebrity he had attained. He considered him a very superior man, and wished he might have to treat with him in his future negotiations with England. It may be supposed that Mr. Fox, on his part, never forgot the terms of intimacy, I may say of confidence, on which he had been with the First Consul. In fact, he on several occasions informed him in time of war of the plots formed against his life.¹ Less

¹ Bonaparte's friendship for Mr. Fox was perfectly sincere. It was a subject on which he often dwelt in his captivity at St. Helena:—

"'Fox,' said he, 'was sincere and honest in his intentions; had he lived there would have been a peace, and England would now be contented and happy. Fox knew the true interests of your country. He was received with a sort of triumph in every city in France through which he passed. *Fêtes*, and every honor the inhabitants could confer, were spontaneously offered wherever he was known. It must have been a most gratifying sensation to him to be received in such a manner by a country which had been so long hostile to his own, particularly when he saw that they were the genuine sentiments of the people. Pitt probably would have been murdered. I liked Fox, and loved to converse with him. A circumstance occurred which, although accidental, must have been very flattering to him. As I paid him every attention, I gave orders that he should have free admission everywhere. One day he went with his family to see St. Cloud, in which there was a private cabinet of mine that had not been opened for some time and was never shown to strangers. By some accident Fox and his wife opened the door and entered. There he saw the statues of a number of great men, chiefly patriots, such as Sidney, Hampden, Washington, Cicero, etc., Lord Chatham, and amongst the rest his own, which was first recognized by his wife, who said, 'My dear, this is yours.' This little incident, although trifling and accidental, gained him great honor, and spread directly through Paris. The fact was that a considerable time before I had determined upon forming a collection of statues of the greatest men, and the most distinguished for their virtues, of all nations. I did not admire them the less because they were enemies, and had actually procured busts of some of the greatest enemies of France, amongst others that of Nelson. I was afterwards diverted from this intention by occurrences which did not allow me time to attend to the collecting of statues.'

"Napoleon then recounted the noble manner in which Fox had made known to him the proposal that had been made to assassinate him, which generous act he did not fail to compare with the treatment he now received, and with the attempts made upon his life by wretches paid by . . . in 1803, and landed in France, in British men-of-war" (*Napoleon in Exile*).

could not be expected from a man of so noble a character. I can likewise affirm, having more than once been in possession of proofs of the fact, that the English Government constantly rejected with indignation all such projects. I do not mean those which had for their object the overthrow of the Consular or Imperial Government, but all plans of assassination and secret attacks on the person of Bonaparte, whether First Consul or Emperor. I will here request the indulgence of the reader whilst I relate a circumstance which occurred a year before Mr. Fox's journey to Paris; but as it refers to Moreau, I believe that the transposition will be pardoned more easily than the omission.

During the summer of 1801 the First Consul took a fancy to give a grand military dinner at a restaurateur's. The restaurateur he favored with his company was Véri, whose establishment was situated on the terrace of the Feuillans with an entrance into the garden of the Tuileries. Bonaparte did not send an invitation to Moreau, whom I met by chance that day in the following manner:—The ceremony of the dinner at Véri's leaving me at liberty to dispose of my time, I availed myself of it to go and dine at a restaurateur's named Rose, who then enjoyed great celebrity amongst the distinguished gastronomes. I dined in company with M. Carbonnet, a friend of Moreau's family, and two or three other persons. Whilst we were at table in the rotunda we were informed by the waiter who attended on us that General Moreau and his wife, with Lacuée and two other military men, were in an adjoining apartment. Suchet, who had dined at Véri's, where he said everything was prodigiously dull, on rising from the table joined Moreau's party. These details we learned from M. Carbonnet, who left us for a few moments to see the General and Madame Moreau.

Bonaparte's affectation in not inviting Moreau at the moment when the latter had returned a conqueror from the army of the Rhine, and at the same time the affectation of Moreau in going publicly the same day to dine at another restaurateur's, afforded ground for the supposition that the coolness which existed between them would soon be converted into

enmity. The people of Paris naturally thought that the conqueror of Marengo might, without any degradation, have given the conqueror of Hohenlinden a seat at his table.

By the commencement of the year 1802 the Republic had ceased to be anything else than a fiction, or an historical recollection. All that remained of it was a deceptive inscription on the gates of the Palace. Even at the time of his installation at the Tuileries Bonaparte had caused the two trees of liberty which were planted in the court to be cut down; thus removing the outward emblems before he destroyed the reality. But the moment the Senatorial decisions of the 2d and 4th of August were published it was evident to the dullest perceptions that the power of the First Consul wanted nothing but a name.

After these *Consultes* Bonaparte readily accustomed himself to regard the principal authorities of the State merely as necessary instruments for the exercise of his power. Interested advisers then crowded round him. It was seriously proposed that he should restore the ancient titles, as being more in harmony with the new power which the people had confided to him than the republican forms. He was still of opinion, however, according to his phrase, that "the pear was not yet ripe," and would not hear this project spoken of for a moment. "All this," he said to me one day, "will come in good time; but you must see, Bourrienne, that it is necessary I should, in the first place, assume a title, from which the others that I will give to everybody will naturally take their origin. The greatest difficulty is surmounted. There is no longer any person to deceive. Everybody sees as clear as day that it is only one step which separates the throne from the Consulate for life. However, we must be cautious. There are some troublesome fellows in the Tribunate, but I will take care of them."

Whilst these serious questions agitated men's minds the greater part of the residents at Malmaison took a trip to Plombières. Josephine, Bonaparte's mother, Madame Beauharnais-Lavallette, Hortense, and General Rapp, were of this

arty. It pleased the fancy of the jocund company to address to me a bulletin of the pleasant and unpleasant occurrences of the journey. I insert this letter merely as a proof of the intimacy which existed between the writers and myself. It follows, precisely as I have preserved it, with the exception of the *blots*, for which it will be seen they apologized.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY TO PLOMBIÈRES.

To the Inhabitants of Malmaison.

The whole party left Malmaison in tears, which brought on such dreadful headaches that all the amiable persons were quite overcome by the idea of the journey. Madame Bonaparte, *mère*, supported the fatigues of this memorable day with the greatest courage; but Madame Bonaparte, *Consulesse*, did not show any. The two young ladies who sat in the *dormeuse*, Mademoiselle Hortense and Madame Lavallette, were rival candidates for a bottle of Eau de Cologne; and every now and then the amiable M. Rapp made the carriage stop for the comfort of his poor little sick heart, which overflowed with bile: in fine, he was obliged to take to bed on arriving at Épernay, while the rest of the amiable party tried to drown their sorrows in champagne. The second day was more fortunate on the score of health and spirits, but provisions were wanting, and great were the sufferings of the stomach. The travellers lived on the hope of a good supper at Toul; but despair was at its height when, on arriving there, they found only a wretched inn, and nothing in it. We saw some odd-looking folks there, which indemnified us a little for spinach dressed with lamp-oil, and red asparagus fried with curdled milk. Who would not have been amused to see the Malmaison gourmands seated at a table so shockingly served!

In no record of history is there to be found a day passed in distress so dreadful as that on which we arrived at Plombières. On departing from Toul we intended to breakfast at Nancy, for every stomach had been empty for two days; but the civil and military authorities came out to meet us, and prevented us from executing our plan. We continued our route, wasting away, so that you might see us growing thinner every moment. To complete our misfortune, the *dormeuse*, which seemed to have taken a fancy to embark on the Moselle for Metz, barely escaped an overturn. But at Plombières we have been well compensated for this unlucky journey, for on our arrival we were received with all kinds of rejoicings. The town was illuminated, the cannon fired, and the faces of handsome women at all the windows give us reason to hope that we shall atone our absence from Malmaison with the less regret.

With the exception of some anecdotes, which we reserve for chit-chat

on our return, you have here a correct account of our journey, which we, the undersigned, hereby certify.

JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.
BEAUHARNAIS-LAVALLETTE.
HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS.
RAPP.
BONAPARTE, *mère*.

The company ask pardon for the blots.
21st Messidor.

It is requested that the person who receives this journal will show it to all who take an interest in the fair travellers.

This journey to Plombières was preceded by a scene which I should abstain from describing if I had not undertaken to relate the truth respecting the family of the First Consul. Two or three days before her departure Madame Bonaparte sent for me. I obeyed the summons, and found her in tears. "What a man — what a man is that Lucien!" she exclaimed in accents of grief. "If you knew, my friend, the shameful proposals he has dared to make to me! 'You are going to the waters,' said he; 'you must get a child by some other person since you cannot have one by him.' Imagine the indignation with which I received such advice. — 'Well,' he continued, 'if you do not wish it, or cannot help it, Bonaparte must get a child by another woman, and you must adopt it, for it is necessary to secure an hereditary successor. It is for your interest; you must know that.' — 'What, sir!' I replied, 'do you imagine the nation will suffer a bastard to govern it? Lucien! Lucien! you would ruin your brother! This is dreadful! Wretched should I be, were any one to suppose me capable of listening, without horror, to your infamous proposal! Your ideas are poisonous; your language horrible!' — 'Well, Madame,' retorted he, 'all I can say to that is, that I am really sorry for you!'"

The amiable Josephine was sobbing whilst she described this scene to me, and I was not insensible to the indignation which she felt. The truth is, that at that period Lucien, though constantly affecting to despise power for himself, was incessantly laboring to concentrate it in the hands of his brother; and he considered three things necessary to the

success of his views, namely, hereditary succession, divorce, and the Imperial Government.¹

Lucien had a delightful house near Neuilly. Some days before the deplorable scene which I have related he invited Bonaparte and all the inmates at Malmaison to witness a theatrical representation. *Alzire* was the piece performed. Elisa played *Alzire*, and Lucien, *Zamore*. The warmth of their declarations, the energetic expression of their gestures, the too faithful nudity of costume, disgusted most of the spectators, and Bonaparte more than any other. When the play was over he was quite indignant. "It is a scandal," he said to me in an angry tone; "I ought not to suffer such indecencies—I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it." When his brother had resumed his own dress, and came into the *salon*, he addressed him publicly. and gave him to understand that he must for the future desist from such representations. When we returned to Malmaison he again spoke of what had passed with dissatisfaction. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavoring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves upon the boards almost in a state of nudity! It is an insult!"²

¹ This account of Lucien's conduct seems doubtful. Lucien had been one of the persons proposed to replace Napoleon in case of any disaster occurring at Marengo. And in suggesting the appearance of such a child, he would have been acting against his own interests, and against the ambition which all his family felt; see also *Erreurs*, tome ii. p. 117. He himself, speaking of the time when the Consul was elected for a term of ten years only, says, "The eventual choice of a successor to Napoleon had, for my misfortune, drawn on me the attention of certain political circles; and it was that which alienated from me my brother's heart" (Jung's *Lucien*, tome ii. p. 292). The position of the brothers of Napoleon at this time may be understood by a later speech of Joseph's to Miot. "He (Napoleon) shall no longer deceive me. I am sick of his tyranny, and of his vain promises, so often repeated and never fulfilled. I want all or nothing. Let him leave me a private individual, or else offer me a post which assures me of power after him" (*Miot de Melito*, tome ii. p. 107). Lucien represents himself as rather the victim than the enemy of Josephine. "I might have regretted having as enemy the citizeness Beauharnais, become my sister-in-law, for it is on account of this hatred for me that she had not the strength, or the wisdom, or the will to repress the antipathy of her husband for me" (Jung's *Lucien*, tome ii. p. 213). His wife, the Princess de Canino, represents Hortense saying to a third person that her mother, the ex-empress Josephine, had not ceased to regret the fatality which had separated her from her brother-in-law Lucien, and that she acknowledged she had made a mistake in her policy (Jung, tome ii. p. 215).

² Lucien appears to have really acted well. See for details himself, in Jung's *Lucien*, tome ii. p. 256. There is probably some little jealousy in this

Lucien had a strong predilection for theatrical exhibitions, to which he attached great importance. The fact is, he declaimed in a superior style, and might have competed with the best professional actors. It was said that the turban of Orosmane, the costume of America, the Roman toga, or the robe of the high priest of Jerusalem, all became him equally well; and I believe that this was the exact truth. Theatrical representations were not confined to Neuilly. We had our theatre and our company of actors at Malmaison; but there everything was conducted with the greatest decorum; and now that I have got behind the scenes, I will not quit them until I have let the reader into the secrets of our drama.

By the direction of the First Consul a very pretty little theatre was built at Malmaison. Our usual actors were Eugène Beauharnais, Hortense, Madame Murat, Lauriston, M. Didelot, one of the prefects of the Palace, some other individuals belonging to the First Consul's household and myself. Freed from the cares of government, which we confined as much as possible to the Tuileries, we were a very happy colony at Malmaison; and, besides, we were young, and what is there to which youth does not add charms? The pieces which the First Consul most liked to see us perform were, *Le Barbier de Séville* and *Défiance et Malice*. In *Le Barbier* Lauriston played the part of Count Almaviva; Hortense, Rosina; Eugène, Basil; Didelot, Figaro; I, Bartholo; and Isabey, l'Éveillé. Our other stock pieces were, *Projets de Mariage*, *La Gageure*, the *Dépit Amoureux*, in which I played the part of the valet; and *L'Impromptu de Campagne*, in which I enacted the Baron, having for my Baroness the young and handsome Caroline Murat.

account of Lucien's rival troupe. Madame Junot (tome ii. p. 105) says, "Lucien acquitted himself admirably, and declaimed to perfection. . . . Not so with Madame Bacciochi" (Elisa). "Her acting was irresistibly laughable. The First Consul found it so, and far from flying into a rage, as M. de Bourrienne represents, he did nothing but laugh during the whole play whenever his sister appeared on the stage, and when we returned to the drawing-room he exclaimed, 'I think we have seen *Alzire* beautifully parodied.'" Joseph Bonaparte, in meeting this attack, seems more concerned for the credit of the acting than for its decency. "The dresses were those of the Théâtre Français. They were no more indecent than those which the élite of France and Europe delighted in seeing for many years at this national spectacle" (*Erreurs*. tome ii. p. 118).

Hortense's acting was perfection, Caroline was middling, Eugène played very well, Lauriston was rather heavy, Dideot passable, and I may venture to assert, without vanity, that I was not quite the worst of the company. If we were not good actors it was not for want of good instruction and good advice. Talma and Michot came to direct us, and made us rehearse before them, sometimes all together and sometimes separately. How many lessons have I received from Michot whilst walking in the beautiful park of Malmaison! And may I be excused for saying, that I now experience pleasure in looking back upon these trifles, which are matters of importance when one is young, and which contrasted so singularly with the great theatre on which we did not represent fictitious characters? We had, to adopt theatrical language, a good supply of property. Bonaparte presented each of us with a collection of dramas very well bound; and, as the patron of the company, he provided us with rich and elegant dresses.¹

Bonaparte took great pleasure in our performances. He liked to see plays acted by persons with whom he was familiar. Sometimes he complimented us on our exertions. Although I was as much amused with the thing as others, I was more than once obliged to remind him that my occupations left me but little time to learn my parts. Then he

¹ While Bourrienne, belonging to the Malmaison company, considered that the acting at Neuilly was indecent, Lucien, who refused to act at Malmaison, naturally thought the Malmaison troupe was dull. "Hortense and Caroline filled the principal parts. They were very commonplace. In this they followed the unfortunate Marie Antoinette and her companions. Louis XVI. not naturally polite, when seeing them act, had said that it was royally badly acted" (see Madame Campan's *Life of Marie Antoinette*, tome i. p. 249). "The First Consul said of his troupe that it was sovereignly badly acted. . . . Murat, Lannes, and even Caroline ranted. Elisa, who, having been educated at St. Cyr, spoke purely and without accent, refused to act. Junot acted well the drunken parts, and even the others he understood. The rest were decidedly bad. Worse than bad — ridiculous" (Jung's *Lucien*, tome ii. p. 256). Rival actors are not fair critics. Let us hear Madame Junot (tome ii. p. 103). "The cleverest of our company was M. de Bourrienne. He played the more dignified characters in real perfection, and his talent was the more pleasing as it was not the result of study, but of a perfect comprehension of his part." And she goes on to say that even the best professional actors might have learnt from him in some parts. The audience was not a pleasant one to face. "It was the First Consul's habit to invite forty persons to dinner, and a hundred and fifty for the evening, and consequently to hear, criticise, and banter us without mercy" (*Memoirs of Duchesse d'Abrantès*, tome ii. p. 106).

would assume his coaxing manner and say, "Come, do not vex me! You have such a memory! You know that it amuses me. You see that these performances render Malmaison gay and animated; Josephine takes much pleasure in them. Rise earlier in the morning. — In fact, I sleep too much; is not that the case? — Come, Bourrienne, do oblige me. You make me laugh so heartily! Do not deprive me of this pleasure. I have not over much amusement, as you well know." — "Ah, truly! I would not deprive you of any pleasure. I am delighted to be able to contribute to your amusement." After a conversation of this sort I could not do less than set about studying my part.

At this period, during summer, I had half the Sunday to myself. I was, however, obliged to devote a portion of this precious leisure to pleasing Bonaparte by studying a new part as a surprise for him. Occasionally, however, I passed the time at Ruel. I recollect that one day, when I had hurried there from Malmaison, I lost a beautiful watch made by Breguet. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the road was that day thronged with people. I made my loss publicly known by means of the crier of Ruel. An hour after, as I was sitting down to table, a young lad belonging to the village brought me my watch. He had found it on the high road in a wheel rut. I was pleased with the probity of this young man, and rewarded both him and his father, who accompanied him. I related the circumstance the same evening to the First Consul, who was so struck with this instance of honesty that he directed me to procure information respecting the young man and his family. I learned that they were honest peasants. Bonaparte gave employment to three brothers of this family; and, what was most difficult to persuade him to, he exempted the young man who brought me the watch from the conscription.

When a fact of this nature reached Bonaparte's ear it was seldom that he did not give the principal actor in it some proof of his satisfaction. Two qualities predominated in his character — kindness and impatience. Impatience, when he was under its influence, got the better of him: it was then

impossible for him to control himself. I had a remarkable proof of it about this very period.

Canova having arrived in Paris came to St. Cloud to model the figure of the First Consul, of whom he was about to make a colossal statue. This great artist came often, in the hope of getting his model to stand in the proper attitude; but Bonaparte was so tired, disgusted, and fretted by the process, that he very seldom put himself in the required attitude, and then only for a short time. Bonaparte notwithstanding had the highest regard for Canova. Whenever he was announced the First Consul sent me to keep him company until he was at leisure to give him a sitting; but he would shrug up his shoulders and say, "More modelling! Good Heavens, how vexatious!" Canova expressed great displeasure at not being able to study his model as he wished to do, and the little anxiety of Bonaparte on the subject damped the ardor of his imagination. Everybody agrees in saying that he has not succeeded in the work, and I have explained the reason. The Duke of Wellington afterwards possessed this colossal statue, which was about twice his own height.

CHAPTER X.

1802.

Bonaparte's principle as to the change of Ministers — Fouché — His influence with the First Consul — Fouché's dismissal — The departments of Police and Justice, united under Regnier — Madame Bonaparte's regret for the dismissal of Fouché — Family scenes — Madame Louis Bonaparte's pregnancy — False and infamous reports to Josephine — Legitimacy and a bastard — Rœderer reproached by Josephine — Her visit to Ruel — Long conversation with her — Assertion at St. Helena respecting a great political fraud.

It is a principle particularly applicable to absolute governments that a prince should change his ministers as seldom as possible, and never except upon serious grounds. Bonaparte acted on this principle when First Consul, and also when he became Emperor. He often allowed unjust causes to influence him, but he never dismissed a Minister without cause; indeed, he more than once, without any reason, retained Ministers longer than he ought to have done in the situations in which he had placed them. Bonaparte's tenacity in this respect, in some instances, produced very opposite results. For instance, it afforded M. Gaudin¹ time to establish a degree of order in the administration of Finance which before his time had never existed; and on the other hand, it enabled M. Decrès to reduce the Ministry of Marine to an unparalleled state of confusion.

Bonaparte saw nothing in men but helps and obstacles. On the 18th Brumaire Fouché was a help. The First Consul feared that he would become an obstacle; it was necessary, therefore, to think of dismissing him. Bonaparte's most sincere friends had from the beginning been opposed to Fouché's having any share in the Government. But their disinter-

ested advice produced no other result than their own disgrace, so influential a person had Fouché become. How could it be otherwise? Fouché was identified with the Republic by the death of the King, for which he had voted; with the Reign of Terror by his sanguinary missions to Lyons and Nevers; with the Consulate by his real though perhaps exaggerated services; with Bonaparte by the charm with which he might be said to have fascinated him; with Josephine by the enmity of the First Consul's brothers. Who would believe it? Fouché ranked the enemies of the Revolution amongst his warmest partisans. They overwhelmed him with eulogy, to the disparagement even of the Head of the State, because the cunning Minister, practising an interested indulgence, set himself up as the protector of individuals belonging to classes which, when he was pro-consul, he had attacked in the mass. Director of public opinion, and having in his hands the means at his pleasure of inspiring fear or of entangling by inducements, it was all in his favor that he had directed this opinion. The machinery he set in motion was so calculated that the police was rather the police of Fouché than that of the Minister of the General Police. Throughout Paris, and indeed throughout all France, Fouché obtained credit for extraordinary ability; and the popular opinion was correct in this respect, namely, that no man ever displayed such ability in making it be supposed that he really possessed talent. Fouché's secret in this particular is the whole secret of the greater part of those persons who are called statesmen.

Be this as it may, the First Consul did not behold with pleasure the factitious influence of which Fouché had possessed himself. For some time past, to the repugnance which at bottom he had felt towards Fouché, were added other causes of discontent. In consequence of having been deceived by secret reports and correspondence Bonaparte began to shrug up his shoulders with an expression of regret when he received them, and said, "Would you believe, Bourrienne, that I have been imposed on by these things? All such denunciations are useless — scandalous. All the reports from prefects and the police, all the intercepted letters, are a

tissue of absurdities and lies. I desire to have no more of them." He said so, but he still received them. However, Fouché's dismissal was resolved upon. But though Bonaparte wished to get rid of him, still, under the influence of the charm, he dared not proceed against him without the greatest caution. He first resolved upon the suppression of the office of Minister of Police in order to disguise the motive for the removal of the Minister. The First Consul told Fouché that this suppression, which he spoke of as being yet remote, was calculated more than anything else to give strength to the Government, since it would afford a proof of the security and internal tranquillity of France. Overpowered by the arguments with which Bonaparte supported his proposition, Fouché could urge no good reasons in opposition to it, but contented himself with recommending that the execution of the design, which was good in intention, should, however, be postponed for two years. Bonaparte appeared to listen favorably to Fouché's recommendation, who, as avaricious for money as Bonaparte of glory, consoled himself by thinking that for these two years the administration of the gaming-tables would still be for him a Pactolus flowing with gold. For Fouché, already the possessor of an immense fortune, always dreamed of increasing it, though he himself did not know how to enjoy it. With him the ambition of enlarging the bounds of his estate of Pont-Carré was not less felt than with the First Consul the ambition of extending the frontier of France.

Not only did the First Consul not like Fouché, but it is perfectly true that at this time the police wearied and annoyed him. Several times he told me he looked on it as dangerous, especially for the possessor of power. In a Government without the liberty of the press he was quite right. The very services which the police had rendered to the First Consul were of a nature to alarm him, for whoever had conspired against the Directory in favor of the Consulate might also conspire against the Consulate in favor of any other Government. It is needless to say that I only allude to the political police, and not to the municipal police, which is indis-

ensable for large towns, and which has the honorable mission of watching over the health and safety of the citizens.

Fouché, as has been stated, had been Minister of Police since the 18th Brumaire. Everybody who was acquainted with the First Consul's character was unable to explain the ascendancy which he had suffered Fouché to acquire over him, and of which Bonaparte himself was really impatient. He saw in Fouché a centre around which all the interests of the Revolution concentrated themselves, and at this he felt indignant; but, subject to a species of magnetism, he could not break the charm which enthralled him. When he spoke of Fouché in his absence his language was warm, bitter, and hostile. When Fouché was present, Bonaparte's tone was softened, unless some public scene was to be acted like that which occurred after the attempt of the 3d Nivôse.

The suppression of the Ministry of Police being determined on, Bonaparte did not choose to delay the execution of his design, as he had pretended to think necessary. On the evening of the 12th of September we went to Mortfontaine. We passed the next day, which was Monday, at that place, and it was there, far removed from Fouché, and urged by the combined persuasions of Joseph and Lucien, that the First Consul signed the decree of suppression. The next morning we returned to Paris. Fouché came to Malmaison, where we were, in the regular execution of his duties. The First Consul transacted business with him as usual without daring to tell him of his dismissal, and afterwards sent Cambacérès to inform him of it. After this act, respecting which he hesitated so long, Bonaparte still endeavored to modify his rigor. Having appointed Fouché a Senator, he said in the letter which he wrote to the Senate to notify the appointment:—

"Fouché, as Minister of Police, in times of difficulty, has by his talent, his activity, and his attachment to the Government done all that circumstances required of him. Placed in the bosom of the Senate, if events should again call for a Minister of Police the Government cannot find one more worthy of its confidence."

From this moment the departments of Justice and Police

united were confided to the hands of Regnier.¹ Bonaparte's aversion for Fouché strangely blinded him with respect to the capabilities of his successor. Besides, how could the administration of justice, which rests on fixed, rigid, and unchangeable bases, proceed hand in hand with another administration placed on the quicksand of instantaneous decisions, and surrounded by stratagems and deceptions? Justice should never have anything to do with secret police, unless it be to condemn it.² What could be expected from Regnier, charged as he was with incompatible functions? What, under such circumstances, could have been expected even from a man gifted with great talents? Such was the exact history of Fouché's disgrace. No person was more afflicted at it than Madame Bonaparte, who only learned the news when it was announced to the public. Josephine, on all occasions, defended Fouché against her husband's sallies. She believed that he was the only one of his Ministers who told him the truth. She had such a high opinion of the way in which Fouché managed the police that the first time I was alone with her after our return from Mortfontaine she said to me, "My dear Bourrienne, speak openly to me; will Napoleon know all about the plots from the police of Moncey, Duroc, Junot, and of Davoust? You know better than I do that these are only wretched spies. Has not Savary also eventually got his police? How all this alarms me. They take away all my supports, and surround me only with enemies."

"To justify your regrets we should be sure that Fouché has never been in agreement with Lucien in favor of the divorce." — "Oh I do not believe that. Bonaparte does not like him, and he would have been certain to tell me of it

¹ Regnier, Claude Antoine (1746-1814), Grand Judge and Minister of Justice from 1802 to November, 1813; the Ministry of Police was adjoined from 1802 to 1804, when it was again separated; Duc de Massa, 1809; President of the Corps Legislatif, 1813 to 1814. At this period the Senators were unable to hold any active office, so that on appointment a Senator was said to be "absorbed."

² M. Abrial, Minister of Justice, was called to the Senate at the same

then I spoke favorably to him of Fouché. You will see that his brothers will end by bringing him into their plan."

I have already spoken of Josephine's troubles, and of the bad conduct of Joseph, but more particularly of Lucien, towards her; I will therefore describe here, as connected with the disgrace of Fouché, whom Madame Bonaparte regretted as a support, some scenes which occurred about this period at Malmaison. Having been the confidant of both parties, and an involuntary actor in those scenes, now that twenty-seven years have passed since they occurred what motive can induce me to disguise the truth in any respect?

Madame Louis Bonaparte was *enceinte*. Josephine, although she tenderly loved her children, did not seem to behold the approaching event which the situation of her daughter indicated with the interest natural to the heart of a mother. She had long been aware of the calumnious reports circulated respecting the supposed connection between Hortense and the First Consul, and that base accusation cost her many tears. Poor Josephine paid dearly for the splendor of her station! As I knew how devoid of foundation these atrocious reports were, I endeavored to console her by telling her what was true, that I was exerting all my efforts to demonstrate their infamy and falsehood. Bonaparte, however, dazzled by the affection which was manifested towards him from all quarters, aggravated the sorrow of his wife by a silly vanity. He endeavored to persuade her that these reports had their origin only in the wish of the public that he should have a child, so that these seeming consolations offered by self-love to Josephine's grief gave force to existing conjugal harms, and the fear of divorce returned with all its horrors. Under the foolish illusion of his vanity Bonaparte imagined that France was desirous of being governed even by a bastard supposed to be a child of his, — a singular mode truly of founding a new legitimacy!

Josephine, whose susceptibility appears to me even now excusable, well knew my sentiments on the subject of Bonaparte's founding a dynasty, and she had not forgotten my conduct when two years before the question had been agitated

on the occasion of Louis XVIII.'s letters to the First Consul. I remember that one day, after the publication of the parallel of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, Josephine having entered our cabinet without being announced, which she sometimes did when from the good humor exhibited at breakfast she reckoned upon its continuance, approached Bonaparte softly, seated herself on his knee, passed her hand gently through his hair and over his face, and thinking the moment favorable, said to him in a burst of tenderness, "I entreat of you, Bonaparte, do not make yourself a King! It is that wretch Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him!" Bonaparte replied, without anger, and even smiling as he pronounced the last words, "You are mad, my poor Josephine. It is your old dowagers of the Faubourg St. Germain, your Rochefoucaulds, who tell you all these fables! . . . Come now, you interrupt me — leave me alone." What Bonaparte said that day good-naturedly to his wife, I have often heard him declare seriously. I have been present at five or six altercations on the subject. That there existed, too, an enmity connected with this question between the family of Beauharnais and the family of Bonaparte cannot be denied.

Fouché, as I have stated, was in the interest of Josephine, and Lucien was the most bitter of her enemies. One day Røederer inveighed with so much violence against Fouché in the presence of Madame Bonaparte that she replied with extreme warmth, "The real enemies of Bonaparte are those who feed him with notions of hereditary descent, of a dynasty, of divorce, and of marriage!" Josephine could not check this exclamation, as she knew that Røederer encouraged those ideas, which he spread abroad by Lucien's direction. I recollect one day when she had been to see us at our little house at Ruel: as I walked with her along the high road to her carriage, which she had sent forward, I acknowledged too unreservedly my fears on account of the ambition of Bonaparte, and of the perfidious advice of his brothers. "Madame," said I, "if we cannot succeed in dissuading the General from making himself a King, I dread the future for his sake. If ever he re-establishes royalty he will in all probability

labor for the Bourbons, and enable them one day to re-ascend the throne which he shall erect. No one, doubtless, without passing for a fool, can pretend to say with certainty what series of chances and events such a proceeding will produce; but common sense alone is sufficient to convince any one that unfavorable chances must long be dreaded. The ancient system being re-established, the occupation of the throne will then be only a family question, and not a question of government between liberty and despotic power. Why should not France, if it ceases to be free, prefer the race of her ancient kings? You surely know it. You had not been married two years when, on returning from Italy, your husband told me that he aspired to royalty. Now he is Consul for life. Would he but resolve to stop there! He already possesses everything but an empty title. No sovereign in Europe has so much power as he has. I am sorry for it, Madame, but I really believe that, in spite of yourself, you will be made Queen or Empress."

Madame Bonaparte had allowed me to speak without interruption, but when I pronounced the words Queen and Empress she exclaimed, "My God! Bourrienne, such ambition is far from my thoughts. That I may always continue the wife of the First Consul is all I desire. Say to him all that you have said to me. Try and prevent him from making himself King." — "Madame," I replied, "times are greatly altered. The wisest men, the strongest minds, have resolutely and courageously opposed his tendency to the hereditary system. But advice is now useless. He would not listen to me. In all discussions on the subject he adheres inflexibly to the view he has taken. If he be seriously opposed his anger knows no bounds; his language is harsh and abrupt, his tone imperious, and his authority bears down all before him." — "Yet, Bourrienne, he has so much confidence in you that if you should try once more —" — "Madame, I assure you he will not listen to me. Besides, what could I add to the remarks I made upon his receiving the letters of Louis XVIII., when I fearlessly represented to him that being without children he would have no one to whom to bequeath the throne — that, doubt-

less, from the opinion which he entertained of his brothers, he could not desire to erect it for them?" Here Josephine again interrupted me by exclaiming, "My kind friend, when you spoke of children did he say anything to you? Did he talk of a divorce?" — "Not a word, Madame, I assure you." — "If they do not urge him to it, I do not believe he will resolve to do such a thing. You know how he likes Eugène, and Eugène behaves so well to him. How different is Lucien. It is that wretch Lucien, to whom Bonaparte listens too much, and of whom, however, he always speaks ill to me." — "I do not know, Madame, what Lucien says to his brother except when he chooses to tell me, because Lucien always avoids having a witness of his interviews with your husband, but I can assure you that for two years I have not heard the word 'divorce' from the General's mouth." — "I always reckon on you, my dear Bourrienne, to turn him away from it, as you did at that time." — "I do not believe he is thinking of it, but if it recurs to him, consider, Madame, that it will be now from very different motives. He is now entirely given up to the interests of his policy and his ambition, which dominate every other feeling in him. There will not now be any question of scandal, or of a trial before a court, but of an act of authority which complaisant laws will justify and which the Church perhaps will sanction." — "That's true. You are right. Good God! how unhappy I am."¹

Such was the nature of one of the conversations I had with Madame Bonaparte on a subject to which she often recurred. It may not perhaps be uninteresting to endeavor to compare with this what Napoleon said at St. Helena, speaking of his first wife. According to the *Memorial* Napoleon there stated that when Josephine was at last constrained to renounce all

¹ When Bourrienne complains of not knowing what passed between Lucien and Napoleon, we can turn to Lucien's account of Bourrienne, apparently about this very time. "After a stormy interview with Napoleon," says Lucien, "I at once went into the cabinet where Bourrienne was working, and found that unbearable busybody of a secretary, whose star had already paled more than once, which made him more prying than ever, quite upset by the time the First Consul had taken to come out of his bath. He must, or at least might, have heard some noise, for enough had been made. Seeing that he wanted to know the cause from me, I took up a newspaper to avoid being bored by his conversation" (*Iung's Lucien*, tome ii. p. 156).

hope of having a child, she often let fall allusions to a great political fraud, and at length openly proposed it to him. I make no doubt Bonaparte made use of words to this effect, but I do not believe the assertion. I recollect one day that Bonaparte, on entering our cabinet, where I was already seated, exclaimed in a transport of joy impossible for me to describe, "Well, Bourrienne, my wife is at last *enceinte*!" I sincerely congratulated him, more, I own, out of courtesy than from any hope of seeing him made a father by Josephine, for I well remembered that Corvisart, who had given medicines to Madame Bonaparte, had nevertheless assured me that he expected no result from them. Medicine was really the only *political fraud* to which Josephine had recourse; and in her situation what other woman would not have done as much? Here, then, the husband and the wife are in contradiction, which is nothing uncommon. But on which side is truth? I have no hesitation in referring it to Josephine. There is indeed an immense difference between the statements of a woman intrusting her fears and her hopes to the sole confidant of her family secrets, and the tardy declaration of a man who, after seeing the vast edifice of his ambition levelled with the dust, is only anxious, in his compulsory retreat, to preserve intact and spotless the other great edifice of his glory. Bonaparte should have recollected that Cæsar did not like the idea of his wife being even suspected.

CHAPTER XL.

1802.

Citizen Fesch created Cardinal Fesch — Arts and industry — Exhibition in the Louvre — Aspect of Paris in 1802 — The Medicean Venus and the Velletrian Pallas — Signs of general prosperity — Rise of the funds — Irresponsible Ministers — The Bourbons — The military Government — Annoying familiarity of Lannes — Plan laid for his disgrace — Indignation of Lannes — His embassy to Portugal — The delayed despatch — Bonaparte's rage — I resign my situation — Duroc — I breakfast with Bonaparte — Duroc's intercession — Temporary reconciliation.

CITIZEN FESCH, who, when we were forced to stop at Ajaccio on our return from Egypt, discounted at rather a high rate the General-in-Chief's Egyptian sequins, became again the Abbé Fesch, as soon as Bonaparte by his consular authority re-erected the altars which the Revolution had overthrown. On the 15th of August, 1802, he was consecrated Bishop, and the following year received the Cardinal's hat. Thus Bonaparte took advantage of one of the members of his family being in orders to elevate him to the highest dignities of the Church. He afterwards gave Cardinal Fesch the Archbishopric of Lyons, of which place he was long the titular.¹

¹ Like Cambacérès, the Cardinal was a bit of a *gourmet*, and on one occasion had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. "By a coincidence two turbot of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would have appeared ridiculous, but the Cardinal was most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*. 'Be of good faith, your Eminence,' was the reply, 'both shall appear and enjoy the reception so justly their due.' The dinner was served: one of the turbot relieved the soup. Delight was on every face—it was the moment of the *épreuve positive*. The *maître d'hôtel* advances; two attendants raise the turbot and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium; the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight the assembled Cardinals became as pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the *conclave*—it was the moment of the *épreuve négative*; but the *maître d'hôtel* suddenly turns to one of the attendants, 'Bring another turbot,' said he, with

The First Consul prided himself a good deal on his triumph, at least in appearance, over the scruples which the persons who surrounded him had manifested against the re-establishment of worship. He read with much self-satisfaction the reports made to him, in which it was stated that the churches were well frequented. Indeed, throughout the year 1802, all his attention was directed to the reformation of manners, which had become more dissolute under the Directory than even during the Reign of Terror.

In his march of usurpation the First Consul let slip no opportunity of endeavoring to obtain at the same time the admiration of the multitude and the approbation of judicious men. He was very fond of the arts, and was sensible that the promotion of industry ought to be the peculiar care of the head of the Government. It must, however, at the same time be owned that he rendered the influence of his protection null and void by the continual violations he committed on that liberty which is the animating principle of all improvement.

During the supplementary days of the year X., that is to say, about the beginning of the autumn of 1802, there was held at the Louvre an exhibition of the products of industry. The First Consul visited the exhibition, and as even at that period he had begun to attribute every good result to himself, he seemed proud of the high degree of perfection the manufacturing arts had attained in France. He was, above all, delighted with the admiration this exhibition excited among the numerous foreigners who resorted to Paris during the peace.¹

In fact, throughout the year 1802 the capital presented an interesting and animating spectacle. The appetite for luxury and pleasure had insinuated itself into manners which were no longer republican, and the vast number of Russians and

¹ See in *Chaptal* his account of his conducting Fox and Lord Cornwallis over this exhibition. Fox remarked on the absence of articles of common use, as compared with what he would have seen in England. Chaptal was struck with the remark, but, he says, eventually got a cutler and a watch-maker to produce, from the back of their stalls, goods which Fox bought, and, surprised at their low price and good quality, acknowledged that he had a very different opinion of French industries from what he had expressed before (*Chaptal, De l'Industrie Française*, Paris, Renouard, 1819, tome ii. p. 92).

English who drove about everywhere with brilliant equipages contributed not a little to this metamorphosis. All Paris flocked to the Carrousel on review days, and regarded with eyes of delight the unusual sight of rich foreign liveries and emblazoned carriages. The parties at the Tuileries were brilliant and numerous, and nothing was wanting but the name of levees. Count Markoff, who succeeded M. de Kalit-scheff as Russian ambassador; the Marquis de Lucchesini, the Prussian ambassador; and Lord Whitworth, the Minister from England, made numerous presentations of their countrymen to the First Consul, who was well pleased that the Court he was forming should have examples set by foreign courtiers. Never since the meeting of the States-General had the theatres been so frequented, or *fêtes* so magnificent; and never since that period had Paris presented so cheering an aspect. The First Consul, on his part, spared no exertion to render the capital more and more worthy the admiration of foreigners. The statue of the Venus de Medicis, which had been robbed from the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, now decorated the gallery of the Louvre, and near it was placed that of the Velletrian Pallas, a more legitimate acquisition, since it was the result of the researches of some French engineers at Velletri. Everywhere an air of prosperity was perceptible, and Bonaparte proudly put in his claim to be regarded as the author of it all. With what heartfelt satisfaction did he likewise cast his eye upon what he called the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds! For if he saw them doubled in value in consequence of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, rising as they did at that period from seven to sixteen francs, this value was even more than tripled after the vote of Consulship for life and the *Sénatus-consulte* of the 4th of August, when they rose to fifty-two francs.

While Paris presented so satisfactory an aspect the departments were in a state of perfect tranquillity, and foreign affairs had every appearance of security. The Court of the Vatican, which since the *Concordat* may be said to have become devoted to the First Consul, gave, under all circum-

stances, examples of submission to the wishes of France. The Vatican was the first Court which recognized the erection of Tuscany into the Kingdom of Etruria, and the formation of the Helvetic, Cisalpine, and Batavian Republics. Prussia soon followed the example of the Pope, which was successively imitated by the other powers of Europe.

The whole of these new states, realms, or republics were under the immediate influence of France. The Isle of Elba, which Napoleon's first abdication afterwards rendered so famous, and Piedmont, divided into six departments, were also united to France, still called a Republic. Everything now seemed to concur in securing his accession to absolute power. We were now at peace with all the world, and every circumstance tended to place in the hands of the First Consul that absolute power which indeed was the only kind of government he was capable of forming any conception of. Indeed, one of the characteristic signs of Napoleon's government, even under the Consular system, left no doubt as to his real intentions. Had he wished to found a free Government it is evident that he would have made the Ministers responsible to the country, whereas he took care that there should be no responsibility but to himself. He viewed them, in fact, in the light of instruments which he might break as he pleased. I found this single index sufficient to disclose all his future designs. In order to make the irresponsibility of his Ministers to the public perfectly clear, he had all the acts of his Government signed merely by M. Maret, Secretary of State. Thus the Consulship for life was nothing but an Empire in disguise, the usufruct of which could not long satisfy the First Consul's ambition. His brothers influenced him, and it was resolved to found a new dynasty.

It was not in the interior of France that difficulties were likely first to arise on Bonaparte's carrying his designs into effect, but there was some reason to apprehend that foreign powers, after recognizing and treating with the Consular Government, might display a different feeling, and entertain scruples with regard to a Government which had resumed its monarchical form. The question regarding the Bourbons

was in some measure kept in the background as long as France remained a Republic, but the re-establishment of the throne naturally called to recollection the family which had occupied it for so many ages. Bonaparte fully felt the delicacy of his position, but he knew how to face obstacles, and had been accustomed to overcome them. He, however, always proceeded cautiously, as when obstacles induced him to defer the period of the Consulship for life.

Bonaparte labored to establish in France not only an absolute government, but, what is still worse, a military one.¹ He considered a decree signed by his hand possessed of a magic virtue capable of transforming his generals into able diplomatists, and so he sent them on embassies, as if to show the Sovereigns to whom they were accredited that he soon meant to take their thrones by assault. The appointment of Lannes to the Court of Lisbon originated from causes which probably will be read with some interest, since they serve to place Bonaparte's character in its true light, and to point out, at the same time, the means he disdained not to resort to, if he wished to banish his most faithful friends when their presence was no longer agreeable to him.

Bonaparte had ceased to address Lannes in the second person singular; but that general continued the familiarity of *thee* and *thou* in speaking to Napoleon. It is hardly possible to conceive how much this annoyed the First Consul. Aware of the unceremonious candor of his old comrade, whose daring spirit he knew would prompt him to go as great lengths in civil affairs as on the field of battle, Bonaparte on the great occasion of the 18th Brumaire, fearing his reproaches, had

¹ This must not be taken too literally. "Except in the very rare cases of revolt, there was no instance under the Imperial Government in which the military chiefs commanded any but soldiers. . . . The new administrative organization had taken away from the governors of towns and of provinces the higher police, with which they were invested under the *ancien régime*. Napoleon, when he re-established the general officers in their honorary rights, did not restore this power to them. Where a *prefet* arbitrarily decided on the interests, and even on the liberty of the most prominent citizens, the general, although covered with marks of the sovereign's approval, could not have had the humblest culprit arrested. In conflicts, frequent enough, between the military and the civil authority decision was almost always given in favor of the last" (Foy, *Hist. de la Péninsule*, tome i. p. 81). See, however, *Puymaigre*, p. 136, for the attention paid to military rank in the ballrooms.

given him the command of Paris in order to insure his absence from St. Cloud. After that time, notwithstanding the continually growing greatness of the First Consul, which, as it increased, daily exacted more and more deference, Lannes still preserved his freedom of speech, and was the only one who dared to treat Bonaparte as a comrade, and tell him the truth without ceremony. This was enough to determine Napoleon to rid himself of the presence of Lannes. But under what pretext was the absence of the conqueror of Montebello to be procured? It was necessary to conjure up an excuse; and in the truly diabolical machination resorted to for that purpose, Bonaparte brought into play that crafty disposition for which he was so remarkable.

Lannes, who never looked forward to the morrow, was as careless of his money as of his blood. Poor officers and soldiers partook largely of his liberality. Thus he had no fortune, but plenty of debts. When he wanted money, and this was not seldom, he used to come, as if it were a mere matter of course, to ask it of the First Consul, who, I must confess, never refused him. Bonaparte, though he well knew the general's circumstances, said to him one day, "My friend, you should attend a little more to appearances. You must have your establishment suitable to your rank. There is the Hôtel de Noailles — why don't you take it and furnish it in proper style?" Lannes, whose own candor prevented him from suspecting the artful designs of others, followed the advice of the First Consul. The Hôtel de Noailles was taken and superbly fitted up. Odier supplied a service of plate valued at 200,000 francs.

General Lannes having thus conformed to the wishes of Bonaparte came to him and requested 400,000 francs, the amount of the expenses incurred, as it were, by his order. "But," said the First Consul, "I have no money." — "You have no money! What the devil am I to do, then?" — "But is there none in the Guards' chest? Take what you require, and we will settle it hereafter."

Mistrusting nothing, Lannes went to the treasurer of the Guards, who made some objections at first to the advance

required, but who soon yielded on learning that the demand was made with the consent of the First Consul.

Within twenty-four hours after Lannes had obtained the 400,000 francs the treasurer received from the head commissary an order to balance his accounts. The receipt for the 400,000 francs advanced to Lannes, was not acknowledged as a voucher. In vain the treasurer alleged the authority of the First Consul for the transaction. Napoleon's memory had suddenly failed him; he had entirely forgotten all about it. In a word, it was incumbent on Lannes to refund the 400,000 francs to the Guards' chest; and, as I have already said, he had no property on earth, but debts in abundance. He repaired to General Lefebvre, who loved him as his son, and to him he related all that had passed. "Simpleton," said Lefebvre, "why did you not come to me? Why did you go and get into debt with that ——? Well, here are the 400,000 francs, take them to him, and let him go to the devil."

Lannes hastened to the First Consul. "What!" he exclaimed, "is it possible you can be guilty of such baseness as this? To treat me in such a manner! To lay such a foul snare for me after all that I have done for you; after all the blood I have shed to promote your ambition! Is this the recompense you had in store for me? You forget the 13th Vendémiaire, to the success of which I contributed more than you! You forget Millesimo: I was colonel before you! For whom did I fight at Bassano? You were witness of what I did at Lodi and at Governolo, where I was wounded; and yet you play me such a trick as this! But for me, Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire. But for me, you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone, yes, I alone, passed the Po, at Montebello, with my whole division. You gave the credit of that to Berthier, who was not there; and this is my reward — humiliation. This cannot, this shall not be. I will ——" Bonaparte, pale with anger, listened without stirring, and Lannes was on the point of challenging him when Junot, who heard the uproar, hastily entered. The unexpected presence of this general somewhat re-assured the First Consul, and at the same time calmed, in some degree, the fury of

Lannes. "Well," said Bonaparte, "go to Lisbon. You will get money there; and when you return you will not want any one to pay your debts for you." Thus was Bonaparte's object gained. Lannes set out for Lisbon, and never afterwards annoyed the First Consul by his familiarities, for on his return he ceased to address him with *thee* and *thou*.¹

Having described Bonaparte's ill-treatment of Lannes I may here subjoin a statement of the circumstances which led to a rupture between the First Consul and me. So many false stories have been circulated on the subject that I am anxious to relate the facts as they really were.

Nine months had now passed since I had tendered my resignation to the First Consul. The business of my office had become too great for me, and my health was so much

¹ Joseph Bonaparte asserts that Lannes never did address Napoleon in this familiar style, but says nothing in contradiction of the extraordinary story here related. We have heard Bourrienne's statements confirmed by several unprejudiced contemporaries, and everybody knows that poor Lannes was sent as a sort of exile to Lisbon. — *Editor of the 1836 edition.*

This explanation of Lannes being sent to Lisbon seems very far-fetched. Napoleon had readier and easier means of dealing with a presumptuous general. Menoal, allowing the wish to get rid of the familiarity of Lannes, gives a more likely story; that Lannes, believing Napoleon to have promised to pay for the furniture of his house, tried to enforce payment by taking the money from the chest of the Guards. Napoleon was the most unlikely man in the world to advise any tampering with cash. See his extraordinary and almost pedantic insistence on adherence to the regular form for the issue of cash in *Beaupré*, tome i. p. 34: "When I sign a payment order I lend this key (of the treasury), and it may be legally used; but when I have not lent it, there is no other way of getting into the treasury but by breaking open the doors." Compare *Madame Junot*, tome ii. p. 181, where she denies the familiarity of Lannes; see also tome iii. p. 215, alleging that Lannes took or was ready to take the treasure of the cathedral of Saragossa. In the case in question she only says that Lannes was not really so much to be blamed as was represented. In a previous note we have shown how Masséna was dealt with when he had appropriated money in Italy, but we may allude again to the subject for the sake of introducing a letter of Napoleon's which has an emphatic bearing as to the strictness he maintained in money matters.

"MY BROTHER - I have received your letter of the 27th of March [1806]. I have an accurate statement of the sums which Masséna, S—, the paymaster, and the other officers have received. I have dismissed S—, who was at the bottom of this disgraceful business. It is adding absurdity to roguery to say that this money was a present from the new governments. Such an excuse is more revolting than the crime itself! Many bills are drawn upon me from Naples. Recollect that I have enormous expenses, and may be unable to meet them. I have directed the 2,900,000 francs, for which you told me a month ago that you had drawn upon me, to be paid. But take care that all is regularly passed through the Treasury. *There are forms from which I myself am not exempted.* The safety of the State depends upon them" (*Letters of Napoleon to Joseph*, English edition, vol. i. p. 98).

endangered by over-application that my physician, M. Corvisart, who had for a long time impressed upon me the necessity of relaxation, now formally warned me that I should not long hold out under the fatigue I underwent. Corvisart had no doubt spoken to the same effect to the First Consul, for the latter said to me one day, in a tone which betrayed but little feeling, "Why, Corvisart says you have not a year to live." This was certainly no very welcome compliment in the mouth of an old college friend, yet I must confess that the doctor risked little by the prediction.

I had resolved, in fact, to follow the advice of Corvisart; my family were urgent in their entreaties that I would do so, but I always put off the decisive step. I was loath to give up a friendship which had subsisted so long, and which had been only once disturbed: on that occasion when Joseph thought proper to play the spy upon me at the table of Fouché. I remembered also the reception I had met with from the conqueror of Italy; and I experienced, moreover, no slight pain at the thought of quitting one from whom I had received so many proofs of confidence, and to whom I had been attached from early boyhood. These considerations constantly triumphed over the disgust to which I was subjected by a number of circumstances, and by the increasing vexations occasioned by the conflict between my private sentiments and the nature of the duties I had to perform. I was thus kept in a state of perplexity, from which some unforeseen circumstance alone could extricate me. Such a circumstance at length occurred, and the following is the history of my first rupture with Napoleon:—

On the 27th of February, 1802, at ten at night, Bonaparte dictated to me a despatch of considerable importance and urgency, for M. de Talleyrand, requesting the Minister for Foreign Affairs to come to the Tuileries next morning at an appointed hour. According to custom, I put the letter into the hands of the office messenger that it might be forwarded to its destination.

This was Saturday. The following day, Sunday, M. de Talleyrand came as if for an audience about mid-day. The

First Consul immediately began to confer with him on the subject of the letter sent the previous evening, and was astonished to learn that the Minister had not received it until the morning. He immediately rang for the messenger, and ordered me to be sent for. Being in a very bad humor, he pulled the bell with so much fury that he struck his hand violently against the angle of the chimney-piece. I hurried to his presence. "Why," he said, addressing me hastily, "why was not my letter delivered yesterday evening?" — "I do not know: I put it at once into the hands of the person whose duty it was to see that it was sent." — "Go and find the cause of the delay, and come back quickly." Having rapidly made my inquiries, I returned to the cabinet. "Well?" said the First Consul, whose irritation seemed to have increased. "Well, General, it is not the fault of anybody. M. de Talleyrand was not to be found, either at the office or at his own residence, or at the houses of any of his friends where he was thought likely to be." Not knowing with whom to be angry, restrained by the coolness of M. de Talleyrand, yet at the same time ready to burst with rage, Bonaparte rose from his seat, and proceeding to the hall, called the messenger and questioned him sharply. The man, disconcerted by the anger of the First Consul, hesitated in his replies, and gave confused answers. Bonaparte returned to his cabinet still more irritated than he had left it.

I had followed him to the hall, and on my way back to the cabinet I attempted to soothe him, and I begged him not to be thus discomposed by a circumstance which, after all, was of no great moment. I do not know whether his anger was increased by the sight of the blood which flowed from his hand, and which he was every moment looking at; but however that might be, a transport of furious passion, such as I had never before witnessed, seized him; and as I was about to enter the cabinet after him he threw back the door with so much violence that, had I been two or three inches nearer him, it must infallibly have struck me in the face. He accompanied this action, which was almost convulsive, with an appellation not to be borne; he exclaimed before M. de

Talleyrand, "Leave me alone; you are a —— fool." At an insult so atrocious I confess that the anger which had already mastered the First Consul suddenly seized on me. I thrust the door forward with as much impetuosity as he had used in throwing it back, and, scarcely knowing what I said, exclaimed, "You are a hundred-fold a greater fool than I am!" I then banged the door and went upstairs to my apartment, which was situated over the cabinet.

I was as far from expecting as from wishing such an occasion of separating from the First Consul. But what was done could not be undone; and therefore, without taking time for reflection, and still under the influence of the anger that had got the better of me, I penned the following positive resignation:—

GENERAL — The state of my health no longer permits me to continue in your service, I therefore beg you to accept my resignation.

BOURRIENNE.

Some moments after this note was written I saw Bonaparte's saddle-horses brought up to the entrance of the Palace. It was Sunday morning, and, contrary to his usual custom on that day, he was going to ride out. Duroc accompanied him. He was no sooner gone than I went down into his cabinet, and placed my letter on his table. On returning at four o'clock with Duroc Bonaparte read my letter. "Ah! ah!" said he, before opening it, "a letter from Bourrienne." And he almost immediately added, for the note was speedily perused, "He is in the sulks. — *Accepted.*" I had left the Tuileries at the moment he returned, but Duroc sent to me where I was dining the following billet:—

The First Consul desires me, my dear Bourrienne, to inform you that he accepts your resignation, and to request that you will give me the necessary information respecting your papers. — Yours, *DUROC.*

P.S. — I will call on you presently.

Duroc came to me at eight o'clock the same evening. The First Consul was in his cabinet when we entered it. I immediately commenced giving my intended successor the necessary explanations to enable him to enter upon his new duties.

Piqued at finding that I did not speak to him, and at the coolness with which I instructed Duroc, Bonaparte said to me in a harsh tone, "Come, I have had enough of this! Leave me." I stepped down from the ladder on which I had mounted for the purpose of pointing out to Duroc the places in which the various papers were deposited and hastily withdrew. I too had had quite enough of it!

I remained two more days at the Tuileries until I had suited myself with lodgings. On Monday I went down into the cabinet of the First Consul to take my leave of him. We conversed together for a long time, and very amicably. He told me he was very sorry I was going to leave him, and that he would do all he could for me. I pointed out several places to him; at last I mentioned the Tribune. "That will not do for you," he said; "the members are a set of babblers and phrasemongers, whom I mean to get rid of. All the troubles of States proceed from such debates. I am tired of them." He continued to talk in a strain which left me in no doubt as to his uneasiness about the Tribune, which, in fact, reckoned among its members many men of great talent and excellent character.¹

The following day, Tuesday, the First Consul asked me to breakfast with him. After breakfast, while he was conversing with some other person, Madame Bonaparte and Hortense pressed me to make advances towards obtaining a re-installment in my office, appealing to me on the score of the friendship and kindness they had always shown me. They told me that I had been in the wrong, and that I had forgotten myself. I answered that I considered the evil beyond remedy; and that, besides, I had really need of repose. The First Consul then called me to him, and conversed a considerable time with me, renewing his protestations of good will towards me.

At five o'clock I was going downstairs to quit the Tuileries for good when I was met by the office messenger, who told me that the First Consul wished to see me. Duroc, who was in the room leading to the cabinet, stopped me as I passed,

¹ In 1802 the First Consul made a reduction of fifty members of the Tribune, and subsequently the whole body was suppressed. — *Bourrienne*.

and said, "He wishes you to remain. I beg of you not to refuse; do me this favor. I have assured him that I am incapable of filling your office. It does not suit my habits; and besides, to tell you the truth, the business is too irksome for me." I proceeded to the cabinet without replying to Duroc. The First Consul came up to me smiling, and pulling me by the ear, as he did when he was in the best of humors, said to me, "Are you still in the sulks?" and leading me to my usual seat he added, "Come, sit down."

Only those who knew Bonaparte can judge of my situation at that moment. He had at times, and when he chose, a charm in his manners which it was quite impossible to resist. I could offer no opposition, and I resumed my usual office and my accustomed labors. Five minutes afterwards it was announced that dinner was on table. "You will dine with me?" he said. "I cannot; I am expected at the place where I was going when Duroc called me back. It is an engagement that I cannot break." — "Well, I have nothing to say, then. But give me your word that you will be here at eight o'clock." — "I promise you." Thus I became again the private secretary of the First Consul, and I believed in the sincerity of our reconciliation.

CHAPTER XII.

1802 — 1803.

The *Concordat* and the Legion of Honor—The Council of State and the Tribunal—Discussion on the word *subjects*—Chénier—Chabot de l'Allier's proposition to the Tribunal—The *marked proof* of national gratitude—Bonaparte's duplicity and self-command—Reply to the *Sénatus-consulte*—The people consulted—Consular decree—The most, or the least—M. de Vaublanc's speech—Bonaparte's reply—The address of the Tribunal—Hopes and predictions thwarted.

It may truly be said that history affords no example of an empire founded like that of France, created in all its parts under the cloak of a Republic. Without any shock, and in the short space of four years, there arose above the ruins of the short-lived Republic a Government more absolute than ever was Louis XIV.'s. This extraordinary change is to be assigned to many causes; and I had the opportunity of observing the influence which the determined will of one man exercised over his fellow-men.

The great object which Bonaparte had at heart was to legitimate his usurpations by institutions. The *Concordat* had reconciled him with the Court of Rome; the numerous erasures from the emigrant list gathered round him a large body of the old nobility; and the Legion of Honor, though at first but badly received, soon became a general object of ambition. Peace, too, had lent her aid in consolidating the First Consul's power by affording him leisure to engage in measures of internal prosperity.

The Council of State, of which Bonaparte had made me a member, but which my other occupations did not allow me to attend, was the soul of the Consular Government. Bonaparte felt much interest in the discussions of that body, because it was composed of the most eminent talents of the nation.

a ready compliance with his wishes, yet that disposition was often far from being unanimous. In the Council of State the projects of the Government were discussed from the first with freedom and sincerity, and when once adopted they were transmitted to the Tribunal, and to the Legislative Body. This latter body might be considered as a supreme Legislative Tribunal, before which the Tribunes pleaded as the advocates of the people, and the Councillors of State, whose business it was to support the law projects, as the advocates of the Government. This will at once explain the cause of the First Consul's animosity towards the Tribunal, and will show to what the Constitution was reduced when that body was dissolved by a sudden and arbitrary decision.

During the Consulate the Council of State was not only a body politic collectively, but each individual member might be invested with special power; as, for example, when the First Consul sent Councillors of State on missions to each of the military divisions where there was a Court of Appeal, the instructions given them by the First Consul were extensive, and might be said to be unlimited. They were directed to examine all the branches of the administration, so that their reports collected and compared together presented a perfect description of the state of France. But this measure, though excellent in itself, proved fatal to the State. The reports never conveyed the truth to the First Consul, or at least if they did, it was in such a disguised form as to be scarcely recognizable; for the Councillors well knew that the best way to pay their court to Bonaparte was not to describe public feeling as it really was, but as he wished it to be. Thus the reports of the Councillors of State only furnished fresh arguments in favor of his ambition.

I must, however, observe that in the discussions of the Council of State Bonaparte was not at all averse to the free expression of opinion. He, indeed, often encouraged it; for although fully resolved to do only what he pleased, he wished to gain information; indeed, it is scarcely conceivable how, in the short space of two years, Bonaparte adapted his mind so completely to civil and legislative affairs. But he could

not endure in the Tribune the liberty of opinion which he tolerated in the Council; and for this reason — that the sittings of the Tribune were public, while those of the Council of State were secret, and publicity was what he dreaded above all things. He was very well pleased when he had to transmit to the Legislative Body or to the Tribune any proposed law of trifling importance, and he used then to say that he had thrown them a bone to gnaw.

Among the subjects submitted to the consideration of the Council and the Tribune was one which gave rise to a singular discussion, the ground of which was a particular word, inserted in the third article of the treaty of Russia with France. This word seemed to convey a prophetic allusion to the future condition of the French people, or rather an anticipated designation of what they afterwards became. The treaty spoke of “the *subjects* of the two Governments.” This term applied to those who still considered themselves citizens, and was highly offensive to the Tribune. Chénier most loudly remonstrated against the introduction of this word into the dictionary of the new Government. He said that the armies of France had shed their blood that the French people might be citizens and not subjects. Chénier’s arguments, however, had no effect on the decision of the Tribune, and only served to irritate the First Consul. The treaty was adopted almost unanimously, there being only fourteen dissentient voices, and the proportion of black balls in the Legislative Body was even less.

Though this discussion passed off almost unnoticed, yet it greatly displeased the First Consul, who expressed his dissatisfaction in the evening. “What is it,” said he, “these babblers want? They wish to be citizens — why did they not know how to continue so? My government must treat on an equal footing with Russia. I should appear a mere puppet in the eyes of foreign Courts were I to yield to the stupid demands of the Tribune. Those fellows tease me so that I have a great mind to end matters at once with them.” I endeavored to soothe his anger, and observed, that the precipitate act might injure him. “You are right,”

he continued; "but stay a little, they shall lose nothing by waiting."

The Tribunalte pleased Bonaparte better in the great question of the Consulate for life, because he had taken the precaution of removing such members as were most opposed to the encroachments of his ambition. The Tribunalte resolved that a marked proof of the national gratitude should be offered to the First Consul, and the resolution was transmitted to the Senate. Not a single voice was raised against this proposition, which emanated from Chabot de l'Allier, the President of the Tribunalte. When the First Consul came back to his cabinet after receiving the deputation of the Tribunalte he was very cheerful, and said to me, "Bourrienne, it is a blank check that the Tribunalte has just offered me; I shall know how to fill it up. That is my business."

The Tribunalte having adopted the indefinite proposition of offering to the First Consul a *marked proof* of the national gratitude, it now only remained to determine what that proof should be. Bonaparte knew well what he wanted, but he did not like to name it in any positive way. Though in his fits of impatience, caused by the lingering proceedings of the Legislative Body and the indecision of some of its members, he often talked of mounting on horseback and drawing his sword, yet he so far controlled himself as to confine violence to his conversation with his intimate friends. He wished it to be thought that he himself was yielding to compulsion; that he was far from wishing to usurp permanent power contrary to the Constitution; and that if he deprived France of liberty it was all for her good, and out of mere love for her. Such deep-laid duplicity could never have been conceived and maintained in any common mind; but Bonaparte's was not a mind of the ordinary cast. It must have required extraordinary self-command to have restrained so long as he did that daring spirit which was so natural to him, and which was rather the result of his temperament than his character. For my part, I confess that I always admired him more for what he had the fortitude not to do than for the boldest exploits he ever performed.

In conformity with the usual form, the proposition of the Tribune was transmitted to the Senate. From that time the Senators on whom Bonaparte most relied were frequent in their visits to the Tuileries. In the preparatory conferences which preceded the regular discussions in the Senate it had been ascertained that the majority was not willing that the *marked proof* of gratitude should be the Consulate for life; it was therefore agreed that the reporter should limit his demand to a temporary prolongation of the dignity of First Consul in favor of Bonaparte. The reporter, M. de Lacépède, acted accordingly, and limited the prolongation to ten years, commencing from the expiration of the ten years granted by the Constitution. I forget which of the Senators first proposed the Consulate for life; but I well recollect that Cambacérès used all his endeavors to induce those members of the Senate whom he thought he could influence to agree to that proposition. Whether from flattery or conviction I know not, but the Second Consul held out to his colleague, or rather his master, the hope of complete success. Bonaparte on hearing him shook his head with an air of doubt, but afterwards said to me, "They will perhaps make some wry faces, but they must come to it at last!"

It was proposed in the Senate that the proposition of the Consulate for life should take the priority of that of the decennial prolongation; but this was not agreed to; and the latter proposition being adopted, the other, of course, could not be discussed.

There was something very curious in the *Sénatus-consulté* published on the occasion. It spoke in the name of the French people, and stated that, "in testimony of their gratitude to the Consuls of the Republic," the Consular reign was prolonged for ten years; but that the prolongation was limited to the First Consul only.

Bonaparte, though much dissatisfied with the decision of the Senate, disguised his displeasure in ambiguous language. When Tronchet, then President of the Senate, read to him, in a solemn audience, at the head of the deputation, the *Sénatus-consulte* determining the prorogation, he said in reply that he

could not be certain of the confidence of the people unless his continuance in the Consulship were sanctioned by their suffrages. "The interests of my glory and happiness," added he, "would seem to have marked the close of my public life at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed. But the glory and the happiness of the citizen must yield to the interests of the State and wishes of the public. You, Senators, conceive that I owe to the people another sacrifice. I will make it if the voice of the people commands what your suffrage authorizes."

The true meaning of these words was not understood by everybody, and was only manifest to those who were initiated in the secret of Bonaparte's designs. He did not accept the offer of the Senate, because he wished for something more. The question was to be renewed and to be decided by the people only; and since the people had the right to refuse what the Senate offered, they possessed, for the same reason, the right to give what the Senate did not offer.

The moment now arrived for consulting the Council of State as to the mode to be adopted for invoking and collecting the suffrages of the people. For this purpose an extraordinary meeting of the Council of State was summoned on the 10th of May. Bonaparte wished to keep himself aloof from all ostensible influence; but his two colleagues labored for him more zealously than he could have worked for himself, and they were warmly supported by several members of the Council. A strong majority were of opinion that Bonaparte should not only be invested with the Consulship for life, but that he should be empowered to nominate his successor. But he, still faithful to his plan, affected to venerate the sovereignty of the people, which he held in horror, and he promulgated the following decree, which was the first explanation of his reply to the Senate: —

The Consuls of the Republic, considering that the resolution of the First Consul is an homage rendered to the sovereignty of the People, and that the People, when consulted on their dearest interests, will not go

beyond the limits of those interests, decree as follows:—First, that the French people shall be consulted on the question whether Napoleon Bonaparte is to be made Consul for life, etc.

The other articles merely regulated the mode of collecting the votes.

This decree shows the policy of the First Consul in a new point of view, and displays his art in its fullest extent. He had just refused the less for the sake of getting the greater; and now he had contrived to get the offer of the greater to show off his moderation by accepting only the less. The Council of State sanctioned the proposition for conferring on the First Consul the right of nominating his successor, and, of his own accord, the First Consul declined this. Accordingly the Second Consul, when he, the next day, presented the decree to the Council of State, did not fail to eulogize this extreme moderation, which banished even the shadow of suspicion of any ambitious after-thought. Thus the Senate found itself out-manœuvred, and the decree of the Consuls was transmitted at once to the Legislative Body and to the Tribunate.

In the Legislative Body, M. de Vaublanc was distinguished among all the deputies who applauded the conduct of the Government; and it was he who delivered the apologetic harangue of the deputation of the Legislative Body to the First Consul. After having addressed the Government collectively he ended by addressing the First Consul individually—a sort of compliment which had not hitherto been put in practice, and which was far from displeasing him who was its object. As M. de Vaublanc's speech had been communicated beforehand to the First Consul, the latter prepared a reply to it which sufficiently showed how much it had gratified him. Besides the flattering distinction which separated him from the Government, the plenitude of praise was not tempered by anything like advice or comment. It was not so with the address of the Tribunate. After the compliments which the occasion demanded, a series of hopes were expressed for the future, which formed a curious contrast with the events

which actually ensued. The Tribune, said the address, required no guaranty, because Bonaparte's elevated and generous sentiments would never permit him to depart from those principles which brought about the Revolution and founded the Republic;— he loved real glory too well ever to stain that which he had acquired by the abuse of power;— the nation which he was called to govern was free and generous: he would respect and consolidate her liberty; he would distinguish his real friends, who spoke truth to him, from flatterers who might seek to deceive him. In short, Bonaparte would surround himself with the men who, having made the Revolution, were interested in supporting it.

To these and many other fine things the Consul replied, "This testimony of the affection of the Tribune is gratifying to the Government. The union of all bodies of the State is a guaranty of the stability and happiness of the nation. The efforts of the Government will be constantly directed to the interests of the people, from whom all power is derived, and whose welfare all good men have at heart."

So much for the artifice of governments and the credulity of subjects! It is certain that, from the moment Bonaparte gained his point in submitting the question of the Consulate for life to the decision of the people, there was no longer a doubt of the result being in his favor. This was evident, not only on account of the influential means which a government always has at its command, and of which its agents extend the ramifications from the centre to the extremities, but because the proposition was in accordance with the wishes of the majority. The Republicans were rather shy in avowing principles with which people were now disenchanted; the partisans of a monarchy without distinction of family saw their hopes almost realized in the Consulate for life;— the recollection of the Bourbons still lived in some hearts faithful to misfortune: but the great mass were for the First Consul, and his external acts in the new step he had taken towards the throne had been so cautiously disguised as to induce a belief in his sincerity. If I and a few others were witness to

his accomplished artifice and secret ambition, France beheld only his glory, and gratefully enjoyed the blessings of peace which he had obtained for her. The suffrages of the people speedily realized the hopes of the First Consul, and thus was founded the *CONSULATE FOR LIFE*.

CHAPTER XIII.

1802 — 1803.

Departure for Malmaison — Unexpected question relative to the Bourbons — Distinction between two opposition parties — New intrigues of Lucien — Camille Jordan's pamphlet seized — Vituperation against the liberty of the press — Revisal of the Constitution — New *Sénatus-consulte* — Deputation from the Senate — Audience of the Diplomatic Body — Josephine's melancholy — The discontented — Secret meetings — Fouché and the police agents — The Code Napoléon — Bonaparte's regular attendance at the Council of State — His knowledge of mankind, and the science of government — Napoleon's first sovereign act — His visit to the Senate — The Consular procession — Polite etiquette — The Senate and the Council of State — Complaints against Lucien — The deaf and dumb assembly — Creation of senatorships.

WHEN nothing was wanting to secure the Consulate for life but the votes of the people, which there was no doubt of obtaining, the First Consul set off to spend a few days at Malmaison.

On the day of our arrival, as soon as dinner was ended, Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, let us go and take a walk." It was the middle of May, so that the evenings were long. We went into the park: he was very grave, and we walked for several minutes without his uttering a syllable. Wishing to break silence in a way that would be agreeable to him, I alluded to the facility with which he had nullified the last *Sénatus-consulte*. He scarcely seemed to hear me, so completely was his mind absorbed in the subject on which he was meditating. At length, suddenly recovering from his abstraction, he said, "Bourrienne, do you think that the pretender to the crown of France would renounce his claims if I were to offer him a good indemnity, or even a province in Italy?" Surprised at this abrupt question on a subject which I was far from thinking of I replied that I did not

very unlikely the Bourbons would return to France as long as he, Bonaparte, should continue at the head of the Government, though they would look forward to their ultimate return as probable. "How so?" inquired he. "For a very simple reason, General. Do you not see every day that your agents conceal the truth from you, and flatter you in your wishes, for the purpose of ingratiating themselves in your favor? are you not angry when at length the truth reaches your ear?" — "And what then?" — "Why, General, it must be just the same with the agents of Louis XVIII. in France. It is in the course of things, in the nature of man, that they should feed the Bourbons with hopes of a possible return, were it only to induce a belief in their own talent and utility." — "That is very true! You are quite right; but I am not afraid. However, something might perhaps be done — we shall see." Here the subject dropped, and our conversation turned on the Consulate for life, and Bonaparte spoke in unusually mild terms of the persons who had opposed the proposition. I was a little surprised at this, and could not help reminding him of the different way in which he had spoken of those who opposed his accession to the Consulate. "There is nothing extraordinary in that," said he. "Worthy men may be attached to the Republic as I have made it. It is a mere question of form. I have nothing to say against that; but at the time of my accession to the Consulate it was very different. Then, none but Jacobins, terrorists, and rogues resisted my endeavors to rescue France from the infamy into which the Directory had plunged her. But now I cherish no ill will against those who have opposed me."

During the intervals between the acts of the different bodies of the State, and the collection of the votes, Lucien renewed his intrigues, or rather prosecuted them with renewed activity, for the purpose of getting the question of hereditary succession included in the votes. Many prefects transmitted to M. Chaptal anonymous circulars which had been sent to them: all stated the ill effect produced by these circulars, which had been addressed to the principal individuals of their departments. Lucien was the originator of all

this, though I cannot positively say whether his brother connived with him, as in the case of the pamphlet to which I have already alluded. I believe, however, that Bonaparte was not entirely a stranger to the business; for the circulars were written by Roederer at the instigation of Lucien, and Roederer was at that time in favor at the Tuileries. I recollect Bonaparte speaking to me one day very angrily about a pamphlet which had just been published by Camille Jordan on the subject of the national vote on the Consulate for life. Camille Jordan did not withhold his vote, but gave it in favor of the First Consul; and instead of requiring preliminary conditions, he contented himself, like the *Tribunate*, with enumerating all the guaranties which he expected the honor of the First Consul would grant. Among these guaranties were the cessation of arbitrary imprisonments, the responsibility of the agents of Government, and the independence of the judges. But all these demands were mere peccadilloes in comparison with Camille Jordan's great crime of demanding the liberty of the press.

The First Consul had looked through the fatal pamphlet, and lavished invectives upon its author. "How!" exclaimed he, "am I never to have done with these firebrands? — These babblers, who think that politics may be shown on a printed page like the world on a map? Truly, I know not what things will come to if I let this go on. Camille Jordan, whom I received so well at Lyons, to think that he should ask for the liberty of the press! Were I to accede to this I might as well pack up at once and go and live on a farm a hundred leagues from Paris." Bonaparte's first act in favor of the liberty of the press was to order the seizure of the pamphlet in which Camille Jordan had extolled the advantages of that measure. Publicity, either by words or writing, was Bonaparte's horror. Hence his aversion to public speakers and writers.

Camille Jordan was not the only person who made unavailing efforts to arrest Bonaparte in the first steps of his ambition. There were yet in France many men who, though they had hailed with enthusiasm the dawn of the French Revolu-

tion, had subsequently been disgusted by its crimes, and who still dreamed of the possibility of founding a truly Constitutional Government in France. Even in the Senate there were some men indignant at the usual compliance of that body, and who spoke of the necessity of subjecting the Constitution to a revisal, in order to render it conformable to the Consulate for life.

The project of revising the Constitution was by no means unsatisfactory to Bonaparte. It afforded him an opportunity of holding out fresh glimmerings of liberty to those who were too shortsighted to see into the future. He was pretty certain that there could be no change but to his advantage. Had any one talked to him of the wishes of the nation he would have replied, "3,577,259 citizens have voted. Of these how many were for me? 3,368,185. Compare the difference! There is but one vote in forty-five against me. I must obey the will of the people!" To this he would not have failed to add, "Whose are the votes opposed to me? Those of ideologists, Jacobins, and speculators under the Directory." To such arguments what could have been answered? It must not be supposed that I am putting these words into Bonaparte's mouth. They fell from him oftener than once.¹

As soon as the state of the votes was ascertained the Senate conceived itself under the necessity of repairing the only fault it had committed in the eyes of the First Consul, and solemnly presented him with a new *Sénatus-consulte*, and a decree couched in the following terms:—

ARTICLE I. The French people nominate and the Senate proclaim Napoleon Bonaparte Consul for life.

ARTICLE II. A statue representing Peace, holding in one hand the laurel of victory, and in the other the decree of the Senate, shall commemorate to posterity the gratitude of the Nation.

ARTICLE III. The Senate will convey to the First Consul the expression of the confidence, the love, and the admiration of the French people.

¹ *Apròpos* of plebiscites, the following coincidence may be perhaps somewhat irrelevantly noted here. The votes given for the election of Napoleon's nephew in 1848 as president of the French Republic were 7,119,791, and those against were 1,119,000. If the figures are *written* upon a piece of paper 7119791 1119, and it is held backwards to the light, the word "Empereur" will appear. [The figures themselves have not been, however, verified by the annotator.]

Bonaparte replied to the deputation from the Senate in the presence of the Diplomatic Body, whose audience had been appointed for that day in order that the ambassadors might be enabled to make known to their respective Courts that Europe reckoned one King more. In his reply he did not fail to introduce the high-sounding words "liberty and equality." He commenced thus: "A citizen's life belongs to his country. The French people wish that mine should be entirely devoted to their service. I obey."

On the day this ceremony took place, besides the audience of the Diplomatic Body there was an extraordinary assemblage of general officers and public functionaries. The principal apartments of the Tuileries presented the appearance of a *fête*. This gayety formed a striking contrast with the melancholy of Josephine, who felt that every step of the First Consul towards the throne removed him farther from her.

She had to receive a party that evening, and though greatly depressed in spirits she did the honors with her usual grace.

Let a government be what it may, it can never satisfy every one. At the establishment of the Consulate for life, those who were averse to that change formed but a feeble minority. But still they met, debated, corresponded, and dreamed of the possibility of overthrowing the Consular Government.

During the first six months of the year 1802 there were meetings of the discontented, which Fouché, who was then Minister of the Police, knew and would not condescend to notice; but, on the contrary, all the inferior agents of the police contended for a prey which was easily seized, and, with the view of magnifying their services, represented these secret meetings as the effect of a vast plot against the Government. Bonaparte, whenever he spoke to me on the subject, expressed himself weary of the efforts which were made to give importance to trifles; and yet he received the reports of the police agents as if he thought them of consequence. This was because he thought Fouché badly informed, and he was glad to find him at fault; but when he sent for the Minister of Police the latter told him that all the reports he had

received were not worth a moment's attention. He told the First Consul all, and even a great deal more than had been revealed to him, mentioning at the same time how and from whom Bonaparte had received his information.

But these petty police details did not divert the First Consul's attention from the great object he had in view. Since March, 1802, he had attended the sittings of the Council of State with remarkable regularity. Even while we were at the Luxembourg he busied himself in drawing up a new code of laws to supersede the incomplete collection of revolutionary laws, and to substitute order for the sort of anarchy which prevailed in the legislation. The men who were most distinguished for legal knowledge had co-operated in this laborious task, the result of which was the code first distinguished by the name of the Civil Code, and afterwards called the Code Napoléon. The labors of this important undertaking being completed, a committee was appointed for the presentation of the code. This committee, of which Cambacérès was the president, was composed of MM. Portalis, Merlin de Douai, and Tronchet. During all the time the discussions were pending, instead of assembling as usual three times a week, the Council of State assembled every day, and the sittings, which on ordinary occasions only lasted two or three hours. were often prolonged to five or six. The First Consul took such interest in these discussions that, to have an opportunity of conversing upon them in the evening, he frequently invited several members of the Council to dine with him. It was during these conversations that I most admired the inconceivable versatility of Bonaparte's genius, or rather, that superior instinct which enabled him to comprehend at a glance, and in their proper point of view, legislative questions to which he might have been supposed a stranger. Possessing as he did, in a supreme degree, the knowledge of mankind, ideas important to the science of government flashed upon his mind like sudden inspirations.

Some time after his nomination to the Consulate for life, anxious to perform a sovereign act, he went for the first time to preside at the Senate. Availing myself that day of a few

leisure moments I went out to see the Consular procession. It was truly royal. The First Consul had given orders that the military should be ranged in the streets through which he had to pass. On his first arrival at the Tuileries Napoleon had the soldiers of the Guard ranged in a single line in the interior of the court, but he now ordered that the line should be doubled, and should extend from the gate of the Tuileries to that of the Luxembourg. Assuming a privilege which old etiquette had confined exclusively to the Kings of France, Bonaparte now for the first time rode in a carriage drawn by eight horses. A considerable number of carriages followed that of the First Consul, which was surrounded by generals and *aides de camp* on horseback. Louis XIV. going to hold a bed of justice at the *Parlement* of Paris never displayed greater pomp than did Bonaparte in this visit to the Senate. He appeared in all the parade of royalty, and ten Senators came to meet him at the foot of the staircase of the Luxembourg.

The object of the First Consul's visit to the Senate was the presentation of five plans of *Sénatus-consultes*. The other two Consuls were present at the ceremony, which took place about the middle of August.

Bonaparte returned in the same style in which he went, accompanied by M. Lebrun, Cambacérès remaining at the Senate, of which he was President. The five *Sénatus-consultes* were adopted, but a restriction was made in that which concerned the forms of the Senate. It was proposed that when the Consuls visited the Senate they should be received by a deputation of ten members at the foot of the staircase, as the First Consul had that day been received; but Bonaparte's brothers Joseph and Lucien opposed this, and prevented the proposition from being adopted, observing that the Second and Third Consuls being members of the Senate could not be received with such honors by their colleagues. This little scene of political courtesy, which was got up beforehand, was very well acted.

Bonaparte's visit to the Senate gave rise to a change of rank in the hierarchy of the different authorities composing

the Government. Hitherto the Council of State had ranked higher in public opinion; but the Senate, on the occasion of its late deputation to the Tuileries, had for the first time received the honor of precedence. This had greatly displeased some of the Councillors of State, but Bonaparte did not care for that. He instinctively saw that the Senate would do what he wished more readily than the other constituted bodies, and he determined to augment its rights and prerogatives even at the expense of the rights of the Legislative Body. These encroachments of one power upon another, authorized by the First Consul, gave rise to reports of changes in ministerial arrangements. It was rumored in Paris that the number of the ministers was to be reduced to three, and that Lucien, Joseph, and M. de Talleyrand were to divide among them the different portfolios. Lucien helped to circulate these reports, and this increased the First Consul's dissatisfaction at his conduct. The letters from Madrid, which were filled with complaints against him, together with some scandalous adventures, known in Paris, such as his running away with the wife of a *limonadier*, exceedingly annoyed Bonaparte, who found his own family more difficult to govern than France.

France, indeed, yielded with admirable facility to the yoke which the First Consul wished to impose on her. How artfully did he undo all that the Revolution had done, never neglecting any means of attaining his object! He loved to compare the opinions of those whom he called the Jacobins with the opinions of the men of 1789; and even them he found too liberal. He felt the ridicule which was attached to the mute character of the Legislative Body, which he called his deaf and dumb assembly. But as that ridicule was favorable to him he took care to preserve the assembly as it was, and to turn it into ridicule whenever he spoke of it. In general, Bonaparte's judgment must not be confounded with his actions. His accurate mind enabled him to appreciate all that was good; but the necessity of his situation enabled him to judge with equal shrewdness what was useful to himself.

What I have just said of the Senate affords me an oppor-

tunity of correcting an error which has frequently been circulated in the chit-chat of Paris. It has erroneously been said of some persons that they refused to become members of the Senate, and among the number have been mentioned M. Ducis, M. de La Fayette, and the Maréchal de Rochambeau. The truth is, that no such refusals were ever made. The following fact, however, may have contributed to raise these reports and give them credibility. Bonaparte used frequently to say to persons in his *salon* and in his cabinet, "You should be a Senator—a man like you should be a Senator." But these complimentary words did not amount to a nomination. To enter the Senate certain legal forms were to be observed. It was necessary to be presented by the Senate, and after that presentation no one ever refused to become a member of the body, to which Bonaparte gave additional importance by the creation of "Sénatoreries."¹ This creation took place in the beginning of 1803.

¹ Districts presided over by a Senator.

CHAPTER XIV.

1802.

The intoxication of great men — Unlucky zeal — MM. Maret, Champagny, and Savary — M. de Talleyrand's real services — Postponement of the execution of orders — Fouché and the Revolution — The Royalist committee — The charter first planned during the Consulate — Mission to Coblenz — Influence of the Royalists upon Josephine — The statue and the pedestal — Madame de Genlis's romance of Madame de la Vallière — The Legion of Honor and the carnations — Influence of the Faubourg St. Germain — Inconsiderate step taken by Bonaparte — Louis XVIII.'s indignation — Prudent advice of the Abbé André — Letter from Louis XVIII. to Bonaparte — Council held at Neuilly — The letter delivered — Indifference of Bonaparte, and satisfaction of the Royalists.

PERHAPS one of the happiest ideas that ever were expressed was that of the Athenian who said, "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." The drunkenness here alluded to is not of that kind which degrades a man to the level of a brute, but that intoxication which is occasioned by success, and which produces in the heads of the ambitious a sort of cerebral congestion. Ordinary men are not subject to this excitement, and can scarcely form an idea of it. But it is nevertheless true that the fumes of glory and ambition occasionally derange the strongest heads; and Bonaparte, in all the vigor of his genius, was often subject to aberrations of judgment; for though his imagination never failed him, his judgment was frequently at fault.

This fact may serve to explain, and perhaps even to excuse the faults with which the First Consul has been most seriously reproached. The activity of his mind seldom admitted of an interval between the conception and the execution of a design; but when he reflected coolly on the first impulses of his imperious will, his judgment discarded what was erroneous. Thus the blind obedience, which like an epidemic

productive of the most fatal effects. The best way to serve the First Consul was never to listen to the suggestions of his first ideas, except on the field of battle, where his conceptions were as happy as they were rapid.¹ Thus, for example, MM. Maret, de Champagny, and Savary evinced a ready obedience to Bonaparte's wishes, which often proved very unfortunate, though doubtless dictated by the best intentions on their part. To this fatal zeal may be attributed a great portion of the mischief which Bonaparte committed. When the mischief was done, and past remedy, Bonaparte deeply regretted it. How often have I heard him say that Marat was animated by an *unlucky* zeal! This was the expression he made use of.

M. de Talleyrand was almost the only one among the ministers who did not flatter Bonaparte, and who really served both the First Consul and the Emperor. When Bonaparte said to M. de Talleyrand, "Write so and so, and send it off by a special courier," that minister was never in a hurry to obey the order, because he knew the character of the First Consul well enough to distinguish between what his passion dictated and what his reason would approve: in short, he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. When it happened that M. de Talleyrand suspended the execution of an order, Bonaparte never evinced the least displeasure. When, the day after he had received any hasty and angry order, M. de Talleyrand presented himself to the First Consul, the latter would say, "Well, did you send off the courier?" — "No," the minister would reply, "I took care not to do so before I showed you my letter." Then the First Consul would usually add, "Upon second thoughts I think it would be best not to send it." This was the way to deal with Bonaparte. When M. de Talleyrand postponed sending off despatches, or when I myself have delayed the execution of an order which I knew had been dictated by anger, and had emanated neither from his heart nor his understanding, I

¹ I have already mentioned how he frequently destroyed in the morning articles which he had dictated to me for the *Moniteur* over-night. — *Bourruue*.

have heard him say a hundred times, "It was right, quite right. You understand me : Talleyrand understands me also. This is the way to serve me : the others do not leave me time for reflection : they are too precipitate." Fouché also was one of those who did not on all occasions blindly obey Bonaparte's commands. His other ministers on the other hand, when told to send off a courier the next morning, would have more probably sent him off the same evening. This was from zeal, but was not the First Consul right in saying that such zeal was unfortunate ?

Of Talleyrand and Fouché, in their connections with the First Consul, it might be said that the one represented the Constituent Assembly, with a slight perfume of the old *régime*, and the other the Convention in all its brutality. Bonaparte regarded Fouché as a complete personification of the Revolution. With him, therefore, Fouché's influence was merely the influence of the Revolution. That great event was one of those which had made the most forcible impression on Bonaparte's ardent mind, and he imagined he still beheld it in a visible form as long as Fouché continued at the head of his police. I am now of opinion that Bonaparte was in some degree misled as to the value of Fouché's services as a minister. No doubt the circumstance of Fouché being in office conciliated those of the Revolutionary party who were his friends. But Fouché cherished an undue partiality for them, because he knew that it was through them he held his place. He was like one of the old Condottieri, who were made friends of lest they should become enemies, and who owed all their power to the soldiers enrolled under their banners. Such was Fouché, and Bonaparte perfectly understood his situation. He kept the chief in his service until he could find an opportunity of disbanding his undisciplined followers. But there was one circumstance which confirmed his reliance on Fouché. He who had voted the death of the King of France, and had influenced the minds of those who had voted with him, offered Bonaparte the best guaranty against the attempts of the Royalists for raising up in favor of the Bourbons the throne which the First Consul himself had deter-

mined to ascend. Thus, for different reasons, Bonaparte and Fouché had common interests against the House of Bourbon, and the master's ambition derived encouragement from the supposed terror of the servant.

The First Consul was aware of the existence in Paris of a Royalist committee, formed for the purpose of corresponding with Louis XVIII. This committee consisted of men who must not be confounded with those wretched intriguers who were of no service to their employers, and were not unfrequently in the pay of both Bonaparte and the Bourbons. The Royalist committee, properly so called, was a very different thing. It consisted of men professing rational principles of liberty, such as the Marquis de Clermont Gallerande, the Abbé de Montesquiou, M. Becquet, and M. Royer Collard. This committee had been of long standing; the respectable individuals whose names I have just quoted acted upon a system hostile to the despotism of Bonaparte, and favorable to what they conceived to be the interests of France. Knowing the superior wisdom of Louis XVIII., and the opinions which he had avowed and maintained in the Assembly of the Notables, they wished to separate that Prince from the emigrants, and to point him out to the nation as a suitable head of a reasonable Constitutional Government. Bonaparte, whom I have often heard speak on the subject, dreaded nothing so much as these ideas of liberty in conjunction with a monarchy. He regarded them as reveries, called the members of the committee idle dreamers, but nevertheless feared the triumph of their ideas. He confessed to me that it was to counteract the possible influence of the Royalist committee that he showed himself so indulgent to those of the emigrants whose monarchical prejudices he knew were incompatible with liberal opinions. By the presence of emigrants who acknowledged nothing short of absolute power, he thought he might paralyze the influence of the Royalists of the interior; he therefore granted all such emigrants permission to return.

About this time I recollect having read a document, which had been signed, purporting to be a declaration of the principles of Louis XVIII. It was signed by M. d'André, who

bore evidence to its authenticity. The principles contained in the declaration were in almost all points conformable to the principles which formed the basis of the charter. Even so early as 1792, and consequently previous to the fatal 21st of January, Louis XVI., who knew the opinions of M. de Clermont Gallerande, sent him on a mission to Coblenz to inform the Princes from him, and the Queen, that they would be ruined by their emigration. I am accurately informed, and I state this fact with the utmost confidence. I can also add with equal certainty that the circumstance was mentioned by M. de Clermont Gallerande in his Memoirs, and that the passage relative to his mission to Coblenz was cancelled before the manuscript was sent to press.

During the Consular Government the object of the Royalist Committee was to seduce rather than to conspire. It was round Madame Bonaparte in particular that their batteries were raised, and they did not prove ineffectual. The female friends of Josephine filled her mind with ideas of the splendor and distinction she would enjoy if the powerful hand which had chained the Revolution should raise up the subverted throne. I must confess that I was myself, unconsciously, an accomplice of the friends of the throne: for what they wished for the interest of the Bourbons I then ardently wished for the interest of Bonaparte.

While endeavors were thus made to gain over Madame Bonaparte to the interest of the royal family, brilliant offers were held out for the purpose of dazzling the First Consul. It was wished to retemper for him the sword of the Constable Duguesclin; and it was hoped that a statue erected to his honor would at once attest to posterity his spotless glory and the gratitude of the Bourbons. But when these offers reached the ears of Bonaparte he treated them with indifference, and placed no faith in their sincerity. Conversing on the subject one day with M. de La Fayette he said, "They offer me a statue, but I must look to the pedestal. They may make it my prison." I did not hear Bonaparte utter these words; but they were reported to me from a source, the authenticity of which may be relied on.

About this time, when so much was said in the Royalist circles and in the Faubourg St. Germain, of which the Hôtel de Luynes was the headquarters, about the possible return of the Bourbons, the publication of a popular book contributed not a little to direct the attention of the public to the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV. The book was the historical romance of *Madame de la Vallière*, by Madame de Genlis, who had recently returned to France. Bonaparte read it, and I have since understood that he was very well pleased with it, but he said nothing to me about it. It was not until some time after that he complained of the effect which was produced in Paris by this publication, and especially by engravings representing scenes in the life of Louis XIV., and which were exhibited in the shop-windows. The police received orders to suppress these prints; and the order was implicitly obeyed; but it was not Fouché's police. Fouché saw the absurdity of interfering with trifles. I recollect that immediately after the creation of the Legion of Honor, it being summer, the young men of Paris indulged in the whim of wearing a carnation in a buttonhole, which at a distance had rather a deceptive effect. Bonaparte took this very seriously. He sent for Fouché, and desired him to arrest those who presumed thus to turn the new order into ridicule. Fouché merely replied that he would *wait till the autumn*; and the First Consul understood that trifles were often rendered matters of importance by being honored with too much attention.

But though Bonaparte was piqued at the interest excited by the engravings of Madame Genlis's romance he manifested no displeasure against that celebrated woman, who had been recommended to him by MM. de Fontanes and Fievcé and who addressed several letters to him. As this sort of correspondence did not come within the routine of my business I did not see them; but I heard from Madame Bonaparte that they contained a prodigious number of proper names, and I have reason to believe that they contributed not a little to magnify, in the eyes of the First Consul, the importance of the Faubourg St. Germain, which, in spite of all his courage, was a scarecrow to him.

Bonaparte regarded the Faubourg St. Germain as representing the whole mass of Royalist opinion; and he saw clearly that the numerous erasures from the emigrant list had necessarily increased dissatisfaction among the Royalists, since the property of the emigrants had not been restored to its old possessors, even in those cases in which it had not been sold. It was the fashion in a certain class to ridicule the unpolished manners of the great men of the Republic compared with the manners of the nobility of the old Court. The wives of certain generals had several times committed themselves by their awkwardness. In many circles there was an affectation of treating with contempt what are called the *parvenus*; those people who, to use M. de Talleyrand's expression, did not know how to walk upon a carpet. All this gave rise to complaints against the Faubourg St. Germain: while on the other hand, Bonaparte's brothers spared no endeavors to irritate him against everything that was calculated to revive the recollection of the Bourbons.

Such were Bonaparte's feelings, and such was the state of society during the year 1802. The fear of the Bourbons must indeed have had a powerful influence on the First Consul before he could have been induced to take a step which may justly be regarded as the most inconsiderate of his whole life. After suffering seven months to elapse without answering the first letter of Louis XVIII., after at length answering his second letter in the tone of a King addressing a subject, he went so far as to write to Louis, proposing that he should renounce the throne of his ancestors in his, Bonaparte's, favor, and offering him as a reward for this renunciation a principality in Italy, or a considerable revenue for himself and his family.¹

¹ Napoleon seems to have always known, as with Cromwell and the Stuarts, that if his dynasty failed the Bourbons *must* succeed him. "I remember," says Metternich, "Napoleon said to me, 'Do you know why Louis XVIII. is not now sitting opposite to you? It is only because it is I who am sitting here. No other person could maintain his position; and if ever I disappear in consequence of a catastrophe, no one but a Bourbon could sit here.'" (*Metternich*, tome i. p. 243). Further, he said to Metternich, "The King overthrown, the Republic was master of the soil of France. It is that which I have replaced. The old throne of France is buried under its rubbish. I had to found a new one. The Bourbons could not reign over this creation. My strength lies in my fortune. I am new, like the Empire;

The reader will recollect the curious question which the First Consul put to me on the subject of the Bourbons when we were walking in the park of Malmaison. To the reply which I made to him on that occasion, I attribute the secrecy he observed towards me respecting the letter just alluded to. I am indeed inclined to regard that letter as the result of one of his private conferences with Lucien; but I know nothing positive on the subject, and merely mention this as a conjecture. However, I had an opportunity of ascertaining the curious circumstances which took place at Mittau, when Bonaparte's letter was delivered to Louis XVIII.

That Prince was already much irritated against Bonaparte by his delay in answering his first letter, and also by the tenor of his tardy reply; but on reading the First Consul's there is, therefore, a perfect homogeneity between the Empire and myself." "However," says Metternich, "I have often thought that Napoleon, by talking in this way, merely sought to study the opinion of others, or to confuse it, and the direct advance which he made to Louis XVIII. in 1804 seemed to confirm this suspicion. Speaking to me one day of this advance he said, 'Monsieur's reply was grand; it was full of fine traditions. There is something in legitimate rights which appeals to more than the mere mind. If Monsieur had consulted his mind only he would have arranged with me, and I should have made for him a magnificent future'" (*Metternich*, tome i. p. 276). According to Jung's *Lucien* (tome ii. p. 121), the letter written and signed by Napoleon, but never sent, another draft being substituted, is still in the French archives. Metternich speaks of Napoleon making a direct advance to Louis XVIII. in 1804. According to Colonel Jung (*Lucien Bonaparte*, tome ii. pp. 420-426) the attempt was made through the King of Prussia in 1802, the final answer of Louis being made on the 28th February, 1803, as given in the text, but with a postscript of his nephew in addition, "With the permission of the King, my uncle, I adhere with heart and soul to the contents of this note."

"(Signed) LOUIS ANTOINE, Duc d'Angoulême."

The reader will remark that there is no great interval between this letter and the final break with the Bourbons by the death of the Duc d'Enghien. At this time, according to Savary (tome iii. p. 241), some of the Bourbons were receiving French pensions. The Prince de Conti, the Duchesse de Bourbon, and the Duchesse d'Orleans, when sent out of France by the Directory, were given pensions of from 20,000 to 25,000 francs each. They lived in Catalonia. When the French troops entered Spain in 1808, General Canclaux, a friend of the Prince de Conti, brought to the notice of Napoleon that the tiresome formalities insisted on by the pestilent clerks of all nations were observed towards these royal perennages. Gaudin, the Minister of Finance, apparently on his own initiative, drew up a decree increasing the pensions to 60,000 francs, and doing away with the formalities. "*The Emperor signed at once, thanking the Minister of Finance.*" The reader, remembering the position of the French Princes then, should compare this action of Napoleon with the failure of the Bourbons in 1814 to pay the sums promised to Napoleon, notwithstanding the strong remonstrances made at Vienna to Talleyrand by Alexander and Lord Castlereagh. See *Talleyrand's Correspondence with Louis XVIII.*, tome ii. pp. 27, 28; or French edition, pp. 285, 288.

second letter the dethroned King immediately sat down and traced a few lines forcibly expressing his indignation at such a proposition. The note, hastily written by Louis XVIII. in the first impulse of irritation, bore little resemblance to the dignified and elegant letter which Bonaparte received, and which I shall presently lay before the reader. This latter epistle closed very happily with the beautiful device of Francis I., "All is lost but honor." But the first letter was stamped with a more chivalrous tone of indignation. The indignant sovereign wrote it with his hand supported on the hilt of his sword; but the Abbé André, in whom Louis XVIII. reposed great confidence, saw the note, and succeeded, not without some difficulty, in soothing the anger of the King, and prevailing on him to write the following letter: —

I do not confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. I esteem his courage and his military talents. I am grateful for some acts of his government; for the benefits which are conferred on my people will always be prized by me.

But he errs in supposing that he can induce me to renounce my rights; so far from that, he would confirm them, if they could possibly be doubtful, by the step he has now taken.

I am ignorant of the designs of Heaven respecting me and my subjects; but I know the obligations which God has imposed upon me. As a Christian, I will fulfil my duties to my last breath — as the son of St. Louis, I would, like him, respect myself even in chains — as the successor of Francis I., I say with him — *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*

LOUIS.

MIRTAU, 1802.

Louis XVIII.'s letter having reached Paris, the Royalist committee assembled, and were not a little embarrassed as to what should be done. The meeting took place at Neuilly. After a long deliberation it was suggested that the delivery of the letter should be intrusted to the Third Consul, with whom the Abbé de Montesquieu had kept up acquaintance since the time of the Constituent Assembly. This suggestion was adopted. The recollections of the commencement of his career, under Chancellor Maupeou, had always caused M. Lebrun to be ranked in a distinct class by the Royalists. For my part, I always looked upon him as a very honest man, a

warm advocate of equality, and anxious that it should be protected even by despotism, which suited the views of the First Consul very well. The Abbé de Montesquieu accordingly waited upon M. Lebrun, who undertook to deliver the letter. Bonaparte received it with an air of indifference; but whether that indifference were real or affected, I am to this day unable to determine. He said very little to me about the ill success of the negotiation with Louis XVIII. On this subject he dreaded, above all, the interference of his brothers, who created around him a sort of commotion which he knew was not without its influence, and which on several occasions had excited his anger.

The letter of Louis XVIII. is certainly conceived in a tone of dignity which cannot be too highly admired; and it may be said that Bonaparte on this occasion rendered a real service to Louis by affording him the opportunity of presenting to the world one of the finest pages in the history of a dethroned King. This letter, the contents of which were known in some circles of Paris, was the object of general approbation to those who preserved the recollection of the Bourbons, and above all, to the Royalist committee. The members of that committee, proud of the noble spirit evinced by the unfortunate monarch, whose return they were generously laboring to effect, replied to him by a sort of manifesto, to which time has imparted interest, since subsequent events have fulfilled the predictions it contained.

CHAPTER XV.

1802.

The day after my disgrace — Renewal of my duties — Bonaparte's affected regard for me — Offer of an assistant — M. de Meneval — My second rupture with Bonaparte — The Duc de Rovigo's account of it — Letter from M. de Barbé Marbois — Real causes of my separation from the First Consul — Postscript to the letter of M. de Barbé Marbois — The black cabinet — Inspection of letters during the Consulate — I retire to St. Cloud — Communications from M. de Meneval — A week's conflict between friendship and pride — My formal dismissal — Petty revenge — My request to visit England — Monosyllabic answer — Wrong suspicion — Burial of my papers — Communication from Duroc — My letter to the First Consul — The truth acknowledged.

I SHALL now return to the circumstances which followed my first disgrace, of which I have already spoken. The day after that on which I had resumed my functions I went as usual to awaken the First Consul at seven in the morning. He treated me just the same as if nothing had happened between us; and on my part I behaved to him just as usual, though I really regretted being obliged to resume labors which I found too oppressive for me. When Bonaparte came down into his cabinet he spoke to me of his plans with his usual confidence, and I saw, from the number of letters lying in the basket, that during the few days my functions had been suspended Bonaparte had not overcome his disinclination to peruse this kind of correspondence. At the period of this first rupture and reconciliation the question of the Consulate for life was yet unsettled. It was not decided until the 2d of August, and the circumstances to which I am about to refer happened at the end of February.

I was now restored to my former footing of intimacy with

that, after the scene which M. de Talleyrand had witnessed, my duties in the Tuileries were merely provisional, and might be shortened or prolonged according to circumstances. I saw at the very first moment that Bonaparte had sacrificed his wounded pride to the necessity (for such I may, without any vanity, call it) of employing my services. The forced preference he granted to me arose from the fact of his being unable to find any one able to supply my place; for Duroc, as I have already said, showed a disinclination to the business. I did not remain long in the dark respecting the new situation in which I stood. I was evidently still under quarantine; but the period of my quitting the port was undetermined.

A short time after our reconciliation the First Consul said to me, in a cajoling tone of which I was not the dupe, "My dear Bourrienne, you cannot do everything. Business increases, and will continue to increase. You know what Corvisart says. You have a family; therefore it is right you should take care of your health. You must not kill yourself with work; therefore some one must be got to assist you. Joseph tells me that he can recommend a secretary, one of whom he speaks very highly. He shall be under your direction; he can make out your copies, and do all that can consistently be required of him. This, I think, will be a great relief to you."—"I ask for nothing better," replied I, "than to have the assistance of some one who, after becoming acquainted with the business, may, some time or other, succeed me." Joseph sent M. de Meneval, a young man who, to a good education, added the recommendations of industry and prudence. I had every reason to be satisfied with him.

It was now that Napoleon employed all those devices and caresses which always succeeded so well with him, and which yet again gained the day, to put an end to the inconvenience caused to him by my retirement, and to retain me. Here I call every one who knew me as witnesses that nothing could equal my grief and despair to find myself obliged to again begin my troublesome work. My health had suffered much from it. Corvisart was a clever counsellor, but it was only during the night that I could carry out his advice. To re-

sume my duties was to renounce all hope of rest, and even of health.¹

I soon perceived the First Consul's anxiety to make M. de Meneval acquainted with the routine of business, and accustomed to his manner. Bonaparte had never pardoned me for having presumed to quit him after he had attained so high a degree of power; he was only waiting for an opportunity to punish me, and he seized upon an unfortunate circumstance as an excuse for that separation which I had previously wished to bring about.

I will explain this circumstance, which ought to have obtained for me the consolation and assistance of the First Consul rather than the forfeiture of his favor. My rupture with him has been the subject of various misstatements, all of which I shall not take the trouble to correct; I will merely notice what I have read in the Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo, in which it is stated that I was accused of *peculation*. M. de Rovigo thus expresses himself:—

Ever since the First Consul was invested with the supreme power his life had been a continued scene of personal exertion. He had for his private secretary M. de Bourrienne, a friend and companion of his youth, whom he now made the sharer of all his labors. He frequently sent for him in the dead of the night, and particularly insisted upon his attending him every morning at seven. Bourrienne was punctual in his attendance with the public papers, which he had previously glanced over. The First Consul almost invariably read their contents himself; he then despatched some business, and sat down to table just as the clock struck nine. His breakfast, which lasted six minutes, was no sooner over than he returned to his cabinet, only left it for dinner, and resumed his close occupation immediately after, until ten at night, which was his usual hour for retiring to rest.

Bourrienne was gifted with a most wonderful memory; he could speak and write many languages, and would make his pen follow as fast as words were uttered. He possessed many other advantages; he was well acquainted with the administrative departments, was versed in the law of nations, and possessed a zeal and activity which rendered his services quite indispensable to the First Consul. I have known the several grounds upon which the unlimited confidence placed in him by his chief

¹ There is considerable truth in this statement about the effect on his health. His successor, Meneval, without the same amount of work, broke down, and had to resign, owing to it (Memoirs, tome i. p. 149).

rested, but am unable to speak with equal assurance of the errors which occasioned his losing that confidence.

Bourrienne had many enemies; some were owing to his personal character, a greater number to the situation which he held. Others were jealous of the credit he enjoyed with the Head of the Government; others, again, discontented at his not making that credit subservient to their personal advantage. Some even imputed to him the want of success that had attended their claims. It was impossible to bring any charge against him on the score of deficiency of talent or of indiscreet conduct; his personal habits were watched—it was ascertained that he engaged in financial speculations. An imputation could easily be founded on this circumstance. Peculation was accordingly laid to his charge.

This was touching the most tender ground, for the First Consul held nothing in greater abhorrence than unlawful gains. A solitary voice, however, would have failed in an attempt to defame the character of a man for whom he had so long felt esteem and affection; other voices, therefore, were brought to bear against him. Whether the accusations were well founded or otherwise, it is beyond a doubt that all means were resorted to for bringing them to the knowledge of the First Consul.

The most effectual course that suggested itself was the opening of a correspondence either with the accused party direct, or with those with whom it was felt indispensable to bring him into contact; this correspondence was carried on in a mysterious manner, and related to the financial operations that had formed the grounds of a charge against him. Thus it is that, on more than one occasion, the very channels intended for conveying truth to the knowledge of a sovereign have been made available to the purpose of communicating false intelligence to him. To give an instance.

Under the reign of Louis XV., and even under the Regency, the Post-office was organized into a system of minute inspection, which did not indeed extend to every letter, but was exercised over all such as afforded grounds for suspicion. They were opened, and, when it was not deemed safe to suppress them, copies were taken, and they were returned to their proper channel without the least delay. Any individual denouncing another may, by the help of such an establishment, give great weight to his denunciation. It is sufficient for his purpose that he should throw into the Post-office any letter so worded as to confirm the impression which it is his object to convey. The worthiest man may thus be committed by a letter which he has never read, or the purport of which is wholly unintelligible to him.

I am speaking from personal experience. It once happened that a letter addressed to myself, relating to an alleged fact which had never occurred, was opened. A copy of the letter so opened was also forwarded to me, as it concerned the duties which I had to perform at that time; but I was already in possession of the original, transmitted through the ordinary channel. Summoned to reply to the questions to which such productions had given rise, I took that opportunity of pointing out the

danger that would accrue from placing a blind reliance upon intelligence derived from so hazardous a source. Accordingly, little importance was afterwards attached to this means of information; but the system was in operation at the period when M. de Bourrienne was disgraced; his enemies took care to avail themselves of it; they blackened his character with M. de Barbé Marbois, who added to their accusations all the weight of his unblemished character. The opinion entertained by this rigid public functionary, and many other circumstances, induced the First Consul to part with his secretary (tome i. p. 418).

Peculation is the crime of those who make a fraudulent use of the public money. But as it was not in my power to meddle with the public money, no part of which passed through my hands, I am at a loss to conceive how I can be charged with peculation! The Duc de Rovigo is not the author, but merely the echo, of this calumny; but the accusation to which his Memoirs gave currency afforded M. de Barbé Marbois an opportunity of adding one more to the many proofs he has given of his love of justice.

I had seen nothing of the Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo except their announcement in the journals, when a letter from M. de Barbé Marbois was transmitted to me from my family. It was as follows:—

SIR—My attention has been called to the enclosed article in a recent publication. The assertion it contains is not true, and I conceive it to be a duty both to you and myself to declare that I then was, and still am, ignorant of the causes of the separation in question. — I am, etc.

(Signed) MARBOIS.

I need say no more in my justification. This unsolicited testimony of M. de Marbois is a sufficient contradiction to the charge of peculation which has been raised against me in the absence of correct information respecting the real causes of my rupture with the First Consul.

M. le Duc de Rovigo also observes that my enemies were numerous. My concealed adversaries were indeed all those who were interested that the sovereign should not have about him, as his confidential companion, a man devoted to his glory and not to his vanity. In expressing his dissatisfaction with one of his ministers Bonaparte had said, in the presence

of several individuals, among whom was M. Maret, "If I could find a second Bourrienne I would get rid of you all." This was sufficient to raise against me the hatred of all who envied the confidence of which I was in possession.

The failure of a firm in Paris in which I had invested a considerable sum of money afforded an opportunity for envy and malignity to irritate the First Consul against me. Bonaparte, who had not yet forgiven me for wishing to leave him, at length determined to sacrifice my services to a new fit of ill humor.

A mercantile house, then one of the most respectable in Paris, had among its speculations undertaken some army contracts. With the knowledge of Berthier, with whom, indeed, the house had treated, I had invested some money in this business. Unfortunately the principals were, unknown to me, engaged in dangerous speculations in the Funds, which in a short time so involved them as to occasion their failure for a heavy amount. This caused a rumor that a slight fall of the Funds, which took place at that period, was occasioned by the bankruptcy; and the First Consul, who never could understand the nature of the Funds, gave credit to the report. He was made to believe that the business of the Stock Exchange was ruined. It was insinuated that I was accused of taking advantage of my situation to produce variations in the Funds, though I was so unfortunate as to lose not only my investment in the bankrupt house, but also a sum of money for which I had become bound, by way of surety, to assist the house in increasing its business. I incurred the violent displeasure of the First Consul, who declared to me that he *no longer required my services*. I might, perhaps, have cooled his irritation by reminding him that he could not blame me for *purchasing* an interest in a contract, since he himself had stipulated for a *quantity* of 1,500,000 francs for his brother Joseph out of the contract for victualling the navy.¹ But I saw that for some time past M. de Meneval had begun to supersede me, and the First Consul only wanted such an opportunity as that for coming to a rupture with me.

¹ Joseph Bonaparte contradicts this statement, but the practice was com-

Such is a true statement of the circumstances which led to my separation from Bonaparte. I defy any one to adduce a single fact in support of the charge of peculation, or any transaction of the kind; I fear no investigation of my conduct. When in the service of Bonaparte I caused many appointments to be made, and many names to be erased from the emigrant list before the *Sénatus-consulte* of the 6th Floréal, year X.; but I never counted upon gratitude, experience having taught me that it was an empty word.

The Duc de Rovigo attributed my disgrace to certain intercepted letters which injured me in the eyes of the First Consul. I did not know this at the time, and though I was pretty well aware of the machinations of Bonaparte's adulators, almost all of whom were my enemies, yet I did not contemplate such an act of baseness. But a spontaneous letter from M. de Barbé Marbois at length opened my eyes, and left little doubt on the subject. The following is the postscript to that noble peer's letter :—

I recollect that one Wednesday the First Consul, while presiding at a Council of Ministers at St. Cloud, opened a note, and, without informing us what it contained, hastily left the Board, apparently much agitated. In a few minutes he returned and told us that your functions had ceased.

Whether the sudden displeasure of the First Consul was excited by a false representation of my concern in the transaction which proved so unfortunate to me, or whether Bonaparte merely made that a pretence for carrying into execution a resolution which I am convinced had been previously adopted, I shall not stop to determine; but the Duc de Rovigo having mentioned the violation of the secrecy of letters in my case, I shall take the opportunity of stating some particulars on that subject.

Before I wrote these Memoirs the existence in the Post-office of the cabinet, which had obtained the epithet of *black*, had been denounced in the chamber of deputies, and the answer was, that it *no longer* existed, which of course amounted to an admission that it *had* existed. I may

therefore, without indiscretion, state what I know respecting it.

The "black cabinet" was established in the reign of Louis XV., merely for the purpose of prying into the scandalous gossip of the Court and the capital. The existence of this cabinet soon became generally known to every one. The numerous postmasters who succeeded each other, especially in latter times, the still more numerous Post-office clerks, and that portion of the public who are ever on the watch for what is held up as scandalous, soon banished all the secrecy of the affair, and none but fools were taken in by it. All who did not wish to be committed by their correspondence chose better channels of communication than the Post; but those who wanted to ruin an enemy or benefit a friend long continued to avail themselves of the black cabinet, which, at first intended merely to amuse a monarch's idle hours, soon became a medium of intrigue, dangerous from the abuse that might be made of it.

Every morning, for three years, I used to peruse the portfolio containing the bulletins of the black cabinet, and I frankly confess that I never could discover any real cause for the public indignation against it, except inasmuch as it proved the channel of vile intrigue. Out of 30,000 letters, which daily left Paris to be distributed through France and all parts of the world, ten or twelve, at most, were copied, and often only a few lines of them.

Bonaparte at first proposed to send complete copies of intercepted letters to the ministers whom their contents might concern; but a few observations from me induced him to direct that only the important passages should be extracted and sent. I made these extracts, and transmitted them to their destinations, accompanied by the following words: "*The First Consul directs me to inform you that he has just received the following information,*" etc. Whence the information came was left to be guessed at.

The First Consul daily received through this channel about a dozen pretended letters, the writers of which described their enemies as opponents of the Government, or their friends as

models of obedience and fidelity to the constituted authorities. But the secret purpose of this vile correspondence was soon discovered, and Bonaparte gave orders that no more of it should be copied. I, however, suffered from it at the time of my disgrace, and was well-nigh falling a victim to it at a subsequent period.

The letter mentioned by M. de Marbois, and which was the occasion of this digression on the violation of private correspondence, derived importance from the circumstance that Wednesday, the 20th of October, when Bonaparte received it, was the day on which I left the Consular palace.

I retired to a house which Bonaparte had advised me to purchase at St. Cloud, and for the fitting up and furnishing of which he had promised to pay. We shall see how he kept this promise! I immediately sent to direct Landoire, the messenger of Bonaparte's cabinet, to place *all* letters sent to me in the First Consul's portfolio, because many intended for him came under cover for me. In consequence of this message I received the following letter from M. de Meneval:—

MY DEAR BOURRIENNE—I cannot believe that the First Consul would wish that your letters should be presented to him. I presume you allude only to those which may concern him, and which come addressed under cover to you. The First Consul has written to citizens Lavallette and Mollien directing them to address their packets to him. I cannot allow Landoire to obey the order you sent.

The First Consul yesterday evening evinced great regret. He repeatedly said, "How miserable I am! I have known that man since he was seven years old." I cannot but believe that he will reconsider his unfortunate decision. I have intimated to him that the burden of the business is too much for me, and that he must be extremely at a loss for the services of one to whom he was so much accustomed, and whose situation, I am confident, nobody else can satisfactorily fill. He went to bed very low-spirited. — I am, etc.

(Signed) MENEVAL.

19 *Vendémiaire*, an X.

(21st October, 1802.)

Next day I received another letter from M. Meneval as follows:—

I send you your letters. The First Consul prefers that you should break them open, and send here those which are intended for him. I enclose some German papers, which he begs you to translate.

Madame Bonaparte is much interested in your behalf; and I can assure you that no one more heartily desires than the First Consul himself to see you again at your old post, for which it would be difficult to find a successor equal to you, either as regards fidelity or fitness. I do not relinquish the hope of seeing you here again.

A whole week passed away in conflicts between the First Consul's friendship and pride. The least desire he manifested to recall me was opposed by his flatterers. On the fifth day of our separation he directed me to come to him. He received me with the greatest kindness, and after having good-humoredly told me that I often expressed myself with too much freedom — a fault I was never solicitous to correct — he added: "I regret your absence much. You were very useful to me. You are neither too noble nor too plebeian, neither too aristocratic nor too Jacobinical. You are discreet and laborious. You understand me better than any one else; and, between ourselves be it said, we ought to consider this a sort of Court. Look at Duroc, Bessières, Maret. However, I am very much inclined to take you back; but by so doing I should confirm the report that I cannot do without you."

Madame Bonaparte informed me that she had heard persons to whom Bonaparte expressed a desire to recall me observe, "What would you do? People will say you cannot do without him. You have got rid of him now; therefore think no more about him: and as for the English newspapers, he gave them more importance than they really deserved: you will no longer be troubled with them." This will bring to mind a scene which occurred at Malmaison on the receipt of some intelligence in the *London Gazette*.

I am convinced that if Bonaparte had been left to himself he would have recalled me, and this conviction is warranted by the interval which elapsed between his determination to part with me and the formal announcement of my dismissal. Our rupture took place on the 20th of October, and on the 8th of November following the First Consul sent me the following letter:—

CITIZEN BOURRIENNE, MINISTER OF STATE—I am satisfied with the services which you have rendered me during the time you have been with me; but henceforth they are no longer necessary. I wish you to relinquish, from this time, the functions and title of my private secretary. I shall seize an early opportunity of providing for you in a way suited to your activity and talents, and conducive to the public service.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

If any proof of the First Consul's malignity were wanting it would be furnished by the following fact:—A few days after the receipt of the letter which announced my dismissal I received a note from Duroc; but, to afford an idea of the petty revenge of him who caused it to be written, it will be necessary first to relate a few preceding circumstances.

When, with the view of preserving a little freedom, I declined the offer of apartments which Madame Bonaparte had prepared at Malmaison for myself and my family, I purchased a small house at Ruel: the First Consul had given orders for the furnishing of this house, as well as one which I possessed in Paris. From the manner in which the orders were given I had not the slightest doubt but that Bonaparte intended to make me a present of the furniture. However, when I left his service he applied to have it returned. As at first I paid no attention to his demand, as far as it concerned the furniture at Ruel, he directed Duroc to write the following letter to me:—

The First Consul, my dear Bourrienne, has just ordered me to send him this evening the keys of your residence in Paris, from which the furniture is not to be removed.

He also directs me to put into a warehouse whatever furniture you may have at Ruel or elsewhere which you have obtained from Government.

I beg of you to send me an answer, so as to assist me in the execution of these orders. You promised me to have everything settled before the First Consul's return. I must excuse myself in the best way I can.

(Signed) DUROC.

24 Brumaire, an X.

(15th November, 1802.)

Believing myself to be master of my own actions, I had formed the design of visiting England, whither I was called by some private business. However, I was fully aware of the

peculiarity of my situation, and I was resolved to take no step that should in any way justify a reproach.

On the 11th of January I therefore wrote to Duroc:—

My affairs require my presence in England for some time. I beg of you, my dear Duroc, to mention my intended journey to the First Consul, as I do not wish to do anything inconsistent with his views. I would rather sacrifice my own interest than displease him. I rely on your friendship for an early answer to this, for uncertainty would be fatal to me in many respects.

The answer, which speedily arrived, was as follows:—

MY DEAR BOURRIENNE—I have presented to the First Consul the letter I just received from you. He read it and said, “No!” That is the only answer I can give you.

(Signed) DUROC.

This monosyllable was expressive. It proved to me that Bonaparte was conscious how ill he had treated me; and, suspecting that I was actuated by the desire of vengeance, he was afraid of my going to England, lest I should there take advantage of that liberty of the press which he had so effectually put down in France. He probably imagined that my object was to publish statements which would more effectually have enlightened the public respecting his government and designs than all the scandalous anecdotes, atrocious calumnies, and ridiculous fabrications of Pelletier,¹ the editor of the *Ambigu*. But Bonaparte was much deceived in this supposition; and if there can remain any doubt on that subject, it will be removed on referring to the date of these Memoirs, and observing the time at which I consented to publish them.

I was not deceived as to the reasons of Bonaparte's uncere-
monious refusal of my application; and as I well knew his
inquisitorial character, I thought it prudent to conceal my
notes. I acted differently from Camoens. He contended
with the sea to preserve his manuscripts; I made the earth
the depository of mine. I carefully enclosed my most valu-
able notes and papers in a tin box, which I buried under-

¹ Sometimes spelt as Peltier.

ground.¹ A yellow tinge, the commencement of decay, has in some places almost obliterated the writing.

It will be seen in the sequel that my precaution was not useless, and that I was right in anticipating the persecution of Bonaparte, provoked by the malice of my enemies. On the 20th of April Duroc sent me the following note:—

I beg, my dear Bourrienne, that you will come to St. Cloud this morning. I have something to tell you on the part of the First Consul.

This note caused me much anxiety. I could not doubt but that my enemies had invented some new calumny; but I must say that I did not expect such baseness as I experienced.

As soon as Duroc had made me acquainted with the business which the First Consul had directed him to communicate, I wrote on the spot the subjoined letter to Bonaparte:—

At General Duroc's desire I have this moment waited upon him, and he informs me that you have received notice that a deficit of 100,000 francs has been discovered in the Treasury of the Navy, which you require me to refund this day at noon.

Citizen First Consul, I know not what this means! I am utterly ignorant of the matter. I solemnly declare to you that this charge is a most infamous calumny. It is one more to be added to the number of those malicious charges which have been invented for the purpose of destroying any influence I might possess with you.

I am in General Duroc's apartment, where I await your orders.

Duroc carried my note to the First Consul as soon as it was written. He speedily returned. "All's right!" said he. "He has directed me to say it was entirely a mistake!—that he is now convinced he was deceived!—that he is sorry for the business, and hopes no more will be said about it."

The base flatterers who surrounded Bonaparte wished him

¹ This passage should be remarked by the reader. If Bourrienne was not carrying away documents to which he had no right, or if he had only been engaged in the ordinary correspondence of a private secretary, there was no possible reason for thus hiding documents. It will be noticed that he constantly quotes documents received by Napoleon when he was still secretary, and which he says were still in his possession. *Erreurs* (tome i. p. 261) naturally asks by what right he retained them. When Fouché left office in 1810 there was an amusing contest between him and Napoleon for the possession of certain correspondence, which Fouché declared he had destroyed, sticking to his assertion with great and almost daring pertinacity till he came to terms and produced them; but the comparison is not flattering for Bourrienne.

to renew his Egyptian extortions upon me: but they should have recollected that the fusillade employed in Egypt for the purpose of raising money was no longer the fashion in France, and that the days were gone by when it was the custom to *grease the wheels of the revolutionary car*.¹

¹ Bourrienne has defended himself with great success against a charge of misusing public money, - a charge which was not made against him. He has made no defence against the charge of using the information gained by him in his official capacity for private speculations: he does not even seem to understand the gravity of such an accusation, for in speaking of one of Onvrard's projects for a speculation in Mexico, at a time when Bourrienne was still secretary, he says that he was to have had a share in the business. (See under 1805.) It never seems to strike him that a person in his confidential position ought not to have taken a share in an affair of the sort, especially in one distrusted by Napoleon. We may therefore take for granted that he did so use his position. That he was partly unsuccessful was a misfortune which he shared with Talleyrand; and his ill success is no argument for his innocence. The story of his disgrace is told by Meneval thus: "The First Consul had made M. de Bourrienne Councillor of State on special service, and granted to him rights and privileges which made him an important personage. He corresponded directly with the ministers on some of the details of their work. Napoleon treated M. de Bourrienne familiarly, and often went out with him on foot or in a *Boghei*¹ to have a turn in the park of St. Cloud. M. de Bourrienne was very nearly independent, and did not eat or lodge in the palace. He had just bought a charming house at St. Cloud. He furnished it richly, and gave dinners, to which ministers, especially Fouché, senators, and councillors of state, etc., were invited. His expenses and his purchases were not in accordance with his fortune as known to the First Consul. Although their mutual relations seemed not to have altered, still the annoyance that the First Consul did not reveal to M. de Bourrienne was sometimes betrayed by reflections dropped before me. It seemed to me that the First Consul had special complaints against him which he had not sufficiently investigated.

"The unfortunate affair of the house of the brothers Coulon put an end to his irresolutions. It was the last drop in the cup. One Wednesday" (*the 20th October, 1802, the date given by Bourrienne was a Wednesday*) "I was at work in the cabinet of the First Consul when I saw him enter hurriedly. He asked me if M. de Bourrienne was at his desk, and on my saying he was, he called him from the threshold of the door. M. de Bourrienne came, a little upset by the animated air of the First Consul, who said to him in a severe tone, 'Give up to Meneval the papers and the keys which you have of mine and withdraw. Let me not find you here again.' After these few words he returned to the Council, slamming the door behind him. M. de Bourrienne, who had been overwhelmed by this sudden outburst, gave himself up to the greatest despair. I did all I could to calm him. I tried to make him accept consolation and hopes on which I hardly trusted, for a decision given in such a hasty and harsh manner left little hope. We exchanged some letters during the two or three days which followed this fatal scene, after which all connection between us ceased, by order of the First Consul.

"This explosion had been occasioned by the following occurrences: - About the time when I was called to the cabinet of the First Consul (*2d April, 1802*), M. de Bourrienne, by his credit with the Minister of War, had obtained the contract for furnishing military equipments and harness. As his name could not appear, the contract was given to the brothers Coulon. M. de Bourrienne supplied the funds for starting the enterprise. A bank

¹ A vehicle from which the Indian "buggy" takes its name.

advanced 800,000 francs on a mortgage given by the brothers Coulon, but it required that M. de Bourrienne should guarantee it. The brothers Coulon failing soon afterwards, the bank enforced its claim on M. de Bourrienne, who disclaimed his liability with the Coulons. As the guaranty was created by private signed documents, secret contracts, and memoranda of accounts, all signed by Bourrienne, a suit ensued, which he lost at first, then gained on appeal, and finally lost in the Cour de Cassation. This business with which M. de Bourrienne had associated himself had much vexed the First Consul, who had an unconquerable repulsion for what is called *faire des affaires*. He was shocked at the cause and at the scandal of the suit. He never pardoned M. de Bourrienne. He often spoke to me of it at great length with real sorrow, which always degenerated into bitter complaint. He ended by taking his resolution; he even congratulated himself on having broken the yoke. Without intending any comparison, he did what Louis XIV. did on the death of Mazarin. One day he said to me, 'I have abolished the title of private secretary. The name has too many inconveniences, I am obliged to recognize them. I desire that you will not take any other title than that of *attaché* to the First Consul' " (*Meneval*, tome i. p. 86).

This account of Meneval's will be found to be in fair agreement with the accounts of Bourrienne and of others (see *Savary*, tome i. p. 418, and *Erreurs*, tome ii. p. 11). And the account is to be the more accepted as Bourrienne acknowledges that he had nothing to complain of in the conduct of Meneval. We shall see that similar accusations were made against Bourrienne when he was at Hamburg. But while Meneval impeaches the moral character of Bourrienne, he corroborates his account of the important position held by the secretary; indeed, he almost increases our estimate of it, when he speaks of Napoleon's satisfaction at having "broken the yoke."

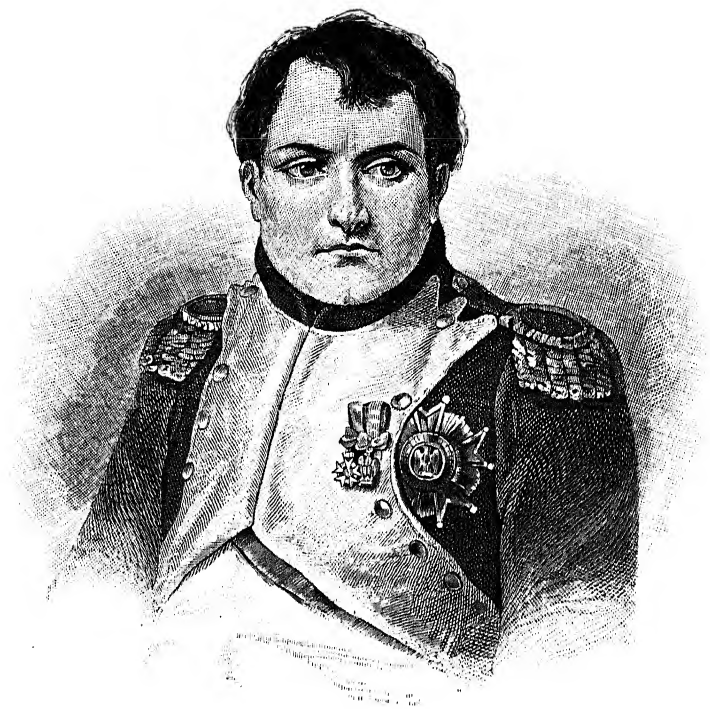
CHAPTER XVI.

1803.

The First Consul's presentiments respecting the duration of peace — England's uneasiness at the prosperity of France — Bonaparte's real wish for war — Concourse of foreigners in Paris — Bad faith of England — Bonaparte and Lord Whitworth — Relative position of France and England — Bonaparte's journey to the seaboard departments — Breakfast at Compiègne — Father Berton — Irritation excited by the presence of Bouquet — Father Berton's derangement and death — Rapp ordered to send for me — Order countermanded.

THE First Consul never anticipated a long peace with England. He wished for peace merely because, knowing it to be ardently desired by the people, after ten years of war, he thought it would increase his popularity and afford him the opportunity of laying the foundation of his government. Peace was as necessary to enable him to conquer the throne of France as war was essential to secure it, and to enlarge its base at the expense of the other thrones of Europe. This was the secret of the peace of Amiens, and of the rupture which so suddenly followed, though that rupture certainly took place sooner than the First Consul wished. On the great questions of peace and war Bonaparte entertained elevated ideas; but in discussions on the subject he always declared himself in favor of war.¹ When told of the necessities of the people, of the advantages of peace, its influence on trade, the arts, national industry, and every branch of public prosperity, he did not attempt to deny the argument; indeed, he concurred in it; but he remarked, that all those advantages were only conditional, so long as England was able to throw the weight of her navy into the scale of the world, and

¹ Compare *Metternich* (tome ii. p. 249), where, speaking of the efforts made in 1808 by many French agents and officers to urge Napoleon to war with Austria, he says, "They too often end by carrying with them the



NAPOLÉON.

to exercise the influence of her gold in all the Cabinets of Europe. Peace must be broken; since it was evident that England was determined to break it. Why not anticipate her? Why allow her to have all the advantages of the first step? We must astonish Europe! We must thwart the policy of the Continent! We must strike a great and unexpected blow. Thus reasoned the First Consul, and every one may judge whether his actions agreed with his sentiments.

The conduct of England too well justified the foresight of Bonaparte's policy; or rather England, by neglecting to execute her treaties, played into Bonaparte's hand, favored his love for war, and justified the prompt declaration of hostilities in the eyes of the French nation, whom he wished to persuade that if peace were broken it would be against his wishes. England was already at work with the powerful machinery of her subsidies, and the veil beneath which she attempted to conceal her negotiations was still sufficiently transparent for the lynx eye of the First Consul. It was in the midst of peace that all those plots were hatched, while millions who had no knowledge of their existence were securely looking forward to uninterrupted repose.

Since the Revolution Paris had never presented such a spectacle as during the winter of 1802-3. At that time the concourse of foreigners in the French capital was immense. Everything wore the appearance of satisfaction, and the external signs of public prosperity. The visible regeneration in French society exceedingly annoyed the British Ministry. The English who flocked to the Continent discovered France to be very different from what she was described to be by the English papers. This caused serious alarm on the other side of the Channel, and the English Government endeavored by unjust complaints to divert attention from just dissatisfaction, which its own secret intrigues excited. The King of England sent a message to Parliament, in which he spoke of armaments preparing in the ports of France, and of the necessity of adopting precautions against meditated aggressions. This instance of bad faith highly irritated the First Consul, who one day, in a fit of displeasure, thus addressed

Lord Whitworth in the *salon*, where all the foreign Ambassadors were assembled:

"What is the meaning of this? Are you then tired of peace? Must Europe again be deluged with blood? Preparations for war indeed! Do you think to overawe us by this? You shall see that France may be conquered, perhaps destroyed, but never intimidated — never!"¹

The English Ambassador was astounded at this unexpected sally, to which he made no reply. He contented himself with writing to his Government an account of the interview in which the First Consul had so far forgotten himself, — whether purposely or not I do not pretend to say.²

That England wished for war there could be no doubt. She occupied Malta, it is true, but she had promised to give it up, though she never had any intention of doing so. She was to have evacuated Egypt, yet there she still remained; the Cape of Good Hope was to have been surrendered, but

¹ The tone of voice, the gesticulation, and whole manner of Bonaparte were so violent on this occasion that our Ambassador, fancying the First Consul was going to strike him, put his hand to the hilt of his sword. Lord Whitworth was a high-spirited man. Some time after, when Mr. Canning asked him what he would have done had Bonaparte struck him, he replied, "I would have run him through the body in the midst of his Court!" — *Editor of 1836 edition.*

² The following is Savary's description of this extraordinary scene:

"One of the receptions of the Consular Court was the occasion on which Bonaparte vented his displeasure on the conduct of England. He had just been reading the despatches of his Ambassador at the Court of London, who sent him a copy of the King's message to Parliament respecting alleged armaments in the ports of France.

"His mind being wholly biassed by the reflections to which the perusal of the despatches had given rise, he omitted going that day into the second *salon*, but went straight up to the Ambassadors. I was only at the distance of a few paces from him when, stopping short before the English Ambassador, he put the following hurried questions to him in a tone of anger: 'What does your Cabinet mean? What is the motive for raising these rumors of armaments in our harbors? How! Is it possible to impose in this manner upon the credulity of nations, or to be so ignorant of our real intentions? If the actual state of things be known, it must be evident to all that there are only two transports fitting out for St. Domingo: that that island engrosses all our attention, all our disposable means. Why then these complaints? Can peace be already considered as a burden to be shaken off? Is Europe to be again deluged in blood? Preparations making for war? To pretend to overawe us! France may be conquered, perhaps destroyed, but never intimidated!'

"The Ambassador made a respectful bow, and gave no reply. The First Consul left that part of the *salon*; but whether he had been a little heated by this explosion of ill humor, or from some other cause, he ceased his round, and withdrew to his own apartments. Madame Bonaparte followed.

she still retained possession of it. England had signed, at Amiens, a peace which she had no intention of maintaining. She knew the hatred of the Cabinets of Europe towards France, and she was sure, by her intrigues and subsidies, of arming them on her side whenever her plans reached maturity. She saw France powerful and influential in Europe, and she knew the ambitious views of the First Consul, who, indeed, had taken little pains to conceal them.

The First Consul, who had reckoned on a longer duration of the peace of Amiens, found himself at the rupture of the treaty in an embarrassing situation. The numerous grants of furloughs, the deplorable condition of the cavalry, and the temporary absence of artillery, in consequence of a project for refounding all the field-pieces, caused much anxiety to Bonaparte. He had recourse to the conscription to fill up the deficiencies of the army; and the project of refounding the artillery was abandoned. Supplies of money were obtained from the large towns, and Hanover, which was soon after occupied, furnished abundance of good horses for mounting the cavalry.¹

In an instant the *salon* was cleared of company. The Ambassadors of Russia and England had retired to the embrasure of a window, and were still conversing together after the apartments had been cleared of visitors. 'Indeed,' said one to the other, 'you could hardly expect such an attack; how could you be expected to reply to it? All you have to do is to give an account of it to your government; in the mean time, let what has taken place suggest to you the conduct you ought to pursue.'

"He took the advice. The communications became cold and reserved. England had already formed her determination. A spirit of acrimony soon sprung up between the two Governments.

"An interchange of notes took place; categorical explanations were required; the demand for passports soon followed. The latter were immediately granted by the First Consul. I was in his closet of St. Cloud when M. Maret was introduced, who brought with him the corrected draft of the reply which was to accompany the passports. He had it read out to him, and expressed himself in the kindest terms respecting the personal character of Lord Whitworth, for whom he felt great regard. He was quite satisfied that on this occasion the Ambassador had not at all influenced the conduct of his Government" (*Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo*, tome i. 456).

¹ Here Bourrienne appears to follow Savary, who (tome i. p. 467) draws an amusing picture of the irritation of Napoleon at finding that Marmont, as Inspector of Artillery, and Berthier, as War Minister, had so begun the conversion of the field artillery as to almost deprive him of guns at the very time war was declared with England. But this incredible story is totally denied by Marmont (tome ii. p. 208), who asks, "Was the First Consul a likely man to let one of his generals, and his Minister of War, change, modify, destroy, and reconstruct the artillery equipment without his order and without his approval? He knew day by day the progress of my work."

War had now become inevitable; and as soon as it was declared the First Consul set out to visit Belgium and the seaboard departments to ascertain the best means of resisting the anticipated attacks of the English. In passing through Compiègne he received a visit from Father Berton, formerly principal of the military school of Brienne. He was then rector of the school of arts at Compiègne, a situation in which he had been placed by Bonaparte. I learned the particulars of this visit through Josephine. Father Berton, whose primitive simplicity of manner was unchanged since the time when he held us under the authority of his ferule, came to invite Bonaparte and Josephine to breakfast with him, which invitation was accepted. Father Berton had at that time living with him one of our old comrades of Brienne, named Bouquet; but he expressly forbade him to show himself to Bonaparte or any one of his suite, because Bouquet, who had been a commissary at headquarters in Italy, was in disgrace with the First Consul.¹ Bouquet promised to observe Father Berton's injunctions, but was far from keeping his promise. As soon as he saw Bonaparte's carriage drive up, he ran to the door and gallantly handed out Josephine. Josephine, as she took his hand, said, "Bouquet, you have ruined yourself!" Bonaparte, indignant at what he considered an unwarrantable familiarity, gave way to one of his uncontrollable fits of passion, and as soon as he entered the room where the breakfast was laid, he seated himself, and then said to his wife in an imperious tone, "Josephine, sit there!" He then commenced breakfast, without telling Father Berton to sit

¹ Bouquet had incurred Bonaparte's displeasure by the following dishonest transaction: When the French had a second time taken Verona, Bouquet and a colonel of the army named Andrieux, went to the Monte-di-Pieta in that city, and by representing that they had orders from their general to make an inventory of the property, induced the keeper to allow them to examine the place. The property in the Monte-di Pieta amounted to 12,000,000, which the keeper never set eyes on after Bouquet's visit. The colonel absconded, but Bouquet was apprehended and about to be tried. The transaction, however, was found to involve so many persons that the captain appointed to conduct the trial thought right to ask the opinion of General Angereau as to the propriety of proceeding. What directions he gave I do not know, but I know very well that Bouquet in the mean time escaped from prison. Bonaparte was highly indignant at his conduct, and declared that had he been found guilty he would have allowed the sentence to be executed.

down, although a third plate had been laid for him. Father Berton stood behind his old pupil's chair apparently confounded at his violence. The scene produced such an effect on the old man that he became incapable of discharging his duties at Compiègne. He retired to Rheims, and his intellect soon after became deranged. I do not pretend to say whether this alienation of mind was caused by the occurrence I have just related, and the account of which I received from Josephine. She was deeply afflicted at what had passed. Father Berton died insane. What I heard from Josephine was afterwards confirmed by the brother of Father Berton. The fact is, that in proportion as Bonaparte acquired power he was the more annoyed at the familiarity of old companions; and, indeed, I must confess that their familiarity often appeared very ridiculous.

The First Consul's visit to the northern coast took place towards the end of the year 1803, at which time the English attacked the Dutch settlements of Surinam, Demerara, and Essequibo, and a convention of neutrality was concluded between France, Spain, and Portugal. Rapp accompanied the First Consul, who attentively inspected the preparations making for a descent on England, which it was never his intention to effect, as will be shortly shown.¹

On the First Consul's return I learned from Rapp that I had been spoken of during the journey, and in the following way:—Bonaparte, being at Boulogne, wanted some information which no one there could give him. Vexed at receiving no satisfactory answer to his inquiries he called Rapp, and said, "Do you know, Rapp, where Bourrienne is?"—"General, he is in Paris."—"Write to him to come here immediately, and send off one of my couriers with the letter." The rumor of the First Consul's sudden recollection of me spread like lightning, and the time required to write the letter and despatch the courier was more than sufficient for the efforts

¹ See Madame de Rémusat on the extraordinary enthusiasm with which Napoleon was received on these journeys. "The joy of the inhabitants of Amiens, . . . the crowd which pressed to see him, the blessings too universal to have been ordered, all this struck me so much that I could not restrain my tears. Madame Bonaparte herself burst into tears, and I saw the eyes of Bonaparte redder than ever before." (*Mémoires de la comtesse de Rémusat*, 220.)

of those whom my return was calculated to alarm. Artful representations soon checked these spontaneous symptoms of a return to former feelings and habits. When Rapp carried to the First Consul the letter he had been directed to write the order was countermanded. However, Rapp advised me not to leave Paris, or if I did, to mention the place where I might be found, so that Duroc might have it in his power to seize on any favorable circumstance without delay. I was well aware of the friendship of both Rapp and Duroc, and they could as confidently rely on mine.

CHAPTER XVII.

1803.

Vast works undertaken — The French and the Roman soldiers — Itinerary of Bonaparte's journeys to the coast — Twelve hours on horseback — Discussions in Council — Opposition of Truguet — Bonaparte's opinion on the point under discussion — Two divisions of the world — Europe a province — Bonaparte's jealousy of the dignity of France — The Englishman in the dockyard of Brest — Public audience at the Tuileries — The First Consul's remarks upon England — His wish to enjoy the good opinion of the English people — Ball at Malmaison — Lines on Hortense's dancing — Singular motive for giving the ball.

At the time of the rupture with England Bonaparte was, as I have mentioned, quite unprepared in most branches of the service; yet everything was created as if by magic, and he seemed to impart to others a share of his own incredible activity. It is inconceivable how many things had been undertaken and executed since the rupture of the peace. The north coast of France presented the appearance of one vast arsenal; for Bonaparte on this occasion employed his troops like Roman soldiers, and made the tools of the artisan succeed to the arms of the warrior.

On his frequent journeys to the coast Bonaparte usually set off at night, and on the following morning arrived at the post-office of Chantilly, where he breakfasted. Rapp, whom I often saw when he was in Paris, talked incessantly of these journeys, for he almost always accompanied the First Consul, and it would have been well had he always been surrounded by such men. In the evening the First Consul supped at Abbeville, and arrived early next day at the bridge of Brique. "It would require constitutions of iron to go through what we do," said Rapp. "We no sooner alight from the carriage than we mount on horseback, and sometimes remain in our

Consul inspects and examines everything, often talks with the soldiers. How he is beloved by them! When shall we pay a visit to London with those brave fellows?"

Notwithstanding these continual journeys, the First Consul never neglected any of the business of government, and was frequently present at the deliberations of the Council. I was still with him when the question as to the manner in which the treaties of peace should be concluded came under the consideration of the Council. Some members, among whom Truguet was conspicuous, were of opinion that, conformably with an article of the Constitution, the treaties should be proposed by the Head of the Government, submitted to the Legislative Body, and, after being agreed to, promulgated as part of the laws. Bonaparte thought differently. I was entirely of his opinion, and he said to me, "It is for the mere pleasure of opposition that they appeal to the Constitution, for if the Constitution says so it is absurd. There are some things which cannot become the subject of discussion in a public assembly; for instance, if I treat with Austria, and my Ambassador agrees to certain conditions, can those conditions be rejected by the Legislative Body? It is a monstrous absurdity! Things would be brought to a fine pass in this way! Lucchesini and Markow would give dinners every day like Cambacérès;¹ scatter their money about, buy men who are to be sold, and thus cause our propositions to be rejected. This would be a fine way to manage matters!"

When Bonaparte, according to his custom, talked to me in the evening of what had passed in the Council, his language was always composed of a singular mixture of quotations from antiquity, historical references, and his own ideas. He talked about the Romans, and I remember when Mr. Fox was at Paris that he tried to distinguish himself before that Foreign

¹ Cambacérès had kept up his dinners in the worst times of the Revolution, and the very crumb from his table seem to have been good. Thus the unfortunate grandchildren of the Maréchal de Lévis, almost starved after the execution of their mothers, Mesdames de Vintimille and de Béranger, "retained in their remembrances of their mournful childhood the memory of the feasts to which they were invited by the porter of Cambacérès, when they had the remains of the grand dinners" (*Émigrés*, par Forneron, tome i. p. 181). See also vol. ii. of this work, pp. 42, 43.

Minister, whom he greatly esteemed. In his enlarged way of viewing the world, Bonaparte divided it into two large states, the East and the West: "What matters," he would often say, "that two countries are separated by rivers or mountains, that they speak different languages? With very slight shades of variety, France, Spain, England, Italy, and Germany, have the same manners and customs, the same religion, and the same dress. In them a man can only marry one wife; slavery is not allowed; and these are the great distinctions which divide the civilized inhabitants of the globe. With the exception of Turkey, Europe is merely a province of the world, and our warfare is but civil strife. There is also another way of dividing nations, namely, by land and water." Then he would touch on all the European interests, speak of Russia, whose alliance he wished for, and of England, the mistress of the seas. He usually ended by alluding to what was then his favorite scheme—an expedition to India.

When from these general topics Bonaparte descended to the particular interests of France, he still spoke like a sovereign; and I may truly say that he showed himself more jealous than any sovereign ever was of the dignity of France, of which he already considered himself the sole representative. Having learned that a captain of the English navy had visited the dockyard of Brest, passing himself off as a merchant, whose passport he had borrowed, he flew into a rage because no one had ventured to arrest him.¹ Nothing was lost on Bonaparte, and he made use of this fact to prove to the Council of State the necessity of increasing the number of commissary-generals of police. At a meeting of the Council he said, "If there had been a commissary of police at Brest he would have arrested the English captain and sent him at once to Paris. As he was acting the part of a spy I would have had him shot as such. No Englishman, not even a nobleman, or the English Ambassador, should be admitted into our dockyards. I will soon regulate all this." He after-

¹ See James's *Naval History* for an account of Sir Sidney Smith's daring exploit.

wards said to me, "There are plenty of wretches who are selling me every day to the English without my being subjected to English spying."¹

He had on one occasion said before an assemblage of generals, senators, and high officers of State, who were at an audience of the Diplomatic Body, "The English think that I am afraid of war, but I am not." And here the truth escaped him, in spite of himself. "My power will lose nothing by war. In a very short time I can have 2,000,000 of men at my disposal. What has been the result of the first war? The union of Belgium and Piedmont to France. This is greatly to our advantage; it will consolidate our system. France shall not be restrained by foreign fetters. England has manifestly violated the treaties! It would be better to render homage to the King of England, and crown him King of France at Paris, than to submit to the insolent caprices of the English Government. If, for the sake of preserving peace, at most for only two months longer, I should yield on a single point, the English would become the more treacherous and insolent, and would exact the more in proportion as we yield. But they little know me! Were we to yield to England now, she would next prohibit our navigation in certain parts of the world. She would insist on the surrender of our ships. I know not what she would not demand; but I am not the man to brook such indignities. Since England wishes for war she shall have it, and that speedily!"

On the same day Bonaparte said a great deal more about the treachery of England. The gross calumnies to which he was exposed in the London newspapers powerfully contributed to increase his natural hatred of the liberty of the press; and he was much astonished that such attacks could be made upon him by English subjects when he was at peace with the English Government.

¹ During the short and hollow peace of Amiens, Bonaparte sent over to England, as consuls and vice-consuls, a number of engineers and military men, who were instructed to *make plans of all the harbors and coasts of the United Kingdom*. They worked in secrecy, yet not so secretly but that they were soon suspected; the facts were proved, and they were sent out of the country without ceremony. *Editor of 1836 edition.*

I had one day a singular proof of the importance which Bonaparte attached to the opinion of the English people respecting any misconduct that was attributed to him. What I am about to state will afford another example of Bonaparte's disposition to employ petty and roundabout means to gain his ends. He gave a ball at Malmaison when Hortense was in the seventh month of her pregnancy.¹ I have already mentioned that he disliked to see women in that situation, and above all could not endure to see them dance. Yet, in spite of this antipathy, he himself asked Hortense to dance at the ball at Malmaison. She at first declined, but Bonaparte was exceedingly importunate, and said to her in a tone of good-humored persuasion, "Do, I beg of you; I particularly wish to see you dance. Come, stand up, to oblige me." Hortense at last consented. The motive for this extraordinary request I will now explain.

On the day after the ball one of the newspapers contained some verses on Hortense's dancing. She was exceedingly annoyed at this, and when the paper arrived at Malmaison she expressed displeasure at it. Even allowing for all the facility of our newspaper wits, she was nevertheless at a loss to understand how the lines could have been written and printed respecting a circumstance which only occurred the night before. Bonaparte smiled, and gave her no distinct answer. When Hortense knew that I was alone in the cabinet she came in and asked me to explain the matter; and seeing no reason to conceal the truth, I told her that the lines had been written by Bonaparte's direction before the ball took place. I added, what indeed was the fact, that the ball had been prepared for the verses, and that it was only for the appropriateness of their application that the First Consul had pressed her to dance. He adopted this strange contrivance for contradicting an article which appeared in an English journal announcing that Hortense was delivered. Bonaparte was highly indignant at that premature announcement, which

¹ This refers to the first son of Louis and of Hortense, Napoléon Charles, the intended successor of Napoleon, who was born 1802, died 1807, elder brother of Napoleon III.

he clearly saw was made for the sole purpose of giving credit to the scandalous rumors of his imputed connection with Hortense. Such were the petty machinations which not unfrequently found their place in a mind in which the grandest schemes were revolving.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1803.

tt — Motive of his going out of office — Error of the English Govern-
ment — Pretended regard for the Bourbons — Violation of the treaty of
Amiens — Reciprocal accusations — Malta — Lord Whitworth's departure
from Rome and Carthage — Secret satisfaction of Bonaparte — Message to the
Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Tribunate — The King of England's
renunciation of the title of King of France — Complaints of the English
Government — French agents in British ports — Views of France upon
the key — Observation made by Bonaparte to the Legislative Body — Its
misinterpretation — Conquest of Hanover — The Duke of Cambridge
captured — The King of England and the Elector of Hanover — First
address to the clergy — Use of the word "Monsieur" — The Republican
years and months.

of the circumstances which foretold the brief duration
of the peace of Amiens was, that Mr. Pitt was out of office at
the time of its conclusion. I mentioned this to Bonaparte,
and he immediately perceived by his hasty "What do you
say?" that my observation had been heard but not liked. It
did not, however, require any extraordinary shrewdness to
discern the true motive of Mr. Pitt's retirement. That distin-
guished statesman conceived that a truce under the name of
peace was indispensable for England; but, intending to
continue the war with France more fiercely than ever, he for-
sooth retired from office, and left to others the task of
negotiating the peace; but his intention was to mark his
return to the ministry by the renewal of that implacable
enmity which he had vowed against France. Still, I have always
thought that the conclusion of peace, however necessary to
England, was an error of the Cabinet of London. England
had never before acknowledged any of the governments
which had risen up in France since the Revolution; and as
such could not be blotted out, a future war, however suc-

peace. Besides, by the mere fact of the conclusion of the treaty England proved to all Europe that the restoration of the Bourbons was merely a pretext, and she defaced that page of her history which might have shown that she was actuated by nobler and more generous sentiments than mere hatred of France. It is very certain that the condescension of England in treating with the First Consul had the effect of rallying round him a great many partisans of the Bourbons, whose hopes entirely depended on the continuance of war between Great Britain and France. This opened the eyes of the greater number, namely, those who could not see below the surface, and were not previously aware that the demonstrations of friendship so liberally made to the Bourbons by the European Cabinets, and especially by England, were merely false pretences, assumed for the purpose of disguising, beneath the semblance of honorable motives, their wish to injure France, and to oppose her rapidly increasing power.

When the misunderstanding took place, France and England might have mutually reproached each other, but justice was apparently on the side of France. It was evident that England, by refusing to evacuate Malta, was guilty of a palpable infraction of the treaty of Amiens, while England could only institute against France what in the French law language is called a suit or process of tendency. But it must be confessed that this tendency on the part of France to augment her territory was very evident, for the Consular decrees made conquests more promptly than the sword. The union of Piedmont with France had changed the state of Europe. This union, it is true, was effected previously to the treaty of Amiens;¹ but it was not so with the states of Parma and Piacenza, Bonaparte having by his sole authority constituted himself the heir of the Grand Duke, recently deceased. It may therefore be easily imagined how great was England's uneasiness at the internal prosperity of France and the insatiable ambition of her ruler; but it is no less certain that, with respect to Malta, England acted with decidedly bad faith;

¹ This is incorrect. The *Sénatus-consulte* incorporating Piedmont with France was dated 11th September, 1802, six months after the peace of Amiens.

and this bad faith appeared in its worst light from the following circumstance:—It had been stipulated that England should withdraw her troops from Malta three months after the signing of the treaty, yet more than a year had elapsed, and the troops were still there. The order of Malta was to be restored as it formerly was; that is to say, it was to be a sovereign and independent order, under the protection of the Holy See. The three Cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg were to guarantee the execution of the treaty of Amiens. The English Ambassador, to excuse the evasions of his Government, pretended that the Russian Cabinet concurred with England in the delayed fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty; but at the very moment he was making that excuse a courier arrived from the Cabinet of St. Petersburg bearing despatches completely at variance with the assertion of Lord Whitworth. His lordship left Paris on the night of the 12th May, 1803, and the English Government, unsolicited, sent passports to the French embassy in London. The news of this sudden rupture made the English consols fall four per cent, but did not immediately produce such a retrograde effect on the French funds, which were then quoted at fifty-five francs,—a very high point, when it is recollected that they were at seven or eight francs on the eve of the 18th Brumaire.

In this state of things France proposed to the English Government to admit of the mediation of Russia; but as England had declared war in order to repair the error she committed in concluding peace, the proposition was of course rejected. Thus the public gave the First Consul credit for great moderation and a sincere wish for peace. Thus arose between England and France a contest resembling those furious wars which marked the reigns of King John and Charles VII. Our *beaux esprits* drew splendid comparisons between the existing state of things and the ancient rivalry of Carthage and Rome, and sapiently concluded that, as Carthage fell, England must do so likewise.

Bonaparte was at St. Cloud when Lord Whitworth left Paris. A fortnight was spent in useless attempts to renew

negotiations. War, therefore, was the only alternative. Before he made his final preparations the First Consul addressed a message to the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Tribunal. In this message he mentioned the recall of the English Ambassador, the breaking out of hostilities, the unexpected message of the King of England to his Parliament, and the armaments which immediately ensued in the British ports. "In vain," he said, "had France tried every means to induce England to abide by the treaty. She had repelled every overture, and increased the insolence of her demands. France," he added, "will not submit to menaces, but will combat for the faith of treaties, and the honor of the French name, confidently trusting that the result of the contest will be such as she has a right to expect from the justice of her cause and the courage of her people."

This message was dignified, and free from that vein of boasting in which Bonaparte so frequently indulged. The reply of the Senate was accompanied by a vote of a ship of the line, to be paid for out of the Senatorial salaries. With his usual address Bonaparte, in acting for himself, spoke in the name of the people, just as he did in the question of the Consulate for life. But what he then did for his own interests turned to the future interests of the Bourbons. The very treaty which had just been broken off gave rise to a curious observation. Bonaparte, though not yet a sovereign, peremptorily required the King of England to renounce the empty title of King of France, which was kept up as if to imply that old pretensions were not yet renounced. The proposition was acceded to, and to this circumstance was owing the disappearance of the title of King of France from among the titles of the King of England, when the treaty of Paris was concluded on the return of the Bourbons.

The first grievance complained of by England was the prohibition of English merchandise, which had been more rigid since the peace than during the war. The avowal of Great Britain on this point might well have enabled her to dispense with any other subject of complaint; for the truth is, she was alarmed at the aspect of our internal prosperity, and at

the impulse given to our manufactures. The English Government had hoped to obtain from the First Consul such a commercial treaty as would have proved a death-blow to our rising trade; but Bonaparte opposed this, and from the very circumstance of his refusal he might easily have foreseen the rupture at which he affected to be surprised. What I state I felt at the time, when I read with great interest all the documents relative to this great dispute between the two rival nations, which eleven years afterwards was decided before the walls of Paris.

It was evidently disappointment in regard to a commercial treaty which created the animosity of the English Government, as that circumstance was alluded to, by way of reproach, in the King of England's declaration. In that document it was complained that France had sent a number of persons into the ports of Great Britain and Ireland in the character of commercial agents, which character, and the privileges belonging to it, they could only have acquired by a commercial treaty. Such was, in my opinion, the real cause of the complaints of England; but as it would have seemed too absurd to make it the ground of a declaration of war, she enumerated other grievances, viz., the union of Piedmont and of the states of Parma and Piacenza with France, and the continuance of the French troops in Holland. A great deal was said about the views and projects of France with respect to Turkey, and this complaint originated in General Sebastiani's mission to Egypt. On that point I can take upon me to say that the English Government was not misinformed. Bonaparte too frequently spoke to me of his ideas respecting the East, and his project of attacking the English power in India, to leave any doubt of his ever having renounced them. The result of all the reproaches which the two Governments addressed to each other was, that neither acted with good faith.

The First Consul, in a communication to the Legislative Body on the state of France and on her foreign relations, had said, "England, single-handed, cannot cope with France." This sufficed to irritate the susceptibility of English pride,

and the British Cabinet affected to regard it as a threat. However, it was no such thing. When Bonaparte threatened, his words were infinitely more energetic. The passage above cited was merely an assurance to France; and if we only look at the vast efforts and sacrifices made by England to stir up enemies to France on the Continent, we may be justified in supposing that her anger at Bonaparte's declaration arose from a conviction of its truth. Singly opposed to France, England could doubtless have done her much harm, especially by assailing the scattered remnants of her navy; but she could have done nothing against France on the Continent. The two powers, unaided by allies, might have continued long at war without any considerable acts of hostility.

The first effect of the declaration of war by England was the invasion of Hanover by the French troops under General Mortier. The telegraphic despatch by which this news was communicated to Paris was as laconic as correct, and contained, in a few words, the complete history of the expedition. It ran as follows: "The French are masters of the Electorate of Hanover, and the enemy's army are made prisoners of war." A day or two after the shop-windows of the print-sellers were filled with caricatures on the English, and particularly on the Duke of Cambridge. I recollect seeing one in which the Duke was represented reviewing his troops mounted on a crab. I mention these trifles because, as I was then living entirely at leisure, in the Rue Hauteville, I used frequently to take a stroll on the Boulevards, where I was sometimes much amused with these prints; and I could not help remarking, that in large cities such trifles have more influence on the public mind than is usually supposed.

The First Consul thought the taking of the prisoners in Hanover a good opportunity to exchange them for those taken from us by the English navy. A proposition to this effect was accordingly made; but the English Cabinet was of opinion that, though the King of England was also Elector of Hanover, yet there was no identity between the two Governments, of both which George III. was the head. In consequence of this subtle distinction the proposition for the

exchange of prisoners fell to the ground. At this period nothing could exceed the animosity of the two Governments towards each other; and Bonaparte, on the declaration of war, marked his indignation by an act which no consideration can justify; I allude to the order for the arrest of all the English in France—a truly barbarous measure; for, can anything be more cruel and unjust than to visit individuals with the vengeance due to the Government whose subjects they may happen to be? But Bonaparte, when under the influence of anger, was never troubled by scruples.

I must here notice the fulfilment of a remark Bonaparte often made use of to me during the Consulate. “You shall see, Bourrienne,” he would say, “what use I will make of the priests.”

War being declared, the First Consul, in imitation of the most Christian kings of olden times, recommended the success of his arms to the prayers of the faithful through the medium of the clergy. To this end he addressed a circular letter, written in royal style, to the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of France.

It was as follows:—

MONSIEUR—The motives of the present war are known throughout Europe. The bad faith of the King of England, who has violated his treaties by refusing to restore Malta to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and attacked our merchant vessels without a previous declaration of war, together with the necessity of a just defence, forced us to have recourse to arms. I therefore wish you to order prayers to be offered up, in order to obtain the benediction of Heaven on our enterprises. The proofs I have received of your zeal for the public service give me an assurance of your readiness to conform with my wishes.

Given at St. Cloud, 18 Prairial, an XI. (7th June 1803).

(Signed) **BONAPARTE.**

This letter was remarkable in more than one respect. It astonished most of his old brothers-in-arms, who turned it into ridicule; observing that Bonaparte needed no praying to enable him to conquer Italy twice over. The First Consul, however, let them laugh on, and steadily followed the line he had traced out. His letter was admirably calculated to please the Court of Rome, which he wished should consider

him in the light of another elder son of the Church. The letter was, moreover, remarkable for the use of the word "Monsieur," which the First Consul now employed for the first time in an act destined for publicity. This circumstance would seem to indicate that he considered Republican designations incompatible with the forms due to the clergy; the clergy were especially interested in the restoration of monarchy. It may, perhaps, be thought that I dwell too much on trifles; but I lived long enough in Bonaparte's confidence to know the importance he attached to trifles. The First Consul restored the old names of the days of the week, while he allowed the names of the months, as set down in the Republican calendar, to remain. He commenced by ordering the *Moniteur* to be dated "Saturday," such a day of "Messidor." "See," said he one day, "was there ever such an inconsistency? We shall be laughed at! But I will do away with the Messidor. I will efface all the inventions of the Jacobins."¹

The clergy did not disappoint the expectations of the First Consul. They owed him much already, and hoped for still more from him. The letter to the Bishops, etc., was the signal for a number of circulars full of eulogies on Bonaparte.

These compliments were far from displeasing the First Consul, who had no objection to flattery though he despised those who meanly made themselves the medium of conveying it to him. Duroc once told me that they had all great difficulty in preserving their gravity when the curé of a parish in Abbeville addressed Bonaparte one day while he was on his journey to the coast. "Religion," said the worthy curé, with pompous solemnity, "owes to you all that it is, we owe to you all that we are; and I, too, owe to you all that I am."²

¹ See the Republican Calendar at the end of this volume.

² Not so fulsome as some of the terms used a year later when Napoleon was made Emperor. "I am what I am," was placed over a seat prepared for the Emperor. One phrase, "God made Napoleon and then vested," drew

CHAPTER XIX.

1803.

Presentation of Prince Borghèse to Bonaparte — Departure for Belgium — Revival of a royal custom — The swans of Amiens — Change of formula in the acts of Government — Company of performers in Bonaparte's suite — Revival of old customs — Division of the Institute into four classes — Science and literature — Bonaparte's hatred of literary men — Ducis — Bernardin de Saint-Pierre — Chénier and Lemercier — Explanation of Bonaparte's aversion to literature — Lalande and his dictionary — Education in the hands of Government — M. de Roquelaure, Archbishop of Malines.

IN the month of April, 1803, Prince Borghèse, who was destined one day to become Bonaparte's brother-in-law by marrying the widow of Leclerc, was introduced to the First Consul by Cardinal Caprara.

About the end of June Bonaparte proceeded, with Josephine, on his journey to Belgium and the seaboard departments. Many curious circumstances were connected with this journey, of which I was informed by Duroc after the First Consul's return. Bonaparte left Paris on the 24th of June, and although it was not for upwards of a year afterwards that his brow was encircled with the imperial diadem, everything connected with the journey had an imperial air. It was formerly the custom, when the Kings of France entered the ancient capital of Picardy, for the town of Amiens to offer them in homage some beautiful swans. Care was taken to revive this custom, which pleased Bonaparte greatly, because it was treating him like a King. The swans were accepted, and sent to Paris to be placed in the basin of the Tuileries, in order to show the Parisians the royal homage which the First Consul received when absent from the capital.

It was also during this journey that Bonaparte began to date his decrees from the places through which he passed. He had hitherto left a great number of signatures in Paris in

absence, by the acts of his Government. Hitherto public acts had been signed in the name of the Consuls of the Republic. Instead of this formula, he substituted the name of the Government of the Republic. By means of this variation, unimportant as it might appear, the Government was always in the place where the First Consul happened to be. The two other Consuls were now mere nullities, even in appearance. The decrees of the Government, which Cambacérès signed during the campaign of Marengo, were now issued from all the towns of France and Belgium which the First Consul visited during his six weeks' journey. Having thus centred the sole authority of the Republic in himself, the performers of the theatre of the Republic became, by a natural consequence, his; and it was quite natural that they should travel in his suite, to entertain the inhabitants of the towns in which he stopped by their performances. But this was not all. He encouraged the renewal of a host of ancient customs. He sanctioned the revival of the festival of Joan of Arc at Orleans, and he divided the Institute into four classes, with the intention of recalling the recollection of the old academies, the names of which, however, he rejected, in spite of the wishes and intrigues of Suard and the Abbé Morellet, who had gained over Lucien upon this point.

However, the First Consul did not give to the classes of the Institute the rank which they formerly possessed as academies. He placed the class of sciences in the first rank, and the old French Academy in the second rank. It must be acknowledged that, considering the state of literature and science at that period, the First Consul did not make a wrong estimate of their importance.

Although the literature of France could boast of many men of great talent, such as La Harpe, who died during the Consulate, Ducis, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Chénier, and Lemercier, yet they could not be compared with Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Fourerroy, Berthollet, and Cuvier, whose labors have so prodigiously extended the limits of human knowledge. No one, therefore, could murmur at seeing the class of sciences in the Institute take precedence of its elder

sister. Besides, the First Consul was not sorry to show, by this arrangement, the slight estimation in which he held literary men. When he spoke to me respecting them he called them mere manufacturers of phrases. He could not pardon them for excelling him in a pursuit in which he had no claim to distinction. I never knew a man more insensible than Bonaparte to the beauties of poetry or prose.¹ A certain degree of vagueness, which was combined with his energy of mind, led him to admire the dreams of Ossian, and his decided character found itself, as it were, represented in the elevated thoughts of Corneille. Hence his almost exclusive predilection for these two authors. With this exception, the finest works in our literature were in his opinion merely arrangements of sonorous words, void of sense, and calculated only for the ear.

Bonaparte's contempt, or, more properly speaking, his dislike of literature, displayed itself particularly in the feeling he cherished towards some men of distinguished literary talent. He hated Chénier, and Ducis still more. He could not forgive Chénier for the Republican principles which pervaded his tragedies; and Ducis excited in him, as if instinctively, an involuntary hatred. Ducis, on his part, was not backward in returning the Consul's animosity, and I remember his writing some verses which were inexcusably violent, and overstepped all the bounds of truth. Bonaparte was so singular a composition of good and bad that to describe him as he was under one or other of these aspects would serve for panegyric or satire without any departure from truth. Bona-

¹ It is not true that Bonaparte was insensible to the beauties of poetry and prose. In his youth he was an enthusiastic admirer of J. J. Rousseau, whose finest works were familiar to him. In 1789, while still a youth, he wrote a compendium of the revolutions of Corsica, which was much esteemed by the Abbé Raynal. The abbé sent the work to Mirabeau, who, in reply, requested him to advise the young author to undertake a journey to Paris. Napoleon knew by heart, and often repeated, the finest passages in the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. It cannot with strict justice be said that Napoleon hated Chénier. He was at first extremely partial to him. He had, however, subsequently reason to complain of him, though in the end he granted him a pension. Napoleon's connection with Arnault, Talma, David, Paesicello, Monti, and many other celebrated men of letters, musicians, and artists, are well known (*Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne in Erreurs*, vol. ii. p. 133).

parte was very fond of Bernardin Saint-Pierre's romance of *Paul and Virginia*, which he had read in his boyhood. I remember that he one day tried to read *Les Études de la Nature*, but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour he threw down the book, exclaiming, "How can any one read such silly stuff? It is insipid and vapid; there is nothing in it. These are the dreams of a visionary! What is nature? The thing is vague and unmeaning. Men and passions are the subjects to write about — there is something there for study. These fellows are good for nothing under any government. I will, however, give them pensions, because I ought to do so, as Head of the State. They occupy and amuse the idle. I will make Lagrange a Senator — he has a head."¹

Although Bonaparte spoke so disdainfully of literary men it must not be taken for granted that he treated them ill. On the contrary, all those who visited at Malmaison were the objects of his attention, and even flattery. M. Lemercier was

¹ Sainte-Beuve says, "The persons who best knew Napoleon have remarked that in the rapid literary education he had to improvise for himself when he had taken possession of power, he began by much preferring Corneille; it was only later that he got so far as to enjoy Racine, but he did reach that point. He began as every one begins; he ended as cultivated and well-informed intellects like to end" (*Causeries*, tome i. p. 287). In another place Sainte-Beuve says, "Napoleon wrote to his brother Joseph, then King of Naples, who was fond of literary men, 'You live too much with literary and with scientific men. They are like coquettes, with whom one should keep up an intercourse of gallantry, but of whom one should never dream of making a wife or a minister.' This," says Sainte-Beuve, "and other men of letters need not be more touchy than he was, 'this is true of many literary men, and even of some of them whom in our time we have seen as ministers, but it is not true of M. Guizot, nor of M. Thiers'" (*Causeries*, tome i. p. 313). Again, "Napoleon, who, like his brothers, had been from the first a great admirer of the romance of *Paul and Virginia*, said once to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre when he saw him, 'Monsieur Bernardin, when will you give us another *Paul and Virginia* or a *Chamisso Indienne*? You should give us one every six months.'" (*Causeries*, tome vi. p. 446). Many essays in the *Causeries*, that, for instance, on Ducis (tome vi.), should be consulted to see that Bourrienne exaggerates a good deal here. "It was the period when Bonaparte (who had liked Ducis, and who had made many advances towards him during his stay in Paris after the first campaigns of Italy, going so far as to wish to take him with the expedition to Egypt) founded a new government, and sought to attach to it every one of distinction or of glory. How he failed with Ducis, who refused everything. Senate, Legion of Honor — has been often told" (*Causeries*, tome vi. p. 167). See also *Tableau de la Littérature Française*, 1800-1815, by Merlet, Paris, Hachett, 1881, tome i. p. 224, and *How old*, tome iii. p. 18, to the same effect. The Bonaparte was a little affected, I think, by *On ne s'enrichit pas* by Napoléon.

one of those who came most frequently, and whom Bonaparte received with the greatest pleasure. Bonaparte treated M. Lemer cier with great kindness; but he did not like him. His character as a literary man and poet, joined to a polished frankness, and a mild but inflexible spirit of republicanism, amply sufficed to explain Bonaparte's dislike. He feared M. Lemer cier and his pen; and, as happened more than once, he played the part of a parasite by flattering the writer. M. Lemer cier was the only man I knew who refused the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Bonaparte's general dislike of literary men was less the result of prejudice than circumstances. In order to appreciate or even to read literary works time is requisite, and time was so precious to him that he would have wished, as one may say, to shorten a straight line. He liked only those writers who directed their attention to positive and precise things, which excluded all thoughts of government and censures on administration. He looked with a jealous eye on political economists and lawyers; in short, on all persons who in any way whatever meddled with legislation and moral improvements. His hatred of discussions on those subjects was strongly displayed on the occasion of the classification of the Institute. Whilst he permitted the re-assembling of a literary class, to the number of forty, as formerly, he suppressed the class of moral and political science. Such was his predilection for things of immediate and certain utility that even in the sciences he favored only such as applied to terrestrial objects. He never treated Lalande with so much distinction as Monge and Lefrange. Astronomical discoveries could not add directly to his own greatness; and, besides, he could never forgive Lalande for having wished to include him in a dictionary of atheists precisely at the moment when he was opening negotiations with the Court of Rome.

Bonaparte wished to be the sole centre of a world which he believed he was called to govern. With this view he never relaxed in his constant endeavor to concentrate the whole powers of the State in the hands of its Chief. His conduct upon the subject of the revival of public instruction affords

evidence of this fact. He wished to establish 6000 bursaries, to be paid by government, and to be exclusively at his disposal, so that thus possessing the monopoly of education, he could have parcelled it out only to the children of those who were blindly devoted to him. This was what the First Consul called the revival of public instruction. During the period of my closest intimacy with him he often spoke to me on this subject, and listened patiently to my observations. I remember that one of his chief arguments was this: "What is it that distinguishes men? Education — is it not? Well, if the children of nobles be admitted into the academies, they will be as well educated as the children of the revolution, who compose the strength of my government. Ultimately they will enter into my regiments as officers, and will naturally come in competition with those whom they regard as the plunderers of their families. I do not wish that!"

My recollections have caused me to wander from the journey of the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte to the seaboard departments and Belgium. I have, however, little to add to what I have already stated on the subject. I merely remember that Bonaparte's military suite, and Lauriston and Rapp in particular, when speaking to me about the journey, could not conceal some marks of discontent on account of the great respect which Bonaparte had shown the clergy, and particularly to M. de Roquelaure, the Archbishop of Malines (or Mechlin). That prelate, who was a shrewd man, and had the reputation of having been in his youth more addicted to the habits of the world than to those of the cloister, had become an ecclesiastical courtier. He went to Antwerp to pay his homage to the First Consul, upon whom he heaped the most extravagant praises. Afterwards, addressing Madame Bonaparte, he told her that she was united to the First Consul by the *sacred bonds of a holy alliance*. In this harangue, in which unction was singularly blended with gallantry, surely it was a departure from ecclesiastical propriety to speak of *sacred bonds* and a *holy alliance* when every one knew that those bonds and that alliance existed only by a civil contract. Perhaps M. de Roquelaure merely had recourse to what

casuists call a pious fraud in order to engage the married couple to do that which he congratulated them on having already done. Be this as it may, it is certain that this honeyed language gained M. de Roquelaure the Consul's favor, and in a short time after he was appointed to the second class of the Institute.¹

¹ M. de Roquelaure (1721-1818) had been Bishop of Senlis and Aumônier du Roi. In 1802 he became Archbishop of Mechlin. In 1808 he resigned and was replaced by the better-known Abbé Pradt. He died in 1818. In his old age, retaining his strength, his memory stopped at the time when he was still Bishop of Senlis and almoner to the King. The Revolution he entirely forgot (*Meneval*, tome iii. p. 80).

CHAPTER XX.

1804.

The Temple — The intrigues of Europe — Prelude to the Continental system — Bombardment of Granville — My conversation with the First Consul on the projected invasion of England — Fauche Borel — Moreau and Pichegru — Fouché's manœuvres — The Abbé David and Lajolais — Fouché's visit to St. Cloud — Regnier outwitted by Fouché — My interview with the First Consul — His indignation at the reports respecting Hortense — Contradiction of these calumnies — The brothers Faucher — Their execution — The First Consul's levee — My conversation with Duroc — Conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichegru — Moreau averse to the restoration of the Bourbons — Bouvet de Lozier's attempted suicide — Arrest of Moreau — Declaration of MM. de Polignac and de Rivière — Connivance of the police — Arrest of M. Carbonnet and his nephew.

THE time was passed when Bonaparte, just raised to the Consulate, only proceeded to the Temple to release the victims of the "Loi des suspects" by his sole and immediate authority. This state prison was now to be filled by the orders of his police. All the intrigues of Europe were in motion. Emissaries came daily from England, who, if they could not penetrate into the interior of France, remained in the towns near the frontiers, where they established correspondence, and published pamphlets, which they sent to Paris by post, in the form of letters.

The First Consul, on the other hand, gave way, without reserve, to the natural irritation which that power had excited by her declaration of war. He knew that the most effective war he could carry on against England would be a war against her trade.

As a prelude to that piece of madness, known by the name of the Continental system, the First Consul adopted every possible preventive measure against the introduction of Eng-

Paris from the north of France was not very consolatory. The English fleets not only blockaded the French ports, but were acting on the offensive, and had bombarded Granville. The mayor of the town did his duty, but his colleagues, more prudent, acted differently. In the height of his displeasure Bonaparte issued a decree, by which he bestowed a scarf of honor on Letourneur, the mayor, and dismissed his colleagues from office as cowards unworthy of trust. The terms of this decree were rather severe, but they were certainly justified by the conduct of those who had abandoned their posts at a critical moment.

I come now to the subject of the invasion of England, and what the First Consul said to me respecting it. I have stated that Bonaparte never had any idea of realizing the pretended project of a descent on England. The truth of this assertion will appear from a conversation which I had with him after he returned from his journey to the north. In this conversation he repeated what he had often before mentioned to me in reference to the projects and possible steps to which fortune might compel him to resort.

The peace of Amiens had been broken about seven months when, on the 15th of December, 1803, the First Consul sent for me to the Tuileries. His incomprehensible behavior to me was fresh in my mind; and as it was upwards of a year since I had seen him, I confess I did not feel quite at ease when I received the summons. He was perfectly aware that I possessed documents and data for writing his history which would describe facts correctly, and destroy the illusions with which his flatterers constantly entertained the public. I have already stated that at that period I had no intention of the kind; but those who labored constantly to incense him against me might have suggested apprehensions on this subject. At all events the fact is, that when he sent for me I took the precaution of providing myself with a night-cap, conceiving it to be very likely that I should be sent to sleep at Vincennes. On the day appointed for the interview Rapp was on duty. I did not conceal from him my opinion as to the possible result of my visit. "You need not be afraid," said Rapp; "the

First Consul merely wishes to talk with you." He then announced me.

Bonaparte came into the grand *salon* where I awaited him, and addressing me in the most good-humored way said, "What do the gossips say of my preparations for the invasion of England?" — "There is a great difference of opinion on the subject, General," I replied. "Every one speaks according to his own views. Suchet, for instance, who comes to see me very often, has no doubt that it will take place, and hopes to give you on the occasion fresh proofs of his gratitude and fidelity." — "But Suchet tells me that you do not believe it will be attempted." — "That is true, I certainly do not." — "Why?" — "Because you told me at Antwerp, five years ago, that you would not risk France on the cast of a die — that the adventure was too hazardous — and circumstances have not altered since that time." — "You are right. Those who look forward to the invasion of England are blockheads. They do not see the affair in its true light. I can, doubtless, land in England with 100,000 men. A great battle will be fought, which I shall gain; but I must reckon upon 30,000 men killed, wounded, and prisoners. If I march on London, a second battle must be fought. I will suppose myself again victorious; but what should I do in London with an army diminished three-fourths and without the hope of re-enforcements? It would be madness. Until our navy acquires superiority it is useless to think of such a project. The great assemblage of troops in the north has another object. My Government must be the first in the world, or it must fall."¹ Bonaparte then evidently wished it to be supposed

¹ Napoleon's conversation with M. Las Casas at St. Helena respecting the invasion of England is very different from the above. He speaks of a pitched battle, which would have decided the fate of England. "I should not have entered England," he said, "as a conqueror, but as a liberator." Bonaparte knew better than any one the difficulty of subduing a strong, powerful, and united nation. Some years after these feigned preparations against England he had evidences of this truth written in letters of blood in Spain. A combination of natural causes is always ruinous to the invading army. Napoleon must have been merely jesting at St. Helena when he said that four days would have enabled him to reach London, and that Nature had made England one of our islands, like Oléron or Corsica. I find these words in my notes: "Remained with the First Consul from half-past eleven to one o'clock." During this hour and a half he said not a word bearing any resemblance to his assertions at St. Helena. — *Bourrienne*.

that he entertained the design of invading England in order to divert the attention of Europe to that direction.¹

From Dunkirk the First Consul proceeded to Antwerp, where also he had assembled experienced men to ascertain their opinions respecting the surest way of attempting a landing, the project of which was merely a pretence. The employment of large ships of war was, after long discussions, abandoned in favor of a flotilla.² After visiting Belgium, and giving directions there, the First Consul returned from Brussels to Paris by way of Maestricht, Liège, and Soissons.

Before my visit to the Tuileries, and even before the rupture of the peace of Amiens, certain intriguing speculators, whose extravagant zeal was not less fatal to the cause of the Bourbons than was the blind subserviency of his unprincipled

¹ It will probably always be impossible to say with certainty whether Napoleon really intended to attempt the invasion of England. It certainly cannot be described as an empty threat. The preparations were extraordinarily complete. The probability is, that if any chance had enabled him to cross the Channel he might have dared the stroke. But it is obvious that little reliance can be put on his statements at the time, which seem to have varied. If the expedition were intended, it was natural to try to throw doubt on the reality of the plan. If the troops were meant to be ready for a Continental war the more would the threat to England be dwelt on. In any case the effect of the preparations was very great on England; and contemporary accounts and caricatures are full of amusing descriptions of the frequent panics caused in the southern districts by rumors that the French had landed. The date given to this interview is in opposition to Meneval's statement that Napoleon did not see Bourrienne from his disgrace in 1802 till 1805 (*Meneval*, tome ii. p. 379). The Parisians of course had their jest, and the flat-bottomed boats of the flotilla were compared to walnut shells, and called *péniches*. In one piece Brunet, a comic actor, was seen on the stage eating walnuts, and throwing the shells into a tub of water. "What are you doing?" asked his companion. "Making *péniches*," was the answer. For this the police punished him; but on the next night of the piece Brunet was found as before with his walnuts. This time he did not answer the question as to what he was doing till he was told. "Perhaps you don't know what you are about?" "Oh yes," said Brunet, "I know very well what I am about, but I know better than to tell" (*Junot*, vol. ii. p. 167). Marmont (tome ii. p. 211) asserts that Napoleon certainly intended to cross, and he tells us that Fulton repeatedly attempted to get Napoleon to experiment with steam. "The First Consul treated Fulton as a charlatan, and would not listen to him."

² At this period a caricature [by Gillray?] appeared in London, which was sent to Paris, and strictly sought after by the police. One of the copies was shown to the First Consul, who was highly indignant at it. The French fleet was represented by a number of nut-shells. An English sailor, seated on a rock, was quietly smoking his pipe, the whiffs of which were throwing the whole squadron into disorder. — *Bourrienne*. Gillray's caricatures should be at the reader's side during the perusal of this work, also *English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I.*, by J. Ashton: Chatto and Windus, 1884.

adherents to the First Consul, had taken part in some under-hand manoeuvres which could have no favorable result. Amongst these great contrivers of petty machinations the well-known Fauche Borel, the bookseller of Neuchâtel, had long been conspicuous. Fauche Borel, whose object was to create a stir, and who wished nothing better than to be noticed and paid, failed not to come to France as soon as the peace of Amiens afforded him the opportunity. I was at that time still with Bonaparte, who was aware of all these little plots, but who felt no personal anxiety on the subject, leaving to his police the care of watching their authors.

The object of Fauche Borel's mission was to bring about a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru. The latter general, who was banished on the 18th Fructidor (4th September, 1797), had not obtained the First Consul's permission to return to France. He lived in England, where he awaited a favorable opportunity for putting his old projects into execution. Moreau was in Paris, but no longer appeared at the levees or parties of the First Consul, and the enmity of both generals against Bonaparte, openly avowed on the part of Pichegru, and still disguised by Moreau, was a secret to nobody. But as everything was prosperous with Bonaparte he evinced contempt rather than fear of the two generals. His apprehensions were, indeed, tolerably allayed by the absence of the one and the character of the other. Moreau's name had greater weight with the army than that of Pichegru; and those who were plotting the overthrow of the Consular Government knew that that measure could not be attempted with any chance of success without the assistance of Moreau; The moment was inopportune; but, being initiated in some secrets of the British Cabinet, they knew that the peace was but a truce, and they determined to profit by that truce to effect a reconciliation which might afterwards secure a community of interests. Moreau and Pichegru had not been friends since Moreau sent to the Directory the papers seized in M. de Klinglin's carriage, which placed Pichegru's treason in so clear a light. Since that period Pichegru's name possessed no influence over the minds of the soldiers, amongst

whom he had very few partisans, whilst the name of Moreau was dear to all who had conquered under his command.¹

Fauche Borel's design was to compromise Moreau without bringing him to any decisive step. Moreau's natural indolence, and perhaps it may be said his good sense, induced him to adopt the maxim that it was necessary to let men and things take their course; for temporizing policy is often as useful in politics as in war. Besides, Moreau was a sincere Republican; and if his habit of indecision had permitted him to adopt any resolution, it is quite certain that he would not then have assisted in the re-establishment of the Bourbons, as Pichegru wished.

What I have stated is an indispensable introduction to the knowledge of plots of more importance which preceded the great event that marked the close of the Consulship: I allude to the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, Moreau, and Pichegru, and that indelible stain on the character of Napoleon, — the death of the Duc d'Enghien. Different opinions have been expressed concerning Georges's conspiracy. I shall not contradict any of them. I will relate what I learned and what I saw, in order to throw some light on that horrible affair. I am far from believing what I have read in many works, that it was planned by the police in order to pave the First Consul's way to the throne. I think that it was contrived by those who were really interested in it, and encouraged by Fouché in order to prepare his return to office.

To corroborate my opinion respecting Fouché's conduct and his manœuvres I must remind the reader that about the close of 1803 some persons conceived the project of reconciling Moreau and Pichegru. Fouché, who was then out of the Ministry, caused Moreau to be visited by men of his own party, and who were induced, perhaps unconsciously, by Fouché's art, to influence and irritate the general's mind. It was at first intended that the Abbé David, the mutual friend of Moreau and Pichegru, should undertake to effect their reconciliation; but he, being arrested and confined in the

¹ Pichegru had been actually transported to Sinnamarri [Guiana], along with the other unfortunate victims of the 18th Fructidor, but he had been fortunate enough to escape.

Temple, was succeeded by a man named Lajolais, whom every circumstance proves to have been employed by Fouché. He proceeded to London, and, having prevailed on Pichegru and his friends to return to France, he set off to announce their arrival and arrange everything for their reception and destruction. Moreau's discontent was the sole foundation of this intrigue. I remember that one day, about the end of January, 1804, I called on Fouché, who informed me that he had been at St. Cloud, where he had had a long conversation with the First Consul on the situation of affairs. Bonaparte told him that he was satisfied with the existing police, and hinted that it was only to make himself of consequence that he had given a false coloring to the picture. Fouché asked him what he would say if he told him that Georges and Pichegru had been for some time in Paris carrying on the conspiracy of which he had received information. The First Consul, apparently delighted at what he conceived to be Fouché's mistake, said, with an air of contempt, "You are well informed, truly! Regnier has just received a letter from London stating that Pichegru dined three days ago at Kingston with one of the King of England's ministers."

As Fouché, however, persisted in his assertion, the First Consul sent to Paris for the Grand Judge, Regnier, who showed Fouché the letter he had received. The First Consul triumphed at first to see Fouché at fault; but the latter so clearly proved that Georges and Pichegru were actually in Paris that Regnier began to fear he had been misled by his agents, whom his rival paid better than he did. The First Consul, convinced that his old minister knew more than his new one, dismissed Regnier, and remained a long time in consultation with Fouché, who on that occasion said nothing about his re-instatement for fear of exciting suspicion. He only requested that the management of the business might be intrusted to Réal, with orders to obey whatever instructions he might receive from him. I will return hereafter to the arrest of Moreau and the other persons accused, and will now subjoin the account of a long interview which I had with Bonaparte in the midst of these important events.

On the 8th of March, 1804, some time after the arrest but before the trial of General Moreau, I had an audience of the First Consul, which was unsought on my part. Bonaparte, after putting several unimportant questions to me as to what I was doing, what I expected he should do for me, and assuring me that he would bear me in mind, gave a sudden turn to the conversation, and said, "By the by, the report of my connection with Hortense is still kept up: the most abominable rumors have been spread as to her first child. I thought at the time that these reports had only been admitted by the public in consequence of the great desire that I should not be childless. Since you and I separated have you heard them repeated?" — "Yes, General, oftentimes; and I confess I could not have believed that this calumny would have existed so long." — "It is truly frightful to think of! You know the truth — you have seen all — heard all — nothing could have passed without your knowledge; you were in her full confidence during the time of her attachment to Duroc. I therefore expect, if you should ever write anything about me, that you will clear me from this infamous imputation. I would not have it accompany my name to posterity. I trust in you. You have never given credit to the horrid accusation?" — "No, General, never." Napoleon then entered into a number of details on the previous life of Hortense; on the way in which she conducted herself, and on the turn which her marriage had taken. "It has not turned out," he said, "as I wished: the union has not been a happy one. I am sorry for it, not only because both are dear to me, but because the circumstance countenances the infamous reports that are current among the idle as to my intimacy with her." He concluded the conversation with these words: — "Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you; but as there is no good pretext for so doing, the world would say that I have need of you, and I wish it to be known that I stand in need of nobody." He again said a few words about Hortense. I answered that it would fully coincide with my conviction of the truth to do what he desired, and that I would do it; but that suppressing the false reports did not depend on me.

Hortense, in fact, while she was Mademoiselle Beauharnais, regarded Napoleon with respectful awe. She trembled when she spoke to him, and never dared to ask him a favor. When she had anything to solicit she applied to me; and if I experienced any difficulty in obtaining for her what she sought, I mentioned her as the person for whom I pleaded. "The little simpleton!" Napoleon would say, "why does she not ask me herself: is the girl afraid of me?" Napoleon never cherished for her any feeling but paternal tenderness. He loved her after his marriage with her mother as he would have loved his own child. During three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare that I never saw or heard anything that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, or that afforded the slightest trace of the existence of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those with which malice delights to blacken the characters of men more brilliant than their fellows, and which are so readily adopted by the light-minded and unreflecting. I freely declare that did I entertain the smallest doubt with regard to this odious charge, of the existence of which I was well aware before Napoleon spoke to me on the subject, I would candidly avow it. He is no more: and let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really belongs to it. Let not this reproach be one of those charged against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in concluding this delicate subject, that the principles of Napoleon on points of this kind were rigid in the utmost degree, and that a connection of the nature of that charged against him was neither in accordance with his morals nor his tastes.

I cannot tell whether what followed was a portion of his premeditated conversation with me, or whether it was the result of the satisfaction he had derived from ascertaining my perfect conviction of the purity of his conduct with regard to Hortense, and being assured that I would express that conviction. Be this as it may, as I was going out at the door he called me back, saying, "Oh! I have forgotten something." I returned. "Bourrienne," said he, "do you still keep up

your acquaintance with the Fauchers?" — "Yes, General; I see them frequently." — "You are wrong." — "Why should I not? They are clever, well-educated men, and exceedingly pleasant company, especially Cæsar. I derive great pleasure from their society; and then they are almost the only persons whose friendship has continued faithful to me since I left you. You know people do not care for those who can render them no service." — "Maret will not see the Fauchers." — "That may be, General; but it is nothing to me; and you must recollect that as it was through him I was introduced to them at the Tuileries, I think he ought to inform me of his reasons for dropping their acquaintance." — "I tell you again he has closed his door against them. Do you the same; I advise you." As I did not seem disposed to follow this advice without some plausible reason, the First Consul added, "You must know, then, that I learn from Cæsar all that passes in your house. You do not speak very ill of me yourself, nor does any one venture to do so in your presence. You play your rubber and go to bed. But no sooner are you gone, than your wife, who never liked me, and most of those who visit at your house, indulge in the most violent attacks upon me. I receive a bulletin from Cæsar Faucher every day when he visits at your house; this is the way in which he requites you for your kindness, and for the asylum you afforded his brother.¹ But enough; you see I know all — farewell;" and he left me.

The grave having closed over these two brothers,² I shall merely state that they wrote me a letter the evening preceding their execution, in which they begged me to forgive their conduct towards me. The following is an extract from this letter: —

In our dungeon we hear our sentence of death being cried in the streets. To-morrow we shall walk to the scaffold; but we will meet death with such calmness and courage as shall make our executioners blush. We

¹ Constantine Faucher had been condemned in contumacy for the forgery of a public document. — *Bourrienne*.

² The Fauchers were twin brothers, distinguished in the wars of the Revolution, and made brigadier-generals at the same time on the field of battle. After the *Cent Jours* they refused to recognize the Bourbons, and were shot

are sixty years old, therefore our lives will only be shortened by a brief space. During our lives we have shared in common, illness, grief, pleasure, danger, and good fortune. We both entered the world on the same day, and on the same day we shall both depart from it. As to you, sir,

I suppress what relates to myself.

The hour of the grand levee arrived just as the singular interview which I have described terminated. I remained a short time to look at this phantasmagoria. Duroc was there. As soon as he saw me he came up, and taking me into the recess of a window told me that Moreau's guilt was evident, and that he was about to be put on his trial. I made some observations on the subject, and in particular asked whether there were sufficient proofs of his guilt to justify his condemnation? "They should be cautious," said I; "it is no joke to accuse the conqueror of Hohenlinden." Duroc's answer satisfied me that he at least had no doubt on the subject. "Besides," added he, "when such a general as Moreau has been between two gendarmes he is lost, and is good for nothing more. He will only inspire pity." In vain I tried to refute this assertion so entirely contrary to facts, and to convince Duroc that Moreau would never be damaged by calling him "*brigand*," as was the phrase then, without proofs. Duroc persisted in his opinion. As if a political crime ever sullied the honor of any one! The result has proved that I judged rightly.

No person possessing the least degree of intelligence will be convinced that the conspiracy of Moreau, Georges, Pichegru, and the other persons accused would ever have occurred but for the secret connivance of Fouché's police. Moreau never for a moment desired the restoration of the Bourbons. I was too well acquainted with M. Carbonnet, his most intimate friend, to be ignorant of his private sentiments. It was therefore quite impossible that he could entertain the same views as Georges, the Polignacs, Rivière, and others; and they had no intention of committing any overt acts. These latter persons had come to the Continent solely to investigate the actual state of affairs, in order to inform the

Princes of the House of Bourbon with certainty how far they might depend on the foolish hopes constantly held out to them by paltry agents, who were always ready to advance their own interests at the expense of truth. These agents did indeed conspire, but it was against the Treasury of London, to which they looked for pay.

Without entering into all the details of that great trial I will relate some facts which may assist in eliciting the truth from a chaos of intrigue and falsehood.

Most of the conspirators had been lodged either in the Temple or La Force, and one of them, Bouvet de Lozier, who was confined in the Temple, attempted to hang himself. He made use of his cravat to effect his purpose, and had nearly succeeded, when a turnkey by chance entered and found him at the point of death. When he was recovered he acknowledged that though he had the courage to meet death, he was unable to endure the interrogatories of his trial, and that he had determined to kill himself, lest he might be induced to make a confession. He did in fact confess, and it was on the day after this occurred that Moreau was arrested, while on his way from his country-seat of Grosbois to Paris.

Fouché, through the medium of his agents, had given Pichegru, Georges, and some other partisans of royalty, to understand that they might depend on Moreau, who, it was said, was quite prepared. It is certain that Moreau informed Pichegru that he (Pichegru) had been deceived, and that he had never been spoken to on the subject. Russillon declared on the trial that on the 14th of March the Polignacs said to some one, "Everything is going wrong—they do not understand each other. Moreau does not keep his word. We have been deceived." M. de Rivière declared that he soon became convinced they had been deceived, and was about to return to England when he was arrested. It is certain that the principal conspirators obtained positive information which confirmed their suspicions. They learned Moreau's declaration from Pichegru. Many of the accused declared that they soon discovered they had been deceived; and the greater part of them were about to quit Paris, when they were all arrested,

almost at one and the same moment. Georges was going into La Vendée when he was betrayed by the man who, with the connivance of the police, had escorted him ever since his departure from London, and who had protected him from any interruption on the part of the police so long as it was only necessary to know where he was, or what he was about. Georges had been in Paris seven months before it was considered that the proper moment had arrived for arresting him.

The almost simultaneous arrest of the conspirators proves clearly that the police knew perfectly well where they could lay their hands upon them.¹

When Pichegru was required to sign his examination he refused. He said it was unnecessary; that, knowing all the secret machinery of the police, he suspected that by some chemical process they would erase all the writing except the signature, and afterwards fill up the paper with statements which he had never made. His refusal to sign the interrogatory, he added, would not prevent him from repeating before

¹ The *political crime* with which Moreau and Pichegru were charged, and which Bourrienne apparently believed was not of a nature to stain their characters, was an attempt on the life of the First Consul. There seems to be no doubt that whether or not Moreau entered into the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru, he intimated his readiness to act if the First Consul were removed, and loss of power had hitherto in France meant loss of life. But it is quite certain that Moreau was for some time in possession of proofs of Pichegru's plot against the Directory in 1797, and that he concealed the fact till the plot had failed and Pichegru had been banished. We have a curious account of the calm way in which Napoleon acted in this arrest of Moreau, great mistake as it was. "Madame Bonaparte told me that Napoleon had passed almost all the night 'debout' (*walking, probably, as he often did in such cases*), considering the question whether he should arrest Moreau, and weighing the arguments for and against this measure, without a trace of personal feeling. Towards daybreak he sent for Berthier, and after a long interview he determined to send to Grosbois, where Moreau had retired" (*Remusat*, tome i. p. 302). Too much stress has probably been laid on Moreau's position, as if Napoleon feared a formidable rival in him. Moreau had been more successful in his retreats than in other points of his career, and Napoleon had certainly never from the first shown the least fear of the generals who had been famous when he was in the junior ranks. His arrest of Moreau was exactly a similar mistake to the trial of the Cardinal de Rohan by Louis XVI. in the matter of the diamond necklace. In neither case were the difficulties and the effect of a public trial understood by the Chief of the State. If the treatment of Moreau by Napoleon is considered, it will be seen how little he was likely to fear such men as Moreau or the already discredited Pichegru. Moreau himself said, in 1803, to an Englishwoman (Lady Bessborough): "that I discovered of the Government, but

a court of justice the truth which he had stated in answer to the questions proposed to him. Fear was entertained of the disclosures he might make respecting his connection with Moreau, whose destruction was sought for, and also with respect to the means employed by the agents of Fouché to urge the conspirators to effect a change which they desired.

On the evening of the 15th of February I heard of Moreau's arrest, and early next morning I proceeded straight to the Rue St. Pierre, where M. Carbonnet resided with his nephew. I was anxious to hear from him the particulars of the general's arrest. What was my surprise! I had hardly time to address myself to the porter before he informed me that M. Carbonnet and his nephew were both arrested. "I advise you, sir," added the man, "to retire without more ado, for I can assure you that the persons who visit M. Carbonnet are watched." — "Is he still at home?" said I. "Yes, sir; they are examining his papers." — "Then," said I, "I will go up." M. Carbonnet, of whose friendship I had reason to be proud, and whose memory will ever be dear to me, was more distressed by the arrest of his nephew and Moreau than by his own. His nephew was, however, liberated after a few hours. M. Carbonnet's papers were sealed up, and he was placed in solitary confinement at St. Pélagie.

Thus the police, who previously knew nothing, were suddenly informed of all. In spite of the numerous police agents scattered over France, it was only discovered by the declarations of Bouvet de Lozier that three successive landings had been effected, and that a fourth was expected, which, however, did not take place, because General Savary was despatched by the First Consul with orders to seize the persons whose arrival was looked for. There cannot be a more convincing proof of the fidelity of the agents of the police to their old chief, and their combined determination of trifling with their new one.

CHAPTER XXI.

1804.

The events of 1804 — Death of the Duc d'Enghien — Napoleon's arguments at St. Helena — Comparison of dates — Possibility of my having saved the Duc d'Enghien's life — Advice given to the Duc d'Enghien — Sir Charles Stuart — Delay of the Austrian Cabinet — Pichegru and the mysterious being — M. Massias — The historians of St. Helena — Bonaparte's threats against the emigrants and M. Cobentzel — Singular adventure of Davoust's secretary — The quartermaster — The brigand of La Vendée.

IN order to form a just idea of the events which succeeded each other so rapidly at the commencement of 1804 it is necessary to consider them both separately and connectedly. It must be borne in mind that all Bonaparte's machinations tended to one object, the foundation of the French Empire in his favor; and it is also essential to consider how the situation of the emigrants, in reference to the First Consul, had changed since the declaration of war. As long as Bonaparte continued at peace the cause of the Bourbons had no support in foreign Cabinets, and the emigrants had no alternative but to yield to circumstances; but on the breaking out of a new war all was changed. The cause of the Bourbons became that of the powers at war with France; and as many causes concurred to unite the emigrants abroad with those who had returned but half satisfied, there was reason to fear something from their revolt, in combination with the powers arrayed against Bonaparte.

Such was the state of things with regard to the emigrants when the leaders and accomplices of Georges's conspiracy were arrested at the very beginning of 1804. The assassination of the Duc d'Enghien¹ took place on the 21st of March: on the

¹ Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien (1772-1804), son of the Duc de Bourbon, and grandson of the Prince de Condé, served against France in the army of Condé. When this force was disbanded he staid at Ettenheim on account of a love affair with the Princesse Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort. Arrested in the territory of Baden, he was taken to

30th of April appeared the proposition of the Tribunal to found a Government in France under the authority of one individual; on the 18th of May came the *Sénatus-consulte*, naming Napoleon Bonaparte EMPEROR, and lastly, on the 10th of June, the sentence of condemnation on Georges and his accomplices. Thus the shedding of the blood of a Bourbon and the placing of the crown of France on the head of a soldier of fortune were two acts interpolated in the sanguinary drama of Georges's conspiracy. It must be remembered, too, that during the period of these events we were at war with England, and on the point of seeing Austria and the Colossus of the north form a coalition against the new Emperor.

I will now state all I know relative to the death of the Duc d'Enghien. That unfortunate Prince, who was at Ettenheim, in consequence of a love affair, had no communication whatever with those who were concocting a plot in the interior. Macchiavelli says that when the author of a crime cannot be discovered we should seek for those to whose advantage it turns. In the present case Macchiavelli's advice will find an easy application, since the Duke's death could be advantageous only to Bonaparte, who considered it indispensable to his accession to the crown of France. The motives may be explained, but can they be justified? How could it ever

Vincennes, and after trial by court-martial shot in the moat, 21st May, 1804. With him practically ended the house of Bourbon-Condé, as his grandfather died in 1818, leaving only the Duc de Bourbon, and the Princesse Louise Adelaide, Abbess of Rémiremont, who died in 1824. The Duc de Bourbon, his father, was found in 1830 hung from a window at St. Leu. We have the following description of him:—"As to the Duc d'Enghien, I can still see him. Short, but well shaped, slender, he had the face of a hero and of a *mauvais sujet*, with the appearance and the physical details which please the French, and which he supported so well by his lightness, his grace, and his brilliant courage, as well as by military talents to which the Republicans themselves did justice. His first words on my presentation were more worthy of a cornet of hussars than of a Prince fighting for the throne and for the altar. 'General,' said he, 'your son has quite an innocent air; but he will soon lose that in the society of the chevaliers of the Crown.' I paraphrase his coarser words" (*Paymatigre*, p. 16), where will also be found a more pleasing story of how the young Prince, after a long day, finding he could not pull off his boots, asked an old gentleman whether his boots hurt him. "Certainly, Monseigneur."—"Shall I take them off?"—Monseigneur would not think of such a thing!—"Yes, because when I have pulled off your boots, I shall ask you to take off mine." This is a pleasanter version of the story of Charles the Bold of Burgundy and Commynes, which Scott has used so well in *Quentin Durward*.

be said that the Duc d'Enghien perished as a presumed accomplice in the conspiracy of Georges?

Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February, 1804, at which time the existence of the conspiracy was known. Pichegru and Georges were also arrested in February, and the Duc d'Enghien not till the 15th of March. Now if the Prince had really been concerned in the plot, if even he had a knowledge of it, would he have remained at Ettenheim for nearly a month after the arrest of his presumed accomplices, intelligence of which he might have obtained in the space of three days? Certainly not. So ignorant was he of that conspiracy that when informed at Ettenheim of the affair he doubted it, declaring that if it were true his father and grandfather would have made him acquainted with it. Would so long an interval have been suffered to elapse before he was arrested? Alas! cruel experience has shown that that step would have been taken in a few hours.

The sentence of death against Georges and his accomplices was not pronounced till the 10th of June, 1804, and the Duc d'Enghien was shot on the 21st of March, before the trials were even commenced. How is this precipitation to be explained? If, as Napoleon has declared, the young Bourbon was an accomplice in the crime, why was he not arrested at the time the others were? Why was he not tried along with them, on the ground of his being an actual accomplice; or of being compromised, by communications with them; or, in short, because his answers might have thrown light on that mysterious affair? How was it that the name of the illustrious accused was not once mentioned in the course of that awful trial?

It can scarcely be conceived that Napoleon could say at St. Helena, "Either they contrived to implicate the unfortunate Prince in their project, and so pronounced his doom, or, by omitting to inform him of what was going on, allowed him imprudently to slumber on the brink of a precipice; for he was only a stone's cast from the frontier when they were about to strike the great blow in the name and for the interest of his family."

This reasoning is not merely absurd, it is atrocious. If the Duke was implicated by the confession of his accomplices, he should have been arrested and tried along with them. Justice required this. If he was not so implicated, where is the proof of his guilt? Because some individuals, without his knowledge, plotted to commit a crime in the name of his family he was to be shot! Because he was 130 leagues from the scene of the plot, and had no connection with it, he was to die! Such arguments cannot fail to inspire horror. It is absolutely impossible any reasonable person can regard the Duc d'Enghien as an accomplice of Cadoudal; and Napoleon basely imposed on his contemporaries and posterity by inventing such falsehoods, and investing them with the authority of his name.

Had I been then in the First Consul's intimacy I may aver, with as much confidence as pride, that the blood of the Duc d'Enghien would not have imprinted an indelible stain on the glory of Bonaparte. In this terrible matter I could have done what no one but me could even attempt, and this on account of my position, which no one else has since held with Bonaparte. I quite admit that he would have preferred others to me, and that he would have had more friendship for them than for me, supposing friendship to be compatible with the character of Bonaparte, but I knew him better than any one else. Besides, among those who surrounded him I alone could have permitted myself some return to our former familiarity on account of our intimacy of childhood. Certainly, in a matter which permanently touched the glory of Bonaparte, I should not have been restrained by the fear of some transitory fit of anger, and the reader has seen that I did not dread disgrace. Why should I have dreaded it? I had neither portfolio, nor office, nor salary, for, as I have said, I was only with Bonaparte as a friend, and we had, as it were, a common purse. I feel a conviction that it would have been very possible for me to have dissuaded Bonaparte from his fatal design, inasmuch as I positively know that his object, after the termination of the peace, was merely to frighten the emigrants, in order to drive them from Ettenheim, where great numbers,

like the Duc d'Enghien, had sought refuge. His anger was particularly directed against a Baroness de Reith and a Baroness d'Ettingen, who had loudly vituperated him, and distributed numerous libels on the left bank of the Rhine. At that period Bonaparte had as little design against the Duc d'Enghien's life as against that of any other emigrant. He was more inclined to frighten than to harm him, and certainly his first intention was not to arrest the Prince, but, as I have said, to frighten the *émigrés*, and to drive them to a distance. I must, however, admit that when Bonaparte spoke to Rapp and Duroc of the emigrants on the other side of the Rhine he expressed himself with much irritability: so much so, indeed, that M. de Talleyrand,¹ dreading its effects for the Duc d'Enghien, warned that Prince, through the medium of a lady to whom he was attached, of his danger, and advised him to proceed to a greater distance from the frontier. On receiving this notice the Prince resolved to rejoin his grandfather, which he could not do but by passing through the Austrian territory. Should any doubt exist as to these facts it may be added that Sir Charles Stuart wrote to M. de Cobenzel to solicit a passport for the Duc d'Enghien; and it was solely owing to the delay of the Austrian Cabinet that time was afforded for the First Consul to order the arrest of the unfor-

¹ On this alleged warning by Talleyrand see the Baron Massias in *Erreurs* (tome ii. pp. 107 and 111). The Princesse de Rohan, the lady apparently alluded to, seems never to have known of this warning. Further, there is this to be said. If Talleyrand had remonstrated in the Council held before the arrest, the fact would have been known. He did not remonstrate; see Bulwer, *Historical Characters*, p. 127, with its rather lame excuses for the silence. If he had really desired to warn the Prince there could have been no difficulty in doing so. Even men attached to Napoleon would have assisted Talleyrand in this. Thus, where Talleyrand's conduct *can* be proved, we find no action in favor of the Prince. We only have a vague statement that he gave a warning, which no one received, and the sending of which is absolutely without corroboration. The Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), according to M. de Vitrolles, gives the following version of Talleyrand's conduct on the night of the execution:—"All that can be certainly known is that Talleyrand announced the consummation of this cruel murder with barbarous composure. He was at two in the morning at the house of Madame de Laval, reclining listlessly, as was his habit, in an arm-chair, when he drew his watch from his pocket, and, showing no kind of emotion in his voice or countenance, remarked, 'At this moment the last of the Condés has ceased to exist.' It will be seen, further on, in a more clear

fortunate Prince as soon as he had formed the horrible resolution of shedding the blood of a Bourbon. This resolution could have originated only with himself, for who would have dared to suggest it to him? The fact is, Bonaparte knew not what he did. His fever of ambition amounted to delirium; and he knew not how he was losing himself in public opinion because he did not know that opinion, to gain which he would have made every sacrifice.

When Cambacérès (who, with a slight reservation, had voted¹ the death of Louis XVI.) warmly opposed in the Council the Duc d'Enghien's arrest, the First Consul observed to him, "Methinks, sir, you have *grown* very chary of Bourbon blood!"

Meanwhile the Duc d'Enghien was at Ettenheim, indulging in hope rather than plotting conspiracies. It is well known that an individual made an offer to the Prince de Condé to assassinate the First Consul, but the Prince indignantly rejected the proposition, and nobly refused to recover the rights of the Bourbons at the price of such a crime. The individual above mentioned was afterwards discovered to be an agent of the Paris police, who had been commissioned to draw the Princes into a plot which would have ruined them, for public feeling revolts at assassination under any circumstances.

It has been alleged that Louis XVIII.'s refusal to treat with Bonaparte led to the fatal catastrophe of the Duc d'Enghien's death. The first correspondence between Louis XVIII. and the First Consul, which has been given in these Memoirs, clearly proves the contrary. It is certainly probable that Louis XVIII.'s refusal to renounce his rights should have

¹ In the Convention Cambacérès had nominally voted for the death of Louis XVI., but with a respite really intended to save him. Hence this sneer. Here it is to be remarked that if Napoleon had believed that Cambacérès had really been a regicide he would never have allowed him to be Consul with him. See his language to Dumas on this subject (*Mathieu Dumas*, tome iii. p. 316), allowing always for the circumstances that forced Fouché, a regicide, on him. It must be remembered that Napoleon, once arrived at power, had the greatest horror of the Revolution, that is, of the follies and bloodshed of the Revolution. "My last break with the Revolution" was his description of his abolition of the Tribunate. Again, "I will not bequeath France to the Revolution, from which I delivered her."

irritated Bonaparte. But it was rather late to take his revenge two years after, and that too on a Prince totally ignorant of those overtures. It is needless to comment on such absurdities. It is equally unnecessary to speak of the mysterious being who often appeared at meetings of the Faubourg St. Germain, and who was afterwards discovered to be Pichegru.¹

A further light is thrown on this melancholy catastrophe by a conversation Napoleon had, a few days after his elevation to the imperial throne, with M. Massias, the French Minister at the Court of the Grand Duke of Baden. This conversation took place at Aix-la-Chapelle. After some remarks on the intrigues of the emigrants Bonaparte observed, "You ought at least to have prevented the plots which the Duc d'Enghien was hatching at Ettenheim." — "Sire, I am too old to learn to tell a falsehood. Believe me, on this subject your Majesty's ear has been abused." — "Do you not think, then, that had the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru proved successful, the Prince would have passed the Rhine, and have come post to Paris?"

¹ Of this mysterious personage Savary gives the following particulars, collected from the evidence for the investigation of Georges's conspiracy:

"Georges was considered as merely a principal instrument; the question was, for whom, in whose name, he would have acted the day following that on which he should have despatched the First Consul. It was very naturally concluded that a more important personage was somewhere concealed, and waiting for the blow to be struck before he made himself known. An active search was set on foot. Georges's people, and those of the house in which he had lodged, were examined; but nothing was discovered. At length two of his servants, being separately interrogated, declared that every ten or twelve days there came to their master a gentleman whose name they did not know, about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, who had light hair, was bald on the forehead, of middle height, and rather corpulent. They stated that he was always extremely well dressed, both as to his linen and otherwise; that he must be a person of consequence, for their master always went to the door to receive him. When he was in the room everybody, Messrs. de Polignac and de Rivière, as well as the others, rose and did not sit down till he again retired, and that whenever he came to see Georges they went together into a cabinet, where they remained alone till he went away, and then Georges attended him to the door.

"The description given of this mysterious person corresponded neither with the age of the Comte d'Artois nor the person of the Duc de Berri. Besides, the witnesses knew the latter personally, and declared it was not he. The Duc d'Angoulême was at Mittau with the King; the Duc de Bourbon was known to be in London. Attention was therefore directed to the

M. Massias, from whom I had these particulars, added, "At this last question of the Emperor I hung down my head and was silent, for I saw he did not wish to hear the truth."

Now let us consider, with that attention which the importance of the subject demands, what has been said by the historians of St. Helena.

Napoleon said to his companions in exile that "the Duc d'Enghien's death must be attributed either to an excess of zeal for him (Napoleon), to private views, or to mysterious intrigues. He had been blindly urged on; he was, if he might say so, taken by surprise. The measure was precipitated, and the result predetermined."

This he might have said; but if he did so express himself, how are we to reconcile such a declaration with the statement of O'Meara? How give credit to assertions so very opposite?¹

Napoleon said to M. de Las Casas:—

"One day when alone, I recollect it well, I was taking my coffee, half seated on the table at which I had just dined, when suddenly information was brought to me that a new conspiracy had been discovered. I was

¹ The following is the statement referred to:—

"It was discovered," said Napoleon, "by the confession of some of the conspirators, that the Duc d'Enghien was an accomplice, and that he was only waiting on the frontiers of France for the news of my assassination, upon receiving which he was to have entered France as the King's lieutenant. Was I to suffer that the Comte d'Artois should send a parcel of miscreants to murder me, and that a Prince of his House should hover on the borders of the country that I governed to profit by my assassination? According to the laws of nature I was authorized to cause him to be assassinated in retaliation for the numerous attempts of the kind that he had before caused to be made against me. I gave orders to have him seized. He was tried and condemned by a law made long before I had any power in France. He was tried by a military commission formed of all the colonels of the regiments then in garrison at Paris. He was accused of having borne arms against the Republic, which he did not deny. When before the Tribunal he behaved with great bravery. When he arrived at Strasburg he wrote a letter to me in which he offered to discover everything if pardon were granted to him; said that his family had lost their claims for a long time; and concluded by offering his services to me. This letter was delivered to Talleyrand, who concealed it until after his execution. Had the Comte d'Artois been in his place he would have suffered the same fate; and were I now placed under similar circumstances I would act in a similar manner. As the police," added Napoleon, "did not like to trust to the evidence of Mehé de la Touche alone, they sent Captain Rosey (a man in whose integrity they had every confidence) to Drake at Munich with a letter from Mehé, which procured him an interview, the result of which confirmed Mehé's statement, that he was concerned in a plot to *terrasser le premier Consul*, no matter by what means" (*Voice from St. Helena*).

warmly urged to put an end to these enormities; they represented to that it was time at last to give a lesson to those who had been day after day conspiring against my life; that this end could only be attained by shedding the blood of one of them; and that the Duc d'Enghien, might now be convicted of forming part of this new conspiracy, and that in the very act, should be that one. It was added that he had been in Strasbourg; that it was even believed that he had been in Paris; that the plan was that he should enter France by the east at the moment of the explosion, whilst the Duc de Berri was disembarking in the west. "I should tell you," observed the Emperor, "that I did not even know precisely who the Duc d'Enghien was (the Revolution having taken place when I was yet a very young man, and I having never been at Combray) and that I was quite in the dark as to where he was at that moment." Having been informed on those points I exclaimed that if such were the case the Duke ought to be arrested, and that orders should be given to that effect. Everything had been foreseen and prepared; the different orders were already drawn up, nothing remained to be done but to execute them, and the fate of the young Prince was thus decided."

Napoleon next asserts that in the Duke's arrest and condemnation all *the usual forms were strictly observed*. But he has also declared that the death of that unfortunate Prince will be an eternal reproach to those who, carried away by criminal zeal, waited not for their Sovereign's orders to execute the sentence of the court-martial. He would, perhaps, have allowed the Prince to live; but yet he said, "It is true I wished to make an example which should deter."

It has been said that the Duc d'Enghien addressed a letter to Napoleon, which was not delivered till after the execution. This is false and absurd! How could that Prince write to Bonaparte to offer him his services and to solicit the command of an army? His interrogatory makes no mention of this letter, and is in direct opposition to the sentiments which that letter would attribute to him. The truth is, no such letter ever existed. The individual who was with the Prince declared he never wrote it. It will never be believed that a man would have presumed to withhold from Bonaparte a letter on which depended the fate of so august a victim.

In his declarations to his companions in exile Napoleon endeavored either to free himself of this crime or to justify it. His fear or his susceptibility was such, that in discou-

ing with strangers he merely said, that had he known of the Prince's letter, which was not delivered to him — God knows why! — until after he had breathed his last, he would have pardoned him. But at a subsequent date he traced, with his own hand, his last thoughts, which he supposed would be consecrated in the minds of his contemporaries, and of posterity. Napoleon, touching on the subject which he felt would be one of the most important attached to his memory, said that *if the thing were to do again he would act as he then did*. How does this declaration tally with his avowal that *if he had received the Prince's letter he should have lived*? This is irreconcilable. But if we compare all that Napoleon said at St. Helena, and which has been transmitted to us by his faithful followers; if we consider his contradictions when speaking of the Duc d'Enghien's death to strangers, to his friends, to the public, or to posterity, the question ceases to be doubtful. Bonaparte wished to strike a blow which would terrify his enemies. Fancying that the Duc de Berri was ready to land in France, he despatched his *aide de camp* Savary, in disguise, attended by gendarmes, to watch the Duke's landing at Biville, near Dieppe. This turned out a fruitless mission. The Duke was warned in time not to attempt the useless and dangerous enterprise, and Bonaparte, enraged to see one prey escape him, pounced upon another. It is well known that Bonaparte often, and in the presence even of persons whom he conceived to have maintained relations with the partisans of the Bourbons at Paris, expressed himself thus: "I will put an end to these conspiracies. If any of the emigrants conspire they shall be shot. I have been told that Cobentzel harbors some of them. I do not believe this; but if it be true, Cobentzel shall be arrested and shot along with them. I will let the Bourbons know I am not to be trifled with."

The above statement of facts accounts for the suppositions respecting the probable influence of the Jacobins in this affair. It has been said, not without some appearance of reason, that to get the Jacobins to help him to ascend the throne Bonaparte consented to sacrifice a victim of the blood

royal, as the only pledge capable of insuring them against the return of the proscribed family. Be this as it may, there are no possible means of relieving Bonaparte from his share of guilt in the death of the Duc d'Enghien.

To the above facts which came within my own knowledge, I may add the following curious story, which was related to me by an individual who himself heard it from the secretary of General Davoust.

Davoust was commanding a division in the camp of Boulogne, and his secretary when proceeding thither to join him met in the diligence a man who seemed to be absorbed in affliction. This man during the whole journey never once broke silence but by some deep sighs, which he had not power to repress. General Davoust's secretary observed him with curiosity and interest, but did not venture to intrude upon his grief by any conversation. The concourse of travellers from Paris to the camp was, however, at that time very great, and the inn at which the diligence stopped in the evening was so crowded that it was impossible to assign a chamber to each traveller. Two, therefore, were put into one room, and it so happened that the secretary was lodged with his mysterious travelling companion.

When they were alone he addressed him in a tone of interest which banished all appearance of intrusion. He inquired whether the cause of his grief was of a nature to admit of any alleviation, and offered to render him any assistance in his power. "Sir," replied the stranger, "I am much obliged for the sympathy you express for me—I want nothing. There is no possible consolation for me. My affliction can end only with my life. You shall judge for yourself, for the interest you seem to take in my misfortune fully justifies my confidence. I was quartermaster in the select gendarmerie, and formed part of a detachment which was ordered to Vincennes. I passed the night there under arms, and at day-break was ordered down to the moat with six men. An execution was to take place. The prisoner was brought out, and I gave the word to fire. The man fell, and after the execution I learned that we had shot the Duc d'Enghien.

Judge of my horror! I knew the prisoner only by the name of the *brigand of La Vendée*! . . . I could no longer remain in the service—I obtained my discharge, and am about to retire to my family. Would that I had done so sooner!” The above has been related to me and other persons by Davoust’s secretary, whom I shall not name.

Note.—At the time of the Duc d’Enghien’s execution, General Murat, the First Consul’s brother-in-law, was governor of Paris. The castle of Vincennes being within his military jurisdiction, many writers have held him up to that infamy which ought more properly to have fallen on other heads. Murat was a kind-hearted, humane man; though a soldier of fortune, and accustomed to scenes of carnage, he could see blood spilt only on the field, and shuddered at all civil executions or private acts of vengeance. Under his two immediate predecessors on that throne, conspirators, and men called so, were hanged or shot by dozens at a time; but during the seven years that Murat was King of Naples he did not allow an execution of the kind, and he never could be brought to sign a death warrant for any, the worst species of criminal, without the greatest difficulty. His feelings on these points amounted to a weakness. Being well aware of the reports against him he took every opportunity of contradicting them to the persons in his confidence; and to the last moment of his life he solemnly protested that he had done all he could to save the Duke. He denied that he appointed the eight officers who sat in judgment at Vincennes, and, without expressly naming them, he seemed to lay most of the blame on Fouché, Savary, and Hulin. He never spoke of the midnight trial and the execution in the ditch without horror. We have received this information from men of most honorable characters, and we give it a place here because we are convinced in our own minds of its veracity, and think it fair to rescue the fame of Murat, who, with all his faults, was one of the best men in the school he belonged to.

The end of Joachim Murat bore a striking resemblance to that of the Duc d’Enghien. He was tried by an incompetent military tribunal, and shot in the courtyard of an old castle in Calabria. Hence several authors have taken occasion to establish a visitation of Providence, and to declare that Murat, iniquitously tried and barbarously murdered, merited the fate he met at Pizzo on the 14th of October, 1815, by what he had done at Vincennes on the 20th of March, 1804.

In General Colletta’s admirable history of the Kingdom of Naples there is a narrative of Murat’s death, which was drawn up entirely from the accounts of eye and ear witnesses. One of the last things Joachim said to Captain Stratti, the commandant of the castle of Pizzo, was: “As for the tragedy of the Duc d’Enghien, which King Ferdinand is about to avenge with another tragedy, I had no part in it, and this I swear by that God in whose presence I must shortly appear.”

Like the Duc d’Enghien, Murat refused to have his eyes bandaged, and he himself gave the word of command to his soldiers. These, the last words he spoke, were highly characteristic of the man—of his dauntless bravery and personal vanity. “Soldiers,” he said, “spare my face—aim at my heart!” The volley was fired, and Joachim Murat fell dead, still holding in his hands the miniature portraits of his children (*Storia del Reame di Napoli dal 1734, sino al 1825*). — *Editor of 1836 Edition.*

CHAPTER XXII.

1804.

General Ordener's mission -- Arrest of the Duc d'Enghien -- Horrible night-scene -- Harrel's account of the death of the Prince -- Order for digging the grave -- The foster-sister of the Duc d'Enghien -- Reading the sentence -- The intern -- General Savary -- The faithful dog and the police -- My visit to Malmaison -- Josephine's grief -- The Duc d'Enghien's portrait and lock of hair -- Savary's caution -- M. de Chateaubriand's resignation -- M. de Chateaubriand's connection with Bonaparte -- Madame Bacciocchi and M. de Fontanes -- Cardinal Feuch -- Publication of the second edition of the *Leçons de Chateaubriand* -- M. de Chateaubriand's visit to the First Consul on the morning of the Duc d'Enghien's death -- Consequences of the Duc d'Enghien's death -- Change of opinion in the provinces -- The Gentry of the Chateaux -- Effect of the Duc d'Enghien's death on foreign Courts -- Remarkable words of Mr. Pitt -- Louis XVIII. sends back the insignia of the Golden Fleece to the King of Spain.

I WILL now narrate more fully the sanguinary scene which took place at Vincennes. General Ordener, commanding the mounted grenadiers of the Guard, received orders from the War Minister to proceed to the Rhine, to give instructions to the chiefs of the gendarmerie of New Brienne, which was placed at his disposal. General Ordener sent a detachment of gendarmerie to Ettenheim, where the Duc d'Enghien was arrested on the 15th of March. He was immediately conducted to the citadel of Strasburg, where he remained till the 18th, to give time for the arrival of orders from Paris. These orders were given rapidly, and executed promptly, for the carriage which conveyed the unfortunate Prince arrived at the barrier at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 20th, where it remained for five hours, and afterwards proceeded by the exterior boulevards on the road to Vincennes, where it arrived at night. Every scene of the horrible drama was acted under the veil of night; the sun did not even shine

gates of the fortress were closed upon the Prince. At night the Council assembled and tried him, or rather condemned him without trial. When the clock struck six in the morning the orders were given to fire, and the Prince ceased to exist.

Here a reflection occurs to me. Supposing one were inclined to admit that the Council held on the 10th of March had some connection with the Duc d'Enghien's arrest, yet as no Council was held from the time of the Duke's arrival at the barrier to the moment of his execution, it could only be Bonaparte himself who issued the orders which were too punctually obeyed. When the dreadful intelligence of the Duc d'Enghien's death was spread in Paris it excited a feeling of consternation which recalled the recollection of the Reign of Terror. Could Bonaparte have seen the gloom which pervaded Paris, and compared it with the joy which prevailed on the day when he returned victorious from the field of Marengo, he would have felt that he had tarnished his glory by a stain which could never be effaced.

About half-past twelve on the 22d of March I was informed that some one wished to speak with me. It was Harrel.¹ I will relate word for word what he communicated to me. Harrel probably thought that he was bound in gratitude to acquaint me with these details; but he owed me no gratitude, for it was much against my will that he had encouraged the conspiracy of C  racchi, and received the reward of his treachery in that crime. The following is Harrel's statement:—“On the evening of the day before yesterday, when the Prince arrived, I was asked whether I had a room to lodge a prisoner in; I replied, No—that there were only my apartments and the Council-chamber. I was told to prepare instantly a room in which a prisoner could sleep who was to arrive that evening. I was also desired to dig a pit in the courtyard.² I replied that that could not be easily done, as

¹ Harrel, who had been unemployed till the plot of Ar  na and C  racchi on the 18th Vend  miare, an IX. (10th October, 1800) which he had feigned to join, and had then revealed to the police (see *ante*), had been made Governor of Vincennes.

² This fact must be noted. Harrel is told to dig a trench before the sentence. Thus it was known that they had come to kill the Duc d'Enghien. How can this be answered? Can it possibly be supposed that any one, who-

the courtyard was paved. The moat was then fixed upon, and there the pit was dug. The Prince arrived at seven o'clock in the evening; he was perishing with cold and hunger. He did not appear dispirited. He said he wanted something to eat, and to go to bed afterwards. His apartment not being yet sufficiently aired, I took him into my own, and sent into the village for some refreshment. The Prince sat down to table, and invited me to eat with him. He then asked me a number of questions respecting Vincennes — what was going on there, and other particulars. He told me that he had been brought up in the neighborhood of the castle, and spoke to me with great freedom and kindness. 'What do they want with me?' he said. 'What do they mean to do with me?' But these questions betrayed no uneasiness or anxiety. My wife, who was ill, was lying in the same room in an alcove, closed by a railing. She heard, without being perceived, all our conversation, and she was exceedingly agitated, for she recognized the Prince, whose foster-sister she was, and whose family had given her a pension before the Revolution.

'The Prince hastened to bed, but before he could have fallen asleep the judges sent to request his presence in the Council-chamber. I was not present at his examination; but when it was concluded he returned to his chamber, and when they came to read his sentence to him he was in a profound sleep. In a few moments after he was led out for execution. He had so little suspicion of the fate that awaited him that on descending the staircase leading to the moat he asked where they were taking him. He received no answer. I went before the Prince with a lantern. Feeling the cold air which came up the staircase he pressed my arm and said, 'Are they going to put me into a dungeon?''

The rest is known. I can yet see Harrel shuddering while thinking of this action of the Prince's.

Much has been said about a lantern which it is pretended was attached to one of the Duc d'Enghien's buttonholes. This is a pure invention. Captain Dautancourt, whose sight

ever it was, would have dared to give such an order in anticipation if the order had not been the carrying out of a formal command of Bonaparte? That is incredible. — *Bourrienne*.



HENRI DE BOURBON.

DUC D'ENGHIEN.

was not very good; took the lantern out of Harrel's hand to read the sentence to the victim, who had been condemned with as little regard to judicial forms as to justice. This circumstance probably gave rise to the story about the lantern to which I have just alluded. The fatal event took place at six o'clock on the morning of the 21st of March, and it was then daylight.

General Savary did not dare to delay the execution of the sentence, although the Prince urgently demanded to have an interview with the First Consul. Had Bonaparte seen the prince there can be little doubt but that he would have saved his life. Savary, however, thought himself bound to sacrifice his own opinions to the powerful faction which then controlled the First Consul; and whilst he thought he was serving his master, he was in fact only serving the faction to which, I must say, he did not belong. The truth is, that General Savary can only be reproached for not having taken upon himself to suspend the execution, which very probably would not have taken place had it been suspended. He was merely an instrument, and regret on his part would, perhaps, have told more in his favor than his vain efforts to justify Bonaparte. I have just said that if there had been any suspension there would have been no execution; and I think this is almost proved by the uncertainty which must have existed in the mind of the First Consul. If he had made up his mind all the measures would have been taken in advance, and if they had been, the carriage of the Duke would certainly not have been kept for five hours at the barriers. Besides, it is certain that the first intention was to take the Prince to the prison of the Temple.

From all that I have stated, and particularly from the non-suspension of the execution, it appears to me as clear as day that General Savary had received a formal order from Bonaparte for the Duc d'Enghien's death, and also a formal order that it should be so managed as to make it impossible to speak to Bonaparte again on the subject until all should be over. Can there be a more evident, a more direct proof of this than the digging of the grave beforehand? I have re-

peated Harrel's story just as he related it to me. He told it me without solicitation, and he could not invent a circumstance of this nature.¹

General Savary was not in the moat during the execution, but on the bank, from whence he could easily see all that passed. Another circumstance connected with the Duc d'Enghien's death has been mentioned, which is true. The Prince had a little dog; this faithful animal returned incessantly to the fatal spot in the moat. There are few who have not seen that spot. Who has not made a pilgrimage to Vincennes and dropped a tear where the victim fell? The fidelity of the poor dog excited so much interest that the police prevented any one from visiting the fatal spot, and the dog was no longer heard to howl over his master's grave.

I promised to state the truth respecting the death of the Duc d'Enghien, and I have done so, though it has cost me some pain. Harrel's narrative, and the shocking circumstance of the grave being dug beforehand, left me no opportunity of cherishing any doubts I might have wished to entertain; and everything which followed confirmed the view I then took of the subject. When Harrel left me on the 22d I determined to go to Malmaison to see Madame Bonaparte, knowing, from her sentiments towards the House of Bourbon, that she would be in the greatest affliction. I had previously sent to know whether it would be convenient for her to see me, a precaution I had never before observed, but which I conceived to be proper upon that occasion. On my arrival I was immediately introduced to her boudoir, where she was alone with Hortense and Madame de Rémusat. They were all deeply afflicted. "Bourrienne," exclaimed Josephine, as soon as she perceived me, "what a dreadful event! Did you but know the state of mind Bonaparte is in! He avoids, he dreads the presence of every one! Who could have suggested to him such an act as this?" I then acquainted Josephine with the particulars which I had received from Harrel. "What barbarity!" she resumed. "But no reproach can rest upon me, for I did everything to dissuade him from this dreadful project. He

¹ Harrel's antecedents should, however, be borne in mind.

did not confide the secret to me, but I guessed it, and he acknowledged all. How harshly he repelled my entreaties. I clung to him! I threw myself at his feet! 'Meddle with what concerns you!' he exclaimed angrily. 'This is not women's business! Leave me!' And he repulsed me with a violence which he had never displayed since our first interview after your return from Egypt. Heavens! what will become of us?"

I could say nothing to calm affliction and alarm in which I participated, for to my grief for the death of the Duc d'Enghien was added my regret that Bonaparte should be capable of such a crime. "What," said Josephine, "can be thought of this in Paris? He must be the object of universal imprecation, for even here his flatterers appear astounded when they are out of his presence. How wretched we have been since yesterday; and he! . . . You know what he is when he is dissatisfied with himself. No one dare speak to him, and all is mournful around us. What a commission he gave to Savary! You know I do not like the general, because he is one of those whose flatteries will contribute to ruin Bonaparte. Well! I pitied Savary when he came yesterday to fulfil a commission which the Duc d'Enghien had intrusted to him. Here," added Josephine, "is his portrait and a lock of his hair, which he has requested me to transmit to one who was dear to him. Savary almost shed tears when he described to me the last moments of the Duke; then, endeavoring to resume his self-possession, he said: 'It is in vain to try to be indifferent, Madame! It is impossible to witness the death of such a man unmoved!'"

Josephine afterwards informed me of the only act of courage which occurred at this period — namely, the resignation which M. de Chateaubriand had sent to Bonaparte. She admired his conduct greatly, and said: "What a pity he is not surrounded by men of this description! It would be the means of preventing all the errors into which he is led by the constant approbation of those about him." Josephine thanked me for my attention in coming to see her at such an unhappy juncture; and I confess that it required all the regard I cher-

ished for her to induce me to do so, for at that moment I should not have wished to see the First Consul, since the evil was irreparable. On the evening of that day nothing was spoken of but the transaction of the 21st of March, and the noble conduct of M. de Chateaubriand. As the name of that celebrated man is forever written in characters of honor in the history of that period, I think I may with propriety relate here what I know respecting his previous connection with Bonaparte.

I do not recollect the precise date of M. de Chateaubriand's return to France; I only know that it was about the year 1800, for we were, I think, still at the Luxembourg. However, I recollect perfectly that Bonaparte began to conceive prejudices against him; and when I one day expressed my surprise to the First Consul that M. de Chateaubriand's name did not appear on any of the lists which he had ordered to be presented to him for filling up vacant places, he said: "He has been mentioned to me, but I replied in a way to check all hopes of his obtaining any appointment. He has notions of liberty and independence which will not suit my system. I would rather have him my enemy than my forced friend. At all events, he must wait a while; I may, perhaps, try him first in a secondary place, and, if he does well, I may advance him."

The above is, word for word, what Bonaparte said the first time I conversed with him about M. de Chateaubriand. The publication of *Atala* and the *Génie du Christianisme* suddenly gave Chateaubriand celebrity, and attracted the attention of the First Consul. Bonaparte, who then meditated the restoration of religious worship in France, found himself wonderfully supported by the publication of a book which excited the highest interest, and whose superior merit led the public mind to the consideration of religious topics. I remember Madame Bacciochi coming one day to visit her brother with a little volume in her hand; it was *Atala*. She presented it to the First Consul, and begged he would read it. "What, more romances!" exclaimed he. "Do you think I have time to read all your fooleries?" He, however, took the book

from his sister and laid it down on my desk. Madame Bacciocchi then solicited the erasure of M. de Chateaubriand's name from the list of emigrants. "Oh! oh!" said Bonaparte, "it is Chateaubriand's book, is it? I will read it, then. Bourrienne, write to Fouché to erase his name from the list."

Bonaparte at that time paid so little attention to what was doing in the literary world that he was not aware of Chateaubriand being the author of *Atala*. It was on the recommendation of M. de Fontanes that Madame Bacciocchi tried this experiment, which was attended by complete success. The First Consul read *Atala*, and was much pleased with it. On the publication of the *Génie du Christianisme* some time after, his first prejudices were wholly removed. Among the persons about him there were many who dreaded to see a man of M. de Chateaubriand's talent approach the First Consul, who knew how to appreciate superior merit when it did not excite his envy.

Our relations with the Court of the Vatican being renewed, and Cardinal Fesch appointed Ambassador to the Holy See, Bonaparte conceived the idea of making M. de Chateaubriand first secretary to the Embassy, thinking that the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* was peculiarly fitted to make up for his uncle's deficiency of talent in the capital of the Christian world, which was destined to become the second city of the Empire.

It was not a little extraordinary to see a man, previously a stranger to diplomatic business, stepping over all the intermediate degrees, and being at once invested with the functions of first secretary to an important Embassy. I oftener than once heard the First Consul congratulate himself on having made the appointment. I knew, though Bonaparte was not aware of the circumstance at the time, that Chateaubriand at first refused the situation, and that he was only induced to accept it by the entreaties of the heads of the clergy, particularly of the Abbé Émery, a man of great influence. They represented to the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* that it was necessary he should accompany the uncle of the First Consul to Rome; and M. de Chateaubriand accordingly resolved to do so.

However, clouds gathered, I do not know from what cause, between the ambassador and his secretary. All I know is, that on Bonaparte being informed of the circumstance he took the part of the Cardinal, and the friends of M. de Chateaubriand expected to see him soon deprived of his appointment, when, to the great astonishment of every one, the secretary to the Roman Embassy, far from being disgraced, was raised by the First Consul to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Valais, with leave to travel in Switzerland and Italy, together with the promise of the first vacant Embassy.

This favor excited a considerable sensation at the Tuileries; but as it was known to be the will and pleasure of the First Consul all expression of opinion on the subject was confined to a few quiet murmurs that Bonaparte had done for the name of Chateaubriand what, in fact, he had done only on account of his talent. It was during the continuance of this favor that the second edition of the *Génie du Christianisme* was dedicated to the First Consul.

M. de Chateaubriand returned to France previously to entering on the fulfilment of his new mission. He remained for some months in Paris, and on the day appointed for his departure he went to take leave of the First Consul. By a singular chance it happened to be the fatal morning of the 21st of March, and consequently only a few hours after the Duc d'Enghien had been shot. It is unnecessary to observe that M. de Chateaubriand was ignorant of the fatal event. However, on his return home he said to his friends that he had remarked a singular change in the appearance of the First Consul, and that there was a sort of sinister expression in his countenance. Bonaparte saw his new minister amidst the crowd who attended the audience, and several times seemed inclined to step forward to speak to him, but as often turned away, and did not approach him the whole morning. A few hours after, when M. de Chateaubriand mentioned his observations to some of his friends, he was made acquainted with the cause of that agitation which, in spite of all his strength of mind and self-command, Bonaparte could not disguise.

M. de Chateaubriand instantly resigned his appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Valais. For several days his friends were much alarmed for his safety, and they called every morning early to ascertain whether he had not been carried off during the night. Their fears were not without foundation. I must confess that I, who knew Bonaparte well, was somewhat surprised that no serious consequence attended the anger he manifested on receiving the resignation of the man who had dedicated his work to him. In fact, there was good reason for apprehension, and it was not without considerable difficulty that Elisa succeeded in averting the threatened storm. From this time began a state of hostility between Bonaparte and Chateaubriand which only terminated at the Restoration.

I am persuaded, from my knowledge of Bonaparte's character, that though he retained implacable resentment against a returned emigrant who had dared to censure his conduct in so positive a manner, yet, his first burst of anger being soothed, that which was the cause of hatred was at the same time the ground of esteem. Bonaparte's animosity was, I confess, very natural, for he could not disguise from himself the real meaning of a resignation made under such circumstances. It said plainly, "You have committed a crime, and I will not serve your Government, which is stained with the blood of a Bourbon!" I can therefore very well imagine that Bonaparte could never pardon the only man who dared to give him such a lesson in the midst of the plenitude of his power. But, as I have often had occasion to remark, there was no unison between Bonaparte's feelings and his judgment.

I find a fresh proof of this in the following passage, which he dictated to M. de Montholon at St. Helena (*Mémoires*, tome iv. p. 248). "If," said he, "the royal confidence had not been placed in men whose minds were unstrung by too important circumstances, or who, renegades to their country, saw no safety or glory for their master's throne except under the yoke of the Holy Alliance; if the Duc de Richelieu, whose ambition was to deliver his country from the presence of foreign bayonets; if Chateaubriand, who had just rendered valu-

able services at Ghent; if they had had the direction of affairs, France would have emerged from these two great national crises powerful and redoubtable. Chateaubriand had received from Nature the sacred fire—his works show it! His style is not that of Racine but of a prophet. Only he could have said with impunity in the chamber of peers, 'that the redingote and cocked hat of Napoleon, put on a stick on the coast of Brest, would make all Europe run to arms.'"¹

The immediate consequences of the Duc d'Enghien's death were not confined to the general consternation which that unjustifiable stroke of state policy produced in the capital. The news spread rapidly through the provinces and foreign countries, and was everywhere accompanied by astonishment and sorrow. There is in the departments a separate class of society, possessing great influence, and constituted entirely of persons usually called the "Gentry of the Châteaux," who may be said to form the provincial Faubourg St. Germain, and who were overwhelmed by the news. The opinion of the Gentry of the Châteaux was not hitherto unfavorable to the First Consul, for the law of hostages which he repealed had been felt very severely by them. With the exception of some families accustomed to consider themselves, in relation to the whole world, what they were only within the circle of a couple of leagues, that is to say, illustrious personages, all the in-

¹ Napoleon had been struck by the genius of Chateaubriand. Sainte-Beuve (*Chateaubriand*, tome i. p. 398), relating his progress from Ossian to Corneille, and from Corneille to Racine, says, "Notwithstanding all this, it may be said with certainty that he nowhere found poetry which fully answered his ideal, and which satisfied him; Chateaubriand alone offered him some resemblance to it. Thus, notwithstanding the insults he received from Chateaubriand, he always preserved a predilection for him, and rendered him justice." The same day on which the *Concordat* was proclaimed the *Moniteur* contained a graceful notice of the *Génie du Christianisme*. Chateaubriand was then full of admiration for the man he so bitterly attacked in 1814. Napoleon was then to him *the man who has dragged us back from the abyss*. . . Comparing the work of Napoleon to the restoration of the Temple of Jerusalem, Chateaubriand says that as an "obscure Israelite, I carry to-day my grain of sand." After the Restoration Chateaubriand, with the feelings of a French Royalist, accused Napoleon of a taste for bad literature. It was a strange return for the opinion Napoleon always had for him. Napoleon, on his side, was not unwilling to again employ Chateaubriand, but, as he said, wished to take him at his own estimation for him, and not at the price Chateaubriand set on himself. Chateaubriand disclaimed the exact words about

habitants of the provinces, though they might retain some attachment to the ancient order of things, had viewed with satisfaction the substitution of the Consular for the Directorial government, and entertained no personal dislike to the First Consul. Among the Châteaux, more than anywhere else, it has always been the custom to cherish Utopian ideas respecting the management of public affairs, and to criticise the acts of the Government. It is well known that at this time there was not in all France a single old mansion surmounted by its two weathercocks which had not a system of policy peculiar to itself, and in which the question whether the First Consul would play the part of Cromwell or Monk was not frequently canvassed. In those innocent controversies the little news which the Paris papers were allowed to publish was freely discussed, and a confidential letter from Paris sometimes furnished food for the conversation of a whole week.

While I was with Bonaparte he often talked to me about the life in the Châteaux, which he considered as the happiest for men with sufficient income and exempt from ambition. He knew and could appreciate this sort of life, for he often told me the period of his life which he remembered with the greatest pleasure was that which he had passed in a château of the family of Boulat du Colombier near Valence.¹ Bonaparte set great value on the opinion of the Châteaux, because while living in the country he had observed the moral influence which their inhabitants exercise over their neighborhood. He had succeeded to a great degree in conciliating them, but the news of the death of the Duc d'Enghien alienated from him minds which were still wavering, and even those which had already declared in his favor. That act of tyranny dissolved the charm which had created hope from his government and awakened affections which had as yet only slumbered. Those to whom this event was almost indifferent also joined in condemning it; for there are certain aristocratic ideas which are always fashionable in a certain class of

¹ Compare with the passage where, in 1795, he wishes Bourrienne to buy for him, in the beautiful valley of the Yonne, a small property to which he can retire. Then came the Jour des Sections, and all the great dream of his ambition.

society. Thus for different causes this atrocity gave a retrograde direction to public opinion, which had previously been favorably disposed to Bonaparte throughout the whole of France.

The consequences were not less important, and might have been disastrous with respect to foreign Courts. I learned, through a channel which does not permit me to entertain any doubt of the correctness of my information, that as soon as the Emperor Alexander received the news it became clear that England might conceive a well-founded hope of forming a new coalition against France. Alexander openly expressed his indignation. I also learned with equal certainty that when Mr. Pitt was informed of the death of the French Prince he said, "Bonaparte has now done himself more mischief than we have done him since the last declaration of war."¹ Pitt was not the man to feel much concern for the death of any one; but he understood and seized all the advantages afforded to him by this great error of policy committed by the most formidable enemy of England. In all the Treasury journals published in London Bonaparte was never spoken of under any other name than that of the "assassin of the Duc d'Enghien."

The inert policy of the Cabinet of Vienna prevented the manifestation of its displeasure by remonstrances, or by any outward act. At Berlin, in consequence of the neighborhood of the French troops in Hanover, the commiseration for the death of the Duc d'Enghien was also confined to the King's cabinet, and more particularly to the *salons* of the Queen of Prussia; but it is certain that that transaction almost everywhere changed the disposition of sovereigns towards the First Consul, and that if it did not cause, it at least hastened the success of the negotiations which England was secretly carrying on with Austria and Prussia. Every Prince of Germany was offended by the violation of the Grand Duke of Baden's territory, and the death of a Prince could not fail everywhere

¹ The remark made on this murder by the astute cold-blooded Fouché is well known. He said, "It was worse than a crime — it was a blunder!" — (*C'est plus qu'un crime — c'est une faute*). — *Editor of 1836 Edition.*

to irritate that kind of sympathy of blood and of race which had hitherto always influenced the crowned heads and sovereign families of Europe ; for it was felt as an injury to all of them.

When Louis XVIII. learned the death of the Duc d'Enghien he wrote to the King of Spain, returning him the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece (which had also been conferred on Bonaparte), with the accompanying letter : —

SIRE, MONSIEUR, AND DEAR COUSIN — It is with regret that I send back to you the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece which his Majesty, your father, of glorious memory conferred upon me. There can be nothing in common between me and the great criminal whom audacity and fortune have placed on my throne, since he has had the barbarity to stain himself with the blood of a Bourbon, the Duc d'Enghien.

Religion might make me pardon an assassin, but the tyrant of my people must always be my enemy.

In the present age it is more glorious to merit a sceptre than to possess one.

Providence, for incomprehensible reasons, may condemn me to end my days in exile, but neither my contemporaries nor posterity shall ever have to say, that in the period of adversity I showed myself unworthy of occupying the throne of my ancestors.

LOUIS.

The death of the Duc d'Enghien was a horrible episode in the proceedings of the great trial which was then preparing, and which was speedily followed by the accession of Bonaparte to the Imperial dignity. It was not one of the least remarkable anomalies of the epoch to see the judgment by which criminal enterprises against the Republic were condemned pronounced in the name of the Emperor who had so evidently destroyed that Republic. This anomaly certainly was not removed by the subtlety, by the aid of which he at first declared himself Emperor of the Republic, as a preliminary to his proclaiming himself Emperor of the French. Setting aside the means, it must be acknowledged that it is impossible not to admire the genius of Bonaparte, his tenacity in advancing towards his object, and that adroit employment of suppleness and audacity which made him sometimes dare fortune, sometimes avoid difficulties which he found insur-

mountable, to arrive, not merely at the throne of Louis XVI but at the reconstructed throne of Charlemagne.

Note.—Although the details of the death of the Duc d'Enghien are well known, some remarks may be made here. It is not evident what Napoleon gained by the step. From that moment he must have expected that the Royalists would turn from him, and it is strange that so many continued afterwards consented to serve him. His proclaiming himself Emperor would have re-assured the Republicans without shedding blood. He was quite capable of the execution, if he believed it necessary; but, as he himself said, "Great men are never cruel except from necessity," and here the necessity is not evident. If the reader compares the account of Madame de Rémusat (tome i. chap. v.), which agrees fairly with Bourrienne's account of what Josephine said to him (note especially the description in both of Savary's state), it will be seen that all Napoleon's actions are consonant with an intention to pardon the Prince at the last moment. His first anger was over and he was not the man to uselessly act in private the foolish and ignominious part he did in repeating the following lines if he had intended the Prince to die:—

"Des Dieux que nous servons connais la différence :
Les tiens t'ont commandé le meurtre et la vengeance ;
Et le mien, quand ton bras vient de m'assassiner,
M'ordonne de te plaindre et de te pardonner."

(*Alzire*, Act V. Scene vii.)

(Know the difference between the Gods we serve. Thine have commanded thee murder and revenge, while, when thy arm drops from assassinating me, mine has ordered me to pity and pardon you.)

The most striking point of the whole matter is the implicit obedience that was paid to Napoleon's order, if such order were ever given, to carry out the sentence without referring to him. In the very height of his power, when he wished to try such an unimportant personage as the Prince of Hatzfeldt in Berlin in 1806, the men immediately around him determined this should not be done; and they seemed to have taken for granted that if the Prince once saw Napoleon he was sure to pardon her husband. Why, we may ask, did not some person stir when they knew that such action would forever constitute a claim on the Bourbons, who then were thought not far from the throne? Talleyrand, later, bore all the violent wrath of Napoleon without shrinking. He now at most kept silence. Savary, later, took on himself all the responsibility of evacuating Madrid after Baylen, knowing that the Emperor would storm. He was in command of the troops temporarily occupying Vincennes. With all his faults he was not the man to shrink from delaying the execution till Napoleon had been referred to. We know that the Real, one of the heads of the police, was ordered to go to Vincennes to examine the Prince. He would have found him at last fully aware of the danger of his position, and likely to make the appeal to the First Consul if which Napoleon may have been waiting; an accident prevented him starting till too late. The extraordinary haste is strange, as no pressure seems to have been put on Napoleon, though the intended seizure of the Prince was known to many. It is easy for persons unacquainted with the difficulties of command to say that Napoleon was responsible for everything done; but there is one theory which, if true, would explain all. Napoleon, the first burst of anger over, never intended to kill the Prince; he meant to release him after obtaining some appeal from him damaging to his cause. The whole scene was prepared. Napoleon, left unsolicited, was to receive and compound with the appeal of the frightened Prince. But men around him wished to take his hands, and bind him to the Revolutionary party. They did not understand how little he was made to play Monk's part; they dreaded his intentions and they forced his hand, just as the ministers of Elizabeth forced him in the execution of Mary. Napoleon, with the words of mercy on his lip

finds that the Prince is dead ; he sees how vain it would be to disclaim the act, and he boldly accepts it. This was the view of Savary (see especially tome ii. p. 377). There is nothing unlikely about it. Such men as Talleyrand had everything then to dread from the return of the Bourbons ; they, not Napoleon, gained by the act. Talleyrand disclaimed any part in the matter, especially after his tenure of power, during the Provisional Government in 1814, had placed the records of the Foreign Office in his hands, and enabled him to destroy any incriminatory documents. Napoleon, while the evidence existed, and the event was fresh in the memory of men, accused Talleyrand of having advised the act. It is necessary to remember that Bourrienne was under obligations to Talleyrand at the time he wrote. The Princesse de Canino, the second wife of Lucien, says that she had seen a letter of Talleyrand to Napoleon tending to persuade him to try the Duc d'Enghien by a council of war. This letter, she says, was shown to Thiers, who refused to use it for his history, saying that to do so would be an act of ingratitude on his part towards Talleyrand, to whom he owed his political position (Fung's *Lucien*, tome ii. p. 432, note). Three days after the execution Talleyrand gave a ball, a proceeding in accordance with his answer to the question why, if he disapproved the act, he did not resign his post? "If he has committed a crime, that is no reason why I should commit a folly." For the men of the Revolution the murder was a gain; they made an accomplice of the man who hated their party, and whose intentions they doubted, while the act was in accordance with their conduct whenever, before or afterwards, they possessed power. For Napoleon the act was without object, and in utter contrast with his conduct in all previous and subsequent cases of the sort. One gain there was. Talleyrand, Fouché, or whoever was the author of the saying, "C'est pire qu'un crime, c'est une faute," was not quite right. "For humanity's sake," says Thiers (tome iv. p. 608), "one is sorry to say that the terror inspired by the First Consul acted efficaciously on the Bourbon Princes and the *émigrés*. . . . From this day plots of this sort ceased." See Savary's account in tome ii. p. 337, and Bulwer's (Lord Dalling) *Historical Sketches*, p. 126, both of which come to much the same conclusion as here expressed.

Some surprise has been expressed that so few attempts were made on the life of Napoleon. See, for example, the curious and not very creditable conversation of the Prince de Liechtenstein with Vitrolles in March, 1814, when the Prince, forgetting the German subserviency, wondered that "the acts of tyranny exercised on the nation and on individuals had never armed 'un bras vengeur,'" i.e. an assassin (*Vitrolles*, tome i. p. 75). Napoleon himself always said that he knew any man who ventured his own life could take his. His safety was probably due to some simple precautions (see *D'Odeleben*, tome i. p. 163, copied in *Alison*, vol. x. p. 294), and also, quite as probably, to the absence, during the time of his power, of any of the great personal hatred affected, and perhaps felt, when he had fallen. The plots of the infernal machine and others, during the early days of the Consulate, were aimed at him as head of the Government, not as an individual. After Napoleon's fall from power it was natural that he should have a greater dread of attempts on his life. Dethroned Princes seldom live long. The Maubreuil affair, dealt with in this work under the year 1814, showed at least the possibility of an assassination, which would have been so convenient for many of the new adherents of the Bourbons. We know that the Allies intended to remove Napoleon from Elba to some distant island (see the *Talleyrand Correspondence*, specially vol. i. p. 48) ; and it was practically certain that he would resist the attempt to consign him to the living tomb destined for him, when the struggle would offer many chances for his death. It might have been awkward to intrust such a mission to any of the regular and honorable officers of the allied fleets, and we find a plan laid before Talleyrand for seizing Napoleon on board his brig while coasting round Elba, which was to have been carried out by one of his own discontented officers. The plot was discovered by Napoleon, who seems to have had a probably not misplaced anxiety as to other attempts on his life. See the account of a very unfriendly

writer (Tung's *Lucien*, tome iii. chap. ix.). On the whole it is difficult not to come to the conclusion that the real affection felt for Napoleon by the men immediately around him gave him a better safeguard than all the precautions of most sovereigns can procure for themselves.

If it be thought that Napoleon's anxiety was affected, it should be remembered that, putting aside some exclamations when in a rage, he ceased to express them when under the charge of English officers at St. Helena. His belief that a confinement there was intended to hasten his death cannot be thought unreasonable when we consider the hereditary disease of his family, the existence of which can hardly have been unknown to the allied Governments. Talleyrand had another explanation. Asked why some of the best French sovereigns had been attacked by assassins while none attempted the life of Napoleon, Talleyrand replied, "What else do you expect? there is no longer any religion in France" (*Vitrolles*, tome i. p. 58).

CHAPTER XXIII.

1804.

Pichegru betrayed — His arrest — His conduct to his old *aide de camp* — Account of Pichegru's family, and his education at Brienne — Permission to visit M. Carbonnet — The prisoners in the Temple — Absurd application of the word "brigand" — Moreau and the state of public opinion respecting him — Pichegru's firmness — Pichegru strangled in prison — Public opinion at the time — Report on the death of Pichegru.

I SHALL now proceed to relate what I knew at the time and what I have since learnt of the different phases of the trial of Georges, Pichegru, Moreau, and the other persons accused of conspiracy, — a trial to all the proceedings of which I closely attended. From those proceedings I was convinced that Moreau was no conspirator, but at the same time I must confess that it is very probable the First Consul might believe that he had been engaged in the plot, and I am also of opinion that the real conspirators believed Moreau to be their accomplice and their chief; for the object of the machinations of the police agents was to create a foundation for such a belief, it being important to the success of their scheme.

It has been stated that Moreau was arrested on the day after the confessions made by Bouvet de Lozier; Pichegru was taken by means of the most infamous treachery that a man can be guilty of. The official police had at last ascertained that he was in Paris, but they could not learn the place of his concealment. The police agents had in vain exerted all their efforts to discover him, when an old friend, who had given him his last asylum, offered to deliver him up for 100,000 crowns. This infamous fellow gave an exact description of the chamber which Pichegru occupied in the Rue de Chabanais, and in consequence of his information Comminges, commissary of police, proceeded thither, accompanied by some

known that Pichegru was a man of prodigious bodily strength, and that besides, as he possessed the means of defence, he would not allow himself to be taken without making a desperate resistance. The police entered his chamber by using false keys, which the man who had sold him had the baseness to get made for them. A light was burning on his night-table. The party of police, directed by Comminges, overturned the table, extinguished the light, and threw themselves on the general, who struggled with all his strength, and cried out loudly. They were obliged to bind him, and in this state the conqueror of Holland was removed to the Temple, out of which he was destined never to come alive.¹

It must be owned that Pichegru was far from exciting the same interest as Moreau. The public, and more especially the army, never pardoned him for his negotiations with the Prince de Condé prior to the 18th Fructidor. However, I became acquainted with a trait respecting him while he was in Paris, which I think does him much honor. A son of M. Lagrené, formerly director of the French Academy at Rome, had become one of Pichegru's *aides de camp*. This young man, though he had obtained the rank of captain, resigned on the banishment of his general, and resumed the pencil, which he had laid aside for the sword. Pichegru, while he was concealed in Paris, visited his former *aide de camp*, who insisted upon giving him an asylum; but Pichegru positively refused

¹ In *Erreurs* (tome ii. p. 69), a writer, apparently Réal himself, denies most of Bourrienne's account. Pichegru was betrayed by a man named Blanc, of the Bourse, who, agreeing to receive him, then betrayed him for 100,000 francs, which were paid. Blanc then had the audacity to ask for the Legion of Honor, and was ordered to leave Paris. He went to Hamburgh but did not stay there. Pichegru was seized without the light being extinguished; he kicked a gendarme in the stomach, and was himself wounded by a sword-thrust near the knee. At last he was bound and gagged to stop his shouts. He was then carried, naked, tied, and gagged, and placed stretched on the floor of the cabinet of Réal, one of the chiefs of the police, where at last, worn out by his cries and fury, he answered the questions put to him. Thiers (tome iv. p. 575) gives a curious story of Pichegru, while trying to evade the police, going at night to the house of M. de Barbé-Marbois, then *Ministre du Trésor*, one of the members of the Legislature who had been transported to Sinnamari with Pichegru, after the 18th Fructidor, and who like him, had escaped. Marbois, one of the most honorable of the *Ministres*, received him, and afterwards acknowledged to Napoleon what he had done. "The First Consul answered by a letter which was a noble approbation of (Marbois's) generous conduct."

accept M. Lagrenée's offer, being determined not to commit a man who had already given him so strong a proof of friendship. I learned this fact by a singular coincidence. At this period Madame de Bourrienne wished to have a portrait of one of our children; she was recommended to M. Lagrenée, and he related the circumstance to her.

It was on the night of the 22d of February that Pichegru was arrested in the manner I have described. The deceitful friend who gave him up was named Le Blanc, and he went to settle at Hamburg with the reward of his treachery. I had entirely lost sight of Pichegru since we left Brienne, for Pichegru was also a pupil of that establishment; but being older than either Bonaparte or I, he was already a tutor when we were only scholars, and I very well recollect that it was he who examined Bonaparte in the four first rules of arithmetic.

Pichegru belonged to an agricultural family of Franche-Comté. He had a relation, a *minim*,¹ in that country. The *minims*, who had the charge of educating the pupils of the Military School of Brienne, being very poor, and their poverty not enabling them to hold out much inducement to other persons to assist them, they applied to the *minims* of Franche-Comté. In consequence of this application Pichegru's relation, and some other *minims*, repaired to Brienne. An aunt of Pichegru, who was a sister of the order of charity, accompanied them, and the care of the infirmary was intrusted to her. This good woman took her nephew to Brienne with her, and he was educated at the school gratuitously. As soon as his age permitted, Pichegru was made a tutor; but all his ambition was to become a *minim*. He was, however, dissuaded from that pursuit by his relation, and he adopted the military profession. There is this further remarkable circumstance in the youth of Pichegru, that, though he was older by several years than Bonaparte, they were both made lieutenants of artillery at the same time. What a difference in their destiny! While the one was preparing to ascend a throne the other was a solitary prisoner in the dungeon of the Temple.

¹ A brother of the order founded by S. Francis de Paulo.

I had no motive to induce me to visit either the Temple or La Force, but I received at the time circumstantial details of what was passing in those prisons, particularly in the former; I went, however, frequently to St. Pélagie, where M. Carbonnet was confined. As soon as I knew that he was lodged in that prison I set about getting an admission from Réal, who smoothed all difficulties. M. Carbonnet was detained two months in solitary confinement. He was several times examined, but the interrogatories produced no result, and, notwithstanding the desire to implicate him in consequence of the known intimacy between him and Moreau, it was at last found impossible to put him on trial with the other parties accused.

The Temple had more terrors than St. Pélagie, but not for the prisoners who were committed to it, for none of those illustrious victims of police machination displayed any weakness, with the exception of Bouvet de Lozier, who, being sensible of his weakness, wished to prevent its consequences by death. The public, however, kept their attention riveted on the prison in which Moreau was confined. I have already mentioned that Pichegru was conveyed thither on the night of the 22d of February; a fortnight later Georges was arrested, and committed to the same prison.

Either Réal or Desmarets, and sometimes both together, repaired to the Temple to examine the prisoners. In vain the police endeavored to direct public odium against the prisoners by placarding lists of their names through the whole of Paris, even before they were arrested. In those lists they were styled "brigands," and at the head of "the brigands," the name of General Moreau shone conspicuously. An absurdity without a parallel. The effect produced was totally opposite to that calculated on; for, as no person could connect the idea of a brigand with that of a general who was the object of public esteem, it was naturally concluded that those whose names were placarded along with his were no more brigands than he.

Public opinion was decidedly in favor of Moreau,¹ and

¹ Little anticipating then that he was to die fighting against France.

every one was indignant at seeing him described as a brigand. Far from believing him guilty, he was regarded as a victim fastened on because his reputation embarrassed Bonaparte; for Moreau had always been looked up to as capable of opposing the accomplishment of the First Consul's ambitious views. The whole crime of Moreau was his having numerous partisans among those who still clung to the phantom of the Republic, and that crime was unpardonable in the eyes of the First Consul, who for two years had ruled the destinies of France as sovereign master. What means were not employed to mislead the opinion of the public respecting Moreau? The police published pamphlets of all sorts, and the Comte de Montgaillard was brought from Lyons to draw up a libel implicating him with Pichegru and the exiled Princes. But nothing that was done produced the effect proposed.

The weak character of Moreau is known. In fact, he allowed himself to be circumvented by a few intriguers, who endeavored to derive advantage from the influence of his name. But he was so decidedly opposed to the re-establishment of the ancient system that he replied to one of the agents who addressed him, "I cannot put myself at the head of any movement for the Bourbons, and such an attempt would not succeed. If Pichegru act on another principle — and even in that case I have told him that the Consuls and the Governor of Paris must disappear¹ — I believe that I have a party strong enough in the Senate to obtain possession of authority, and I will immediately make use of it to protect his friends; public opinion will then dictate what may be fit to be done, but I will promise nothing in writing." Admitting these words attributed to Moreau to be true, they prove that he was dissatisfied with the Consular Government, and that he wished a change; but there is a great difference between a conditional wish and a conspiracy.

The commander of the principal guard of the Temple was

¹ The phrase here attributed on good authority to Moreau should be noted. The Consuls were to *disappear*. The King, the Girondists, Robespierre, etc., had *disappeared*. Whatever Moreau may have meant, the word was *practically*

General Savary, and he had re-enforced that guard by his select gendarmerie. The prisoners did not dare to communicate one with another for fear of mutual injury, but all evinced a courage which created no little alarm as to the consequences of the trial. Neither offers nor threats produced any confessions in the course of the interrogatories. Pichegru, in particular, displayed an extraordinary firmness, and Réal one day, on leaving the chamber where he had been examining him, said aloud in the presence of several persons, "What a man that Pichegru is!"

Forty days elapsed after the arrest of General Pichegru when, on the morning of the 6th of April, he was found dead in the chamber he occupied in the Temple. Pichegru had undergone ten examinations;¹ but he had made no confessions, and no person was committed by his replies. All his declarations, however, gave reason to believe that he would speak out, and that too in a lofty and energetic manner, during the progress of the trial. "When I am before my judges," said he, "my language shall be conformable to truth and the interests of my country." What would that language have been? Without doubt there was no wish that it should

¹ The author of the observations on the trial of Pichegru, Georges, etc., in the collection entitled *Bourrienne et ses Erreurs*, is apparently one of the persons who was employed in instructing or preparing that extraordinary process, perhaps M. Réal himself. In adverting to the statement (*Erreurs*, tome ii. pp. 69-96) that Pichegru underwent ten interrogatories, he remarks that the number is great, but that he knew of four. One, he says, took place in the presence of numerous witnesses, and that this precaution was adopted because it was suspected that Pichegru would refuse to sign his deposition. At the close of this examination M. Réal perceived an old translation of Xenophon lying on the general's table, which induced him to ask whether he wished to have books to read. "I should like one," said Pichegru. "What book do you want?" asked the Counsellor of State, and added, "Would you like travels?" — "Oh, no! I am tired of travels," was the answer, with a melancholy smile. "Well, then, what book would you have?" — "Seneca." — "Seneca!" said the prefect, with an allusion which was evidently quickly felt by the prisoner. "Why, general, the gamester does not ask for Seneca until the game is lost, and the game is not yet —" Pichegru did not allow the sentence to be finished, but said hastily, "Have the goodness to order a Seneca to be sent in to me." — "A French or a Latin one?" Pichegru hesitated, and after a moment's reflection said, "Let me have a Latin one, I can understand it still." The Seneca was sent, and the day after the suicide it was found on Pichegru's table. It was open, and turned down at the place where Seneca says that when the public liberty must be despaired of, the upright man has nothing to do but to die. — *Editor of 1836 Edition.*



PICHEGRU.

be heard. Pichegru would have kept his promise, for he was distinguished for his firmness of character above everything, even above his qualities as a soldier; differing in this respect from Moreau, who allowed himself to be guided by his wife and mother-in-law, both of whom displayed ridiculous pretensions in their visits to Madame Bonaparte.

The day on which Réal spoke before several persons of Pichegru in the way I have related was the day of his last examination. I afterwards learned, from a source on which I can rely, that during his examination Pichegru, though careful to say nothing which could affect the other prisoners, showed no disposition to be tender of him who had sought and resolved his death, but evinced a firm resolution to unveil before the public the odious machinery of the plot into which the police had drawn him. He also declared that he and his companions had no longer any object but to consider of the means of leaving Paris, with the view of escaping from the snares laid for them when their arrest took place. He declared that they had all of them given up the idea of overturning the power of Bonaparte, a scheme into which they had been enticed by shameful intrigues. I am convinced the dread excited by his manifestation of a resolution to speak out with the most rigid candor hastened the death of Pichegru. M. Réal, who is still living, knows better than any one else what were Pichegru's declarations, as he interrogated him. I know not whether that gentleman will think fit, either at the present or some future period, to raise the veil of mystery which hangs over these events, but of this I am sure, he will be unable to deny anything I advance. There is evidence almost amounting to demonstration that Pichegru was strangled in prison, and consequently all idea of suicide must be rejected as inadmissible. Have I positive and substantive proof of what I assert? I have not; but the concurrence of facts and the weight of probabilities do not leave me in possession of the doubts I should wish to entertain on that tragic event. Besides, there exists a certain popular instinct, which is rarely at fault, and it must be in the recollection of many, not only that the general opinion favored

the notion of Pichegru's assassination, but that the pains taken to give that opinion another direction, by the affected exhibition of the body, only served to strengthen it.¹ He who spontaneously says, I have not committed such or such a crime, at least admits there is room for suspecting his guilt.

The truth is, the tide of opinion never set in with such force against Bonaparte as during the trial of Moreau; nor was the popular sentiment in error on the subject of the death of Pichegru, who was clearly strangled in the Temple by secret agents. The authors, the actors, and the witnesses of the horrible prison scenes of the period are the only persons capable of removing the doubts which still hang over the

¹ The following are a few extracts from the report of the examination of Pichegru's body, which took place on the 16th of April, 1804:—

"The body had round the neck a black silk handkerchief, through which was passed a stick about forty centimetres (nearly sixteen inches) long, and from four to five (one and a half to two inches) in circumference, which after being twisted round in the handkerchief, was stopped by the left cheek, against which one of its extremities rested, and which had produced a strangulation sufficient to occasion death."

A gendarme, named Sirot, next declares, "that being on duty as a sentinel outside of the Temple, near Pichegru's apartment, he several times heard a coughing and spitting in the said apartment, and that he thought he could perceive from the manner of the coughing and spitting that a person was suffering from oppression, but having heard nothing more of it, he did not think it necessary to give any alarm."

One Lapointe, who was orderly in the tower of the Temple, declares "that having slept from midnight until four in the morning he heard nothing."

Fauconnier declares "that at half-past seven in the morning citizen Popon, the turnkey on duty, informed him that he had lighted a fire in Pichegru's chamber, and that he was surprised at his not stirring." He added, "that he took the key of Pichegru's apartment at ten o'clock on the preceding night, after giving the general his supper: that it remained in his pocket until he lighted the fire."

The following is Savary's account of Pichegru's death:—

"General Pichegru was lying on his right side; he had put round his neck his own black silk cravat, which he had previously twisted like a small rope: this must have occupied him so long as to afford time for reflection had he not been resolutely bent on self-destruction. He appeared to have tied his cravat thus twisted about his neck, and to have at first drawn it as tight as he could bear it, then to have taken a piece of wood, of the length of a finger, which he had taken from a branch that yet lay in the middle of the room (part of a fagot, the relics of which were still in his fireplace); this he must have slipped between his neck and his cravat, on the right side, and turned round till the moment that reason forsook him. His head had fallen back on the pillow and compressed the little bit of stick, which had prevented the cravat from untwisting. In this situation apoplexy could not fail to supervene. His hand was still under his head and almost touched this little tourniquet" (*Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo*, vol. ii. p. 78).

death of Pichegru ; but I must nevertheless contend that the preceding circumstances, the general belief at the time, and even probability, are in contradiction with any idea of suicide on the part of Pichegru. His death was considered necessary, and this necessity was its real cause.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1804.

Arrest of Georges — The fruiterer's daughter of the Rue de la Montagne St. Geneviève — Louis Bonaparte's visit to the Temple — General Lauriston — Arrest of Villeneuve and Barco — Villeneuve wounded — Moreau during his imprisonment — Preparations for leaving the Temple — Remarkable change in Georges — Addresses and congratulations — Speech of the First Consul forgotten — Secret negotiations with the Senate — Official proposition of Bonaparte's elevation to the Empire — Sitting of the Council of State — Interference of Bonaparte — Individual votes — Seven against twenty — *His* subjects and *his* people — Appropriateness of the title of Emperor — Communications between Bonaparte and the Senate — Bonaparte first called *Sire* by Cambacérès — First letter signed by Napoleon as Emperor — Grand levee at the Tuileries — Napoleon's address to the Imperial Guard — Organic *Sénatus-consulte* — Revival of old formulas and titles — The Republicanism of Lucien — The Spanish Princess — Lucien's clandestine marriage — Bonaparte's influence on the German Princes — Intrigues of England — Drake at Munich — Project for overthrowing Bonaparte's Government — Circular from the Minister for Foreign Affairs to the members of the Diplomatic Body — Answers to that circular.

GEORGES was arrested about seven o'clock, on the evening of the 9th of March, with another conspirator, whose name, I think, was Lèridan. Georges was stopped in a cabriolet on the Place de l'Odéon, whither he had no doubt been directed by the police agent, who was constantly about him. In not seizing him at his lodgings the object, probably, was to give more publicity to his arrest, and to produce an effect upon the minds of the multitude. This calculation cost the life of one man, and had well-nigh sacrificed the lives of two, for Georges, who constantly carried arms about him, first shot dead the police officer who seized the horse's reins, and wounded another who advanced to arrest him in the cabriolet. Besides his pistols there was found upon him a poniard of English manufacture

a fruiterer's shop in the Rue de la Montagne St. Geneviève, and on the evening of the 9th of March he had just left his lodgings to go, it was said, to a perfumer's named Caron.¹ It is difficult to suppose that the circumstance of the police being on the spot was the mere effect of chance. The fruiterer's daughter was putting into the cabriolet a parcel belonging to Georges at the moment of his arrest. Georges, seeing the officers advance to seize him, desired the girl to get out of the way, fearing lest he should shoot her when he fired on the officers. She ran into a neighboring house, taking the parcel along with her. The police, it may readily be supposed, were soon after her. The master of the house in which she had taken refuge, curious to know what the parcel contained, had opened it, and discovered, among other things, a bag containing 1000 Dutch sovereigns, from which he acknowledged he had abstracted a considerable sum. He and his wife, as well as the fruiterer's daughter, were all arrested; as to Georges, he was taken that same evening to the Temple, where he remained until his removal to the Conciergerie when the trial commenced.

During the whole of the legal proceedings Georges and the other important prisoners were kept in solitary confinement. Immediately on Pichegru's death the prisoners were informed of the circumstance. As they were all acquainted with the general, and none believed the fact of his reported suicide, it may easily be conceived what consternation and horror the tragical event excited among them. I learned, and I was sorry to hear of it, that Louis Bonaparte, who was an excellent man, and, beyond all comparison, the

¹ The author of the observations on the trial of Pichegru, Georges, etc., already quoted, admits the truth (vol. ii. p. 91) of the statement that Georges was expected by this Caron, who on the Restoration was appointed perfumer to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and afterwards became one of the ushers of the chamber. He is described as a profligate hypocrite. His immoral excesses, however, did not prevent the *Tartuffe* from being remarkably devout. He was extremely attentive to religious ceremonies, and made masses be said to the Holy Ghost, to ascertain whether God approved of his giving an asylum to Georges. When Caron was examined this pious invocation gave not a little amusement to M. Réal: "What answer did the Holy Ghost give you?" said he. "None at all," replied the perfumer, quite coolly. "Why then did you resolve to give the asylum?" "Because," replied the pious peruquier, "silence is consent." — *Editor of 1836 edition.*

best of the family, had the cruel curiosity to see Georges in his prison a few days after the death of Pichegru,¹ and when the sensation of horror excited by that event in the interior of the Temple was at its height, Louis repaired to the prison, accompanied by a brilliant escort of staff-officers, and General Savary introduced him to the prisoners. When Louis arrived, Georges was lying on his bed with his hands strongly bound by manacles. Lauriston, who accompanied Louis, related to me some of the particulars of this visit, which, in spite of his sincere devotedness to the First Consul, he assured me had been very painful to him.

After the arrest of Georges there were still some individuals marked out as accomplices in the conspiracy who had found means to elude the search of the police. The persons last arrested were, I think, Villeneuve, one of the principal confidants of Georges, Burban Malabre, who went by the name of Barco, and Charles d'Hozier. They were not taken till five days after the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien. The famous Commissioner Comminges, accompanied by an inspector and a detachment of *gendarmes d'élite*, found Villeneuve and Burban Malabre in the house of a man named Dubuisson, in the Rue Jean Robert.

This Dubuisson and his wife had sheltered some of the principal persons proscribed by the police. The Messieurs de Polignac and M. de Rivière had lodged with them. When the police came to arrest Villeneuve and Burban Malabre the people with whom they lodged declared that they had gone away in the morning. The officers, however, searched the house, and discovered a secret door within a closet. They called, and receiving no answer, the gendarmerie had recourse to one of those expedients which were, unfortunately, too familiar to them. They fired a pistol through the door. Villeneuve, who went by the name of Joyau, was wounded in the arm, which obliged him and his

¹ Joseph Bonaparte (*Erreurs*, tome ii. p. 138) discredits the visit of Louis to Georges. The alleged visit of the son of Louis, Louis Napoleon, to Or-

companion to come from the place of their concealment, and they were then made prisoners.

Moreau was not treated with the degree of rigor observed towards the other prisoners. Indeed, it would not have been safe so to treat him, for even in his prison he received the homage and respect of all the military, not excepting even those who were his guards. Many of these soldiers had served under him, and it could not be forgotten how much he was beloved by the troops he had commanded. He did not possess that irresistible charm which in Bonaparte excited attachment, but his mildness of temper and excellent character inspired love and respect. It was the general opinion in Paris that a single word from Moreau to the soldiers in whose custody he was placed would in a moment have converted the jailer-guard into a guard of honor, ready to execute all that might be required for the safety of the conqueror of Hohenlinden. Perhaps the respect with which he was treated and the indulgence of daily seeing his wife and child were but artful calculations for keeping him within the limits of his usual character. Besides, Moreau was so confident of the injustice of the charge brought against him that he was calm and resigned, and showed no disposition to rouse the anger of an enemy who would have been happy to have some real accusation against him. To these causes combined I always attributed the resignation, and I may say the indifference, of Moreau while he was in prison and on his trial.

When the legal preparations for the trial were ended the prisoners of the Temple were permitted to communicate with each other, and, viewing their fate with that indifference which youth, misfortune, and courage inspired, they amused themselves with some of those games which usually serve for boyish recreation. While they were thus engaged the order arrived for their removal to the Conciergerie. The firmness of all remained unshaken, and they made their preparations for departure as if they were going about any ordinary business. This fortitude was particularly remarkable in Georges, in whose manner a change had taken place which was remarked by all his companions in misfortune.

For some time past the agents of Government throughout France had been instructed to solicit the First Consul to grant for the people what the people did not want, but what Bonaparte wished to take while he appeared to yield to the general will, namely, unlimited sovereign authority, free from any subterfuge of denomination. The opportunity of the great conspiracy just discovered, and in which Bonaparte had not incurred a moment's danger, as he did at the time of the infernal machine, was not suffered to escape; that opportunity was, on the contrary, eagerly seized by the authorities of every rank, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, and a torrent of addresses, congratulations, and thanksgivings inundated the Tuileries. Most of the authors of these addresses did not confine themselves to mere congratulations; they entreated Bonaparte to *consolidate his work*, the true meaning of which was that it was time he should make himself Emperor and establish hereditary succession. Those who on other occasions had shown an officious readiness to execute Bonaparte's commands did not now fear to risk his displeasure by opposing the opinion he had expressed in the Council of State on the discussion of the question of the Consulate for life. Bonaparte then said, "Hereditary succession is absurd. It is irreconcilable with the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and impossible in France."

In this scene of the grand drama Bonaparte played his part with his accustomed talent, keeping himself in the background and leaving to others the task of preparing the catastrophe. The Senate, who took the lead in the way of insinuation, did not fail, while congratulating the First Consul on his escape from the plots of foreigners, or, as they were officially styled, the daggers of England, to conjure him not to delay the completion of his work. Six days after the death of the Duc d'Enghien the Senate first expressed this wish. Either because Bonaparte began to repent of a useless crime, and felt the ill effect it must produce on the public mind, or because he found the language of the Senate somewhat vague, he left the address nearly a month unanswered, and then only replied by the request that the intention of the address might

be more completely expressed. These negotiations between the Senate and the Head of the Government were not immediately published. Bonaparte did not like publicity except for what had arrived at a result; but to attain the result which was the object of his ambition it was necessary that the project which he was maturing should be introduced in the Tribune, and the tribune Curée had the honor to be the first to propose officially, on the 30th of April, 1804, the conversion of the Consular Republic into an Empire, and the elevation of Bonaparte to the title of Emperor, with the rights of hereditary succession.

If any doubts could exist respecting the complaisant part which Curée acted on this occasion one circumstance would suffice to remove them; that is, that ten days before the development of his proposition Bonaparte had caused the question of founding the Empire and establishing hereditary succession in his family to be secretly discussed in the Council of State. I learned from one of the Councillors of State all that passed on that occasion, and I may remark that Cambacérès showed himself particularly eager in the Council of State, as well as afterwards in the Senate, to become the exalted subject of him who had been his first colleague in the Consulate.

About the middle of April, the Council of State being assembled as for an ordinary sitting, the First Consul, who was frequently present at the sittings, did not appear. Cambacérès arrived and took the Presidency in his quality of Second Consul, and it was remarked that his air was more solemn than usual, though he at all times affected gravity.

The partisans of hereditary succession were the majority, and resolved to present an address to the First Consul. Those of the Councillors who opposed this determined on their part to send a counter-address; and to avoid this clashing of opinions Bonaparte signified his wish that each member of the Council should send him his opinion individually, with his signature affixed. By a singular accident it happened to be Berlier's task to present to the First Consul the separate opinions of the Council. Out of the twenty-seven Council-

lors present only seven opposed the question. Bonaparte received them all most graciously, and told them, among other things, that he wished for hereditary power only for the benefit of France; that the citizens would never be *his* subjects, and that the French people would never be *his* people. Such were the preliminaries to the official proposition of Curée to the Tribunate, and upon reflection it was decided that, as all opposition would be useless and perhaps dangerous to the opposing party, the minority should join the majority. This was accordingly done.

The Tribunate having adopted the proposition of Curée, there was no longer any motive for concealing the overtures of the Senate. Its address to the First Consul was therefore published forty days after its date: *the pear was then ripe*. This period is so important that I must not omit putting together the most remarkable facts which either came within my own observation, or which I have learned since respecting the foundation of the Empire.

Bonaparte had a long time before spoken to me of the title of Emperor as being the most appropriate for the new sovereignty which he wished to found in France. This, he observed, was not restoring the old system entirely, and he dwelt much on its being the title which Caesar had borne. He often said, "One may be the Emperor of a republic, but not the King of a republic, those two terms are incongruous."

In its first address the Senate had taken as a text the documents it had received from the Government in relation to the intrigues of Drake, who had been sent from England to Munich. That text afforded the opportunity for a vague expression of what the Senate termed the necessities of France. To give greater solemnity to the affair the Senate proceeded in a body to the Tuileries, and one thing which gave a peculiar character to the preconcerted advances of the Senate was that Cambacérès, the Second Consul, fulfilled his functions of President on this occasion, and delivered the address to the First Consul.

However, the First Consul thought the address of the Senate, which, I have been informed, was drawn up by François

de Neufchâteau, was not expressed with sufficient clearness; he therefore, after suffering a little interval to elapse, sent a message to the Senate signed by himself, in which he said, "Your address has been the object of my earnest consideration." And though the address contained no mention of hereditary succession, he added, "You consider the hereditary succession of the supreme magistracy necessary to defend the French people against the plots of our enemies and the agitation arising from rival ambition. At the same time several of our institutions appear to you to require improvement so as to insure the triumph of equality and public liberty, and to offer to the nation and the Government the double guaranty they require." From the subsequent passages of the message it will be sufficient to extract the following: "We have been constantly guided by this great truth: that the sovereignty dwells with the French people, and that it is for their interest, happiness, and glory that the Supreme Magistracy, the Senate, the Council of State, the Legislative Body, the Electoral Colleges, and the different branches of the Government, are and must be instituted." The omission of the Tribunate in this enumeration is somewhat remarkable. It announced a promise which was speedily realized.

The will of Bonaparte being thus expressed in his message to the Senate, that body, which was created to preserve the institutions consecrated by the Constitution of the year VIII., had no alternative but to submit to the intentions manifested by the First Consul. The reply to the message was, therefore, merely a counterpart of the message itself. It positively declared that hereditary government was essential to the happiness, the glory, and the prosperity of France, and that that government could be confided only to Bonaparte and his family. While the Senate so complaisantly played its part in this well-got-up piece, yet, the better to impose on the credulity of the multitude, its reply, like Bonaparte's message, resounded with the words liberty and equality. Indeed, it was impudently asserted in that reply that Bonaparte's accession to hereditary power would be a certain guaranty for the liberty of the press, a liberty which Bonaparte held

in the greatest horror, and without which all other liberty is but a vain illusion.¹

By this reply of the Senate the most important step was performed. There now remained merely ceremonies to regulate and formulas to fill up. These various arrangements occasioned a delay of a fortnight. On the 18th of May the First Consul was greeted for the first time by the appellation of *Sire* by his former colleague, Cambacérès, who at the head of the Senate went to present to Bonaparte the organic *Sénatus-consulte* containing the foundation of the Empire. Napoleon was at St. Cloud, whither the Senate proceeded in state. After the speech of Cambacérès, in which the old designation of Majesty was for the first time revived, the EMPEROR replied :—

All that can contribute to the welfare of the country is essentially connected with my happiness. I accept the title which you believe to be conducive to the glory of the nation. I submit to the sanction of the people the law of hereditary succession. I hope that France will never repent the honors she may confer on my family. At all events, my spirit will not be with my posterity when they cease to merit the confidence and love of the great nation.

Cambacérès next went to congratulate the Empress, and then was realized to Josephine the prediction which I had made to her three years before at Malmaison.

¹ In the original motion as prepared by Curée the Imperial dignity was to be declared hereditary in the *family* of Napoleon. Previous to being formally read before the Tribunal, the First Consul sent for the document, and when it was returned it was found that the word *family* was altered to *descendants*. Fabre, the President of the Tribunal, who received the altered documents from Maret, seeing the effect the alteration would have on the brothers of Napoleon, and finding that Maret affected to treat the change as immaterial, took on himself to restore the original form, and in that shape it was read by the unconscious Curée to the Tribunal. On this curious passage see *Mémoires de M. de Maitre*, tome ii. p. 179. As finally settled the descent of the crown in default of Napoleon's children was limited to Joseph and Louis and their descendants, but the power of adoption was given to Napoleon. The draft of the *Sénatus-consulte* was heard by the Council of State in silence, and Napoleon tried in vain to get even the most talkative of the members now to speak. The Senate were not unanimous in rendering the *Sénatus-consulte*. The three votes given against it were said to have been Gregoire, the former constitutional Bishop of Blois, Garat, who as Minister of Justice had read to Louis XVI. the sentence of death, and Lanjuinais, one of the very few survivors of the Girondets (*Mémoires*, tome ii. pp. 182-183). Thiers (tome v. p. 175) says there was only one dissentient voice. For the fury of the brothers of Napoleon, who saw the destruction of all their ambitious hopes in any measure for the descent of the crown except in the *family*, see *Mémoires*, tome ii. p. 172, where Joseph is described as cursing the ambition of his brother, and desiring his death as a benefit for France and his family.

Bonaparte's first act as Emperor, on the very day of his elevation to the Imperial throne, was the nomination of Joseph to the dignity of Grand Elector, with the title of Imperial Highness. Louis was raised to the dignity of Constable, with the same title, and Cambacérès and Lebrun were created Arch-Chancellor and Arch-Treasurer of the Empire. On the same day Bonaparte wrote the following letter to Cambacérès, the first which he signed as Emperor, and merely with the name of Napoleon:—

CITIZEN CONSUL CAMBACÉRÈS — Your title has changed; but your functions and my confidence remain the same. In the high dignity with which you are now invested you will continue to manifest, as you have hitherto done in that of Consul, that wisdom and that distinguished talent which entitle you to so important a share in all the good which I may have effected. I have, therefore, only to desire the continuance of the sentiments you cherish towards the State and me.

Given at the Palace of St. Cloud, 28th Floréal, an XII. (18th May, 1804).

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

By the Emperor.

H. B. MARET.

I have quoted this first letter of the Emperor because it is characteristic of Bonaparte's art in managing transitions. It was to the *Citizen Consul* that the Emperor addressed himself, and it was dated according to the Republican calendar. That calendar, together with the delusive inscription on the coin, were all that now remained of the Republic. Next day the Emperor came to Paris to hold a grand levee at the Tuileries, for he was not the man to postpone the gratification that vanity derived from his new dignity and title. The assembly was more numerous and brilliant than on any former occasion. Bessières having addressed the Emperor on the part of the Guards, the Emperor replied in the following terms: "I know the sentiments the Guards cherish towards me. I repose perfect confidence in their courage and fidelity. I constantly see, with renewed pleasure, companions in arms who have escaped so many dangers, and are covered with so many honorable wounds. I experience a sentiment of satisfaction when I look at the Guards, and think that there has not, for the last fifteen years, in any of the four quarters of the

world, been a battle in which some of them have not taken part."

On the same day all the generals and Colonels in Paris were presented to the Emperor by Louis Bonaparte, who had already begun to exercise his functions of Constable. In a few days everything assumed a new aspect; but in spite of the admiration which was openly expressed the Parisians secretly ridiculed the new courtiers. This greatly displeased Bonaparte, who was very charitably informed of it in order to check his prepossession in favor of the men of the old Court, such as the Comte de Ségur, and at a later period Comte Louis de Narbonne.

To give all possible solemnity to his accession Napoleon ordered that the Senate itself should proclaim in Paris the organic *Sénatus-consulte*, which entirely changed the Constitution of the State. By one of those anomalies which I have frequently had occasion to remark, the Emperor fixed for this ceremony Sunday, the 30th Floréal. That day was a festival in all Paris, while the unfortunate prisoners were languishing in the dungeons of the Temple.

On the day after Bonaparte's accession the old formulas were restored. The Emperor determined that the French Princes and Princesses should receive the title of Imperial Highness; that his sisters should take the same title; that the grand dignitaries of the Empire should be called Serene Highnesses; that the Princes and titularies of the grand dignitaries should be addressed by the title of *Monseigneur*; that M. Maret, the Secretary of State, should have the rank of Minister; that the ministers should retain the title of Excellency, to which should be added that of *Monseigneur* in the petitions addressed to them; and that the title of Excellency should be given to the President of the Senate.

At the same time Napoleon appointed the first Marshals of the Empire, and determined that they should be called *Monsieur le Maréchal* when addressed verbally, and *Monseigneur* in writing. The following are the names of these sons of the Republic transformed into props of the Empire; Berthier, Murat, Monecy, Jourdan, Masséna, Augereau, Berna-

dotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, and Bessières. The title of Marshal of the Empire was also granted to the generals Kellerman, Lefebvre, Pérignon, and Serrurier, as having served as commanders-in-chief.¹

The reader cannot have failed to observe that the name of Lucien has not been mentioned among the individuals of Bonaparte's family on whom dignities were conferred. The fact is, the two brothers were no longer on good terms with each other. Not, as it has been alleged, because Lucien wished to play the part of a Republican, but because he would not submit to the imperious will of Napoleon in a circumstance in which the latter counted on his brother's docility to serve the interests of his policy. In the conferences which preceded the great change in the form of government it was not Lucien but Joseph who, probably for the sake of sounding opinion, affected an opposition, which was by some mistaken for Republicanism. With regard to Lucien, as he had really rendered great services to Napoleon on the 19th Brumaire at St. Cloud, and as he himself exaggerated the value of those services, he saw no reward worthy of his ambition but a throne independent of his brother. It is certain that when at Madrid he had aspired to win the good graces of a Spanish Infanta, and on that subject reports were circulated with which I have nothing to do, because I never had any opportunity of ascertaining their truth. All I know is that, Lucien's first wife being dead, Bonaparte wished him to marry a German Princess, by way of forming the first great alliance in the family.² Lucien, however, refused to comply with Napo-

¹ A complete list of the Marshals of the first Empire will be found in the *Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantès* (Madame Junot) English edition of 1883, at the end of the third volume. The *Maréchaux de l'Empire* created by Napoleon I. must not be confused with *Maréchaux de France* of the monarchy before the Revolution and after the Restoration. Francis I. had first caused the title to be held for life, but it had been abolished in 1792. As some of Napoleon's generals were made *Maréchaux de France* under the Restoration and the monarchy of July, and as Duroc, Duc de Frioul, the Grand *Maréchal du Palais*, is often, for brevity's sake, called *Maréchal*, there is apt to be great confusion about this title.

² According to Lucien himself, Napoleon wished him to marry the Queen of Etruria, Maria-Louise, daughter of Charles IV. of Spain, who had married, 1795, Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Parma, son of the Duke of Parma, to whom Napoleon had given Tuscany in 1801 as the Kingdom of Etruria. Her husband had died in May, 1803, and she governed in the name of her

leon's wishes, and he secretly married the wife of an agent, named, I believe, Joubertou, who for the sake of convenience was sent to the West Indies, where he died shortly after. When Bonaparte heard of this marriage from the priest by whom it had been clandestinely performed, he fell into a furious passion, and resolved not to confer on Lucien the title of French Prince, on account of what he termed his unequal match. Lucien, therefore, obtained no other dignity than that of Senator. Jérôme, who pursued an opposite line of conduct, was afterwards made a King. As to Lucien's Republicanism, it did not survive the 18th Brumaire, and he was always a warm partisan of hereditary succession.

But I pass on to relate what I know respecting the almost incredible influence which, on the foundation of the Empire, Bonaparte exercised over the powers which did not yet dare to declare war against him. I studied Bonaparte's policy closely, and I came to this conclusion on the subject, that he was governed by ambition, by the passion of dominion, and that no relations, on a footing of equality, between himself and any other power, could be of long duration. The other States of Europe had only to choose one of two things—submission or war. As to secondary States, they might thence-

son. Lucien, whose first wife, Anne Christine Boyer, had died in 1801, had married his second wife, Alexandrine Laurence de Bleschamps, who had married, but who had divorced, a M. Joubertou. When Lucien had been ambassador in Spain in 1801, charged among other things with obtaining Elba, the Queen, he says, wished Napoleon should marry an Infanta, — Donna Isabella, her youngest daughter, afterwards Queen of Naples (*Iung*, tome ii. pp. 66 and 130), an overture to which Napoleon seems not to have made any answer. As for Lucien, he objected to his brother that the Queen was ugly, and laughed at Napoleon's representations as to her being "propre;" but at last he acknowledged his marriage with Madame Joubertou. This made a complete break between the brothers, and on hearing of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, Lucien said to his wife, "Alexandrine, let us go; he has tasted blood." He went to Italy, and in 1810 tried to go to the United States. Taken prisoner by the English, he was detained first at Malta, and then in England, at Ludlow Castle and at Thorngrove, till 1814, when he went to Rome. The Pope, who ever showed a kindly feeling towards the Bonapartes, made the ex-"Brutus" Bonaparte Prince de Canino and Duc de Musignano. In 1815 he joined Napoleon, and on the final fall of the Empire he was interned at Rome till the death of his brother. He lived to have his hopes raised by the Revolution of July, 1830, and to be horrified, by his nephew, Louis Napoleon's wild attempt on Strasburg in 1836. He died at Viterbo, 1840. See *Lucien Bonaparte*, by *Iung*: Paris, Charpentier, 1883, in which work note the curious account by Lucien of Napoleon constantly dreaming of being attacked and dragged from his palace by a mob of *sans-culottes* headed by Lucien (*Iung*, tome ii. p. 302).

forth be considered as fiefs of the French Government; and as they could not resist, Bonaparte easily accustomed them to bend to his yoke. Can there be a stronger proof of this arbitrary influence than what occurred at Carlsruhe, after the violation of the territory of Baden, by the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien? Far from venturing to make any observation on that violation, so contrary to the rights of nations, the Grand Duke of Baden was obliged to publish, in his own State, a decree evidently dictated by Bonaparte. The decree stated, that many individuals formerly belonging to the army of Condé having come to the neighborhood of Carlsruhe his Electoral Highness had felt it his duty to direct that no individual coming from Condé's army, nor indeed any French emigrant, should, unless he had permission previously to the peace, make a longer sojourn than was allowed to foreign travellers. Such was already the influence which Bonaparte exercised over Germany, whose Princes, to use an expression which he employed in a later decree, were crushed by the grand measures of the Empire.

But to be just, without however justifying Bonaparte, I must acknowledge that the intrigues which England fomented in all parts of the Continent were calculated to excite his natural irritability to the utmost degree. The agents of England were spread over the whole of Europe, and they varied the rumors which they were commissioned to circulate, according to the chances of credit which the different places afforded. Their reports were generally false; but credulity gave ear to them, and speculators endeavored, each according to his interest, to give them support. The headquarters of all this plotting was Munich, where Drake, who was sent from England, had the supreme direction. His correspondence, which was seized by the French Government, was at first placed amongst the documents to be produced on the trial of Georges, Moreau, and the other prisoners; but in the course of the preliminary proceedings the Grand Judge received directions to detach them, and make them the subject of a special report to the First Consul, in order that their publication beforehand might influence public opinion, and render it

unfavorable to those who were doomed to be sacrificed. The instructions given by Drake to his agents render it impossible to doubt that England wished to overthrow the Government of Bonaparte. Drake wrote as follows to a man who was appointed to travel through France:—

The principal object of your journey being the overthrow of the existing Government, one of the means of effecting it is to acquire a knowledge of the enemy's plans. For this purpose it is of the highest importance to begin, in the first place, by establishing communications with persons who may be depended upon in the different Government offices, in order to obtain exact information of all plans with respect to foreign or internal affairs. The knowledge of these plans will supply the best means of defeating them; and failure is the way to bring the Government into complete discredit—the first and most important step towards the end proposed. Try to gain over trustworthy agents in the different Government departments. Endeavor, also, to learn what passes in the secret committee, which is supposed to be established at St. Cloud, and composed of the friends of the First Consul. Be careful to furnish information of the various projects which Bonaparte may entertain relative to Turkey and Ireland. Likewise send intelligence respecting the movements of troops, respecting vessels and ship-building and all military preparations.

Drake, in his instructions, also recommended that the subversion of Bonaparte's Government should, for the time, be the only object in view, and that nothing should be said about the King's intentions until certain information could be obtained respecting his views: but most of his letters and instructions were anterior to 1804. The whole bearing of the seized documents proved what Bonaparte could not be ignorant of, namely, that England was his constant enemy; but after examining them, I was of opinion that they contained nothing which could justify the belief that the Government of Great Britain authorized any attempt at assassination.

When the First Consul received the report of the Grand Judge relative to Drake's plots¹ against his Government he

¹ These were not plots for assassination. Bonaparte, in the same way, had his secret agents in every country of Europe, without excepting England. Alison (chap. xxxvii. para. 39) says on this matter of Drake that, though the English agents were certainly attempting a counter-revolution, they had no idea of encouraging the assassination of Napoleon, while "England was no match for the French police agents in a transaction of this description, for the publication of Regnier revealed the mortifying fact that

transmitted a copy of it to the Senate, and it was in reply to this communication that the Senate made those first overtures which Bonaparte thought vague, but which, nevertheless, led to the formation of the Empire. Notwithstanding this important circumstance, I have not hitherto mentioned Drake, because his intrigues for Bonaparte's overthrow appeared to me to be more immediately connected with the preliminaries of the trial of Georges and Moreau, which I shall notice in my next chapter.

At the same time that Bonaparte communicated to the Senate the report of the Grand Judge, the Minister for Foreign Affairs addressed the following circular letter to the members of the Diplomatic Body :—

The First Consul has commanded me to forward to your Excellency a copy of a report which has been presented to him, respecting a conspiracy formed in France by Mr. Drake, his Britannic Majesty's Minister at the Court of Munich, which, by its object as well as its date, is evidently connected with the infamous plot now in the course of investigation.

The printed copy of Mr. Drake's letters and authentic documents is annexed to the report. The originals will be immediately sent, by order of the First Consul, to the Elector of Bavaria.

Such a prostitution of the most honorable function which can be intrusted to a man is unexampled in the history of civilized nations. It will astonish and afflict Europe as an unheard-of crime, which hitherto the most perverse Governments have not dared to meditate. The First Consul is too well acquainted with sentiments of the Diplomatic Body accredited to him not to be fully convinced that every one of its members will behold, with profound regret, the profanation of the sacred character of Ambassador basely transformed into a minister of plots, snares, and corruption.

All the ambassadors, ministers, plenipotentiaries, envoys, ordinary or extraordinary, whatever might be their denomination, addressed answers to the Ministers for Foreign Affairs, in which they expressed horror and indignation at the conduct of England and Drake's machinations. These answers

the whole correspondence both of Drake and Spencer Smith had been regularly transmitted, as fast as it took place, to the police of Paris, and that their principal correspondent in that city, M. Melu de la Touche, was himself an agent of the police, employed to tempt the British envoys into this perilous enterprise."

were returned only five days after the Duc d'Enghien's death and here one cannot help admiring the adroitness of Bonaparte, who thus compelled all the representatives of European Governments to give official testimonies of regret for his person and Government.

CHAPTER XXV.

1804.

Trial of Moreau, Georges, and others — Public interest excited by Moreau — Arraignment of the prisoners — Moreau's letter to Bonaparte — Violence of the President of the Court towards the prisoners — Lajolais and Roland — Examinations intended to criminate Moreau — Remarkable observations — Speech written by M. Garat — Bonaparte's opinion of Garat's eloquence — General Lecourbe and Moreau's son — Respect shown to Moreau by the military — Different sentiments excited by Georges and Moreau — Thuriot and *Tue-roi* — Georges's answers to the interrogatories — He refuses an offer of pardon — Coster St. Victor — Napoleon and an actress — Captain Wright — M. de Rivièrè and the medal of the Comte d'Artois — Generous struggle between MM. de Polignac — Sentence on the prisoners — Bonaparte's remark — Pardons and executions.

ON the 28th of May, about ten days after Napoleon had been declared Emperor, the trials of Moreau and others commenced. No similar event that has since occurred can convey an idea of the fermentation which then prevailed in Paris. The indignation excited by Moreau's arrest was openly manifested, and braved the observation of the police. Endeavors had been successfully made to mislead public opinion with respect to Georges and some others among the accused, who were looked upon as assassins in the pay of England, at least by that numerous portion of the public who lend implicit faith to declarations presented to them as official. But the case was different with regard to those individuals who were particularly the objects of public interest, viz. MM. de Polignac, de Rivièrè, Charles d'Hozier, and, above all, Moreau. The name of Moreau towered above all the rest, and with respect to him the Government found itself not a little perplexed. It was necessary on the one hand to surround him with a guard sufficiently imposing, to repress the eagerness of the people and his friends, and yet on the other hand care

admit of the possibility of making it a rallying-point, should the voice of a chief so honored by the army appeal to it for defence. A rising of the populace in favor of Moreau was considered as a very possible event,—some hoped for it, others dreaded it. When I reflect on the state of feeling which then prevailed, I am certain that a movement in his favor would infallibly have taken place had judges more complying than even those who presided at the trial condemned Moreau to capital punishment.

It is impossible to form an idea of the crowd that choked up the avenues of the Palace of Justice on the day the trials commenced. This crowd continued during the twelve days the proceedings lasted, and was exceedingly great on the day the sentence was pronounced. Persons of the highest class were anxious to be present.

I was one of the first in the Hall, being determined to watch the course of these solemn proceedings. The Court being assembled, the President ordered the prisoners to be brought in. They entered in a file, and ranged themselves on the benches each between two gendarmes. They appeared composed and collected, and resignation was depicted on the countenances of all except Bouvet de Lozier, who did not dare to raise his eyes to his companions in misfortune, whom his weakness, rather than his will, had betrayed. I did not recognize him until the President proceeded to call over the prisoners, and to put the usual questions respecting their names, professions, and places of abode. Of the forty-nine prisoners, among whom were several females, only two were personally known to me; namely, Moreau, whose presence on the prisoner's bench seemed to wring every heart, and Georges, whom I had seen at the Tuileries in the First Consul's cabinet.

The first sitting of the Court was occupied with the reading of the act of accusation or indictment, and the voices of the ushers, commanding silence, could scarce suppress the buzz which pervaded the Court at the mention of Moreau's name.¹

¹ Miot de Melito (tome ii. p. 192), who cannot be called an extreme partisan of Napoleon, acknowledging the excitement in favor of Moreau, attributes it, not to a belief in his innocence—the evidence was too strong for

All eyes were turned towards the conqueror of Hohenlinden, and while the Procureur Impérial read over the long indictment and invoked the vengeance of the law on an attempt against the head of the Republic, it was easy to perceive how he tortured his ingenuity to fasten apparent guilt on the laurels of Moreau. The good sense of the public discerned proofs of his innocence in the very circumstances brought forward against him. I shall never forget the effect produced — so contrary to what was anticipated by the prosecutors — by the reading of a letter addressed by Moreau from his prison in the Temple to the First Consul, when the judges appointed to interrogate him sought to make his past conduct the subject of accusation, on account of M. de Klinglin's papers having fallen into his hands. He was reproached with having too long delayed transmitting these documents to the Directory; and it was curious to see the Emperor Napoleon become the avenger of pretended offences committed against the Directory which he had overthrown.

In the letter here alluded to Moreau said to Bonaparte, then First Consul —

“In the short campaign of the year V. (from the 20th to the 23d of March, 1797) we took the papers belonging to the staff of the enemy's army, and a number of documents were brought to me, which General Desaix, then wounded, amused himself by perusing. It appeared from this correspondence that General Pichegru had maintained communications with the French Princes. This discovery was very painful, and particularly to me, and we agreed to say nothing of the matter. Pichegru, as a member of the Legislative Body, could do but little to injure the public cause, since peace was established. I nevertheless took every precaution for protecting the army against the ill effects of a system of espionage. . . . The events of the 18th Fructidor occasioned so much anxiety that two officers, who knew of the existence of the correspondence, prevailed on me to communicate it to the Government. . . . I felt that, as a public functionary, I could no longer remain silent. . . . During the two last campaigns in Germany, and since the peace, distant overtures have been made to me, with the view of drawing me into connection with

that — but to the striking contrast between the fortunes of the two generals; see also tome ii. pp. 135, 136. The feeling for Moreau was certainly strong. “At the Théâtre Français some young men applauded loudly some lines which appeared to apply to Moreau, but the police arrested them” (*Puy-maigre*, p. 108).

the French Princes. This appeared so absurd that I took no notice of these overtures. As to the present conspiracy, I can assure you I have been far from taking any share in it. I repeat to you, General, that whatever proposition to that effect was made me, I rejected it, and regarded it as the height of madness. When it was represented to me that the invasion of England would offer a favorable opportunity for effecting a change in the French Government, I invariably answered that the Senate was the authority to which the whole of France would naturally cling in the time of trouble, and that I would be the first to place myself under its orders. To such overtures made to a private individual, who wished to preserve no connection either with the army, of whom nine-tenths have served under me, or any constituted authority, the only possible answer was a refusal. Betrayal of confidence I disdained. Such a step, which is always base, becomes doubly odious when the treachery is committed against those to whom we owe gratitude, or have been bound by old friendship.

"This, General, is all I have to tell you respecting my relations with Pichegru, and it must convince you that very false and hasty inferences have been drawn from conduct which, though perhaps imprudent, was far from being criminal."¹

Moreau fulfilled his duty as a public functionary by communicating to the Directory the papers which unfolded a plot against the Government, and which the chances of war had thrown into his hands. He fulfilled his duty as a man of honor by not voluntarily incurring the infamy which can

¹ This letter is, to say the least, curious. In at latest March, 1797, Moreau became aware that Pichegru, the leader of one of the parties in the Legislative Body, and still possessing great influence with the army, was in communication with the Princes, that is, was conspiring with men facing Moreau in arms. It was not until after Pichegru's party was ruined by the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor (14th September, 1797) that Moreau revealed this fact to the Government, and only then when the step was forced on him by others. Moreau also acknowledges that it had been proposed to him to upset the Government during the expected absence of Napoleon in England, a step which would inevitably have ruined the French army in England. He says that he answered that he would put himself under the Senate; thus practically Moreau says, "Get rid of the Government without compromising me, and then I will act." He himself had taken an active part in establishing this very Government. A man who acts thus cannot complain if he be treated as a conspirator alongside the more daring men who were ready to take the dangers of the attempt of which Moreau was prepared to reap the advantages. That Moreau met Pichegru and Georges at night at the Madeleine is, surely rightly, taken by Thiers (tome v. p. 114) as proof that Moreau had some other object than, as he professed, the reconciliation of Pichegru with Napoleon. Georges undoubtedly intended assassination; see also *Sarag*, tome ii. p. 94. Lanfrey's defence (tome iii. p. 185) is most lame; he adopts Rolland's correction of the phrase *il falloit faire disparaître les Consuls*, to *il faudroit qu'ils disparaissent*. Few persons can doubt what the disappearance of a ruler then meant in France.

never be wiped from the character of an informer. Bonaparte in Moreau's situation would have acted the same part, for I never knew a man express stronger indignation than himself against informers, until he began to consider everything a virtue which served his ambition, and everything a crime which opposed it.

The two facts which most forcibly obtruded themselves on my attention during the trial were the inveterate violence of the President of the Court towards the prisoners and the innocence of Moreau. But, in spite of the most insidious examinations which can be conceived, Moreau never once fell into the least contradiction. If my memory fail me not, it was on the fourth day that he was examined by Thuriot, one of the judges.¹ The result, clear as day to all present, was, that Moreau was a total stranger to all the plots, all the intrigues which had been set on foot in London. In fact, during the whole course of the trial, to which I listened with as much attention as interest, I did not discover the shadow of a circumstance which could in the least commit him, or which had the least reference to him. Scarcely one of the hundred and thirty-nine witnesses who were heard for the prosecution knew him, and he himself declared on the fourth sitting, which took place on the 31st of May, that there was not an individual among the accused whom he knew,—not one whom he had ever seen. In the course of the long proceedings, notwithstanding the manifest efforts of Thuriot to extort false admissions and force contradictions, no fact of any consequence was elicited to the prejudice of Moreau. His appearance was as calm as his conscience; and as he sat on the bench he had the appearance of one led by curiosity to be present at this interesting trial, rather than of an accused person, to whom the proceedings might end in condemnation and death. But for the fall of Moreau in the ranks of the enemy,—but for the foreign cockade which

¹ It is strange that Bourrienne does not acknowledge that he was charged by Napoleon with the duty of attending this trial of Moreau, and of sending in a daily report of the proceedings. If, says Meneval (tome iii. p. 29), these reports can yet be found, the public could judge of the difference of thoughts and language between the two versions Bourrienne has given of the trial.

disgraced the cap of the conqueror of Hohenlinden, his complete innocence would long since have been put beyond doubt, and it would have been acknowledged that the most infamous machinations were employed for his destruction. It is evident that Lajolais, who had passed from London to Paris, and from Paris to London, had been acting the part of an intriguer rather than of a conspirator; and that the object of his missions was not so much to reconcile Moreau and Pichegru as to make Pichegru the instrument of implicating Moreau. Those who supposed Lajolais to be in the pay of the British Government were egregiously imposed on. Lajolais was only in the pay of the secret police; he was condemned to death, as was expected, but he received his pardon, as was agreed upon. Here was one of the disclosures which Pichegru might have made; hence the necessity of getting him out of the way before the trial. As to the evidence of the man named Rolland, it was clear to everybody that Moreau was right when he said to the President, "In my opinion, Rolland is either a creature of the police, or he has given his evidence under the influence of fear." Rolland made two declarations: the first contained nothing at all; the second was in answer to the following observations: "You see you stand in a terrible situation; you must either be held to be an accomplice in the conspiracy, or you must be taken as evidence. If you say nothing, you will be considered in the light of an accomplice; if you confess, you will be saved." This single circumstance may serve to give an idea of the way the trials were conducted so as to criminate Moreau. On his part the general repelled the attacks, of which he was the object, with calm composure and modest confidence, though flashes of just indignation would occasionally burst from him. I recollect the effect he produced upon the Court and the auditors at one of the sittings, when the President had accused him of the design of making himself Dictator. He exclaimed, "I Dictator! What, make myself Dictator at the head of the partisans of the Bourbons! Point out my partisans! My partisans would naturally be the soldiers of France, of whom I have commanded nine-tenths,

and saved more than fifty thousand. These are the partisans I should look to! All my *aides-de-camp*, all the officers of my acquaintance, have been arrested; not the shadow of a suspicion could be found against any of them, and they have been set at liberty. Why, then, attribute to me the madness of aiming to get myself made Dictator by the aid of the adherents of the old French Princes, of persons who have fought in their cause since 1792? You allege that these men, in the space of four and twenty hours, formed the project of raising me to the Dictatorship! It is madness to think of it! My fortune and my pay have been alluded to; I began the world with nothing; I might have had by this time fifty millions; I have merely a house and a bit of ground; as to my pay, it is forty thousand francs. Surely that sum will not be compared with my services!"

During the trial Moreau delivered a defence, which I knew had been written by his friend Garat, whose eloquence I well remember was always disliked by Bonaparte. Of this I had a proof on the occasion of a grand ceremony which took place in the Place des Victoires, on laying the first stone of a monument which was to have been erected to the memory of Desaix, but which was never executed. The First Consul returned home in very ill humor, and said to me, "Bourrienne, what a brute that Garat is! What a stringer of words! I have been obliged to listen to him for three-quarters of an hour. There are people who never know when to hold their tongues!"

Whatever might be the character of Garat's eloquence or Bonaparte's opinion of it, his conduct was noble on the occasion of Moreau's trial; for he might be sure Bonaparte would bear him a grudge for lending the aid of his pen to the only man whose military glory, though not equal to that of the First Consul, might entitle him to be looked upon as his rival in fame. At one of the sittings a circumstance occurred which produced an almost electrical effect. I think I still see General Lecourbe,¹ the worthy friend of Moreau, entering unex-

¹ This action of Lecourbe, together with the part played in this trial by his brother, one of the judges, was most unfortunate, not only for Lecourbe but for France, which consequently lost the services of its best general of mountain warfare. His campaigns of Switzerland in 1799 on the St. Gothard

pectedly into the Court, leading a little boy. Raising the child in his arms, he exclaimed aloud, and with considerable emotion, "Soldiers, behold the son of your general!" At this unexpected movement all the military present spontaneously rose and presented arms; while a murmur of approbation from the spectators applauded the act. It is certain that had Moreau at that moment said but one word, such was the enthusiasm in his favor, the tribunal would have been broken up and the prisoners liberated. Moreau, however, was silent, and indeed appeared the only unconcerned person in Court. Throughout the whole course of the trial Moreau inspired so much respect that when he was asked a question and rose to reply the gendarmes appointed to guard him rose at the same time and stood uncovered while he spoke.

Georges was far from exciting the interest inspired by Moreau. He was an object of curiosity rather than of interest. The difference of their previous conduct was in itself sufficient to occasion a great contrast in their situation before the Court. Moreau was full of confidence and Georges full of resignation. The latter regarded his fate with a fierce kind of resolution. He occasionally resumed the caustic tone which he seemed to have renounced when he harangued his associates before their departure from the Temple. With the most sarcastic bitterness he alluded to the name and vote of Thuriot, one of the most violent of the judges, often terming him *Tue-roi*;¹ and after pronouncing his name, or being forced to reply to his interrogatories, he would ask for a glass of brandy to wash his mouth.

Georges had the manners and bearing of a rude soldier; but under his coarse exterior he concealed the soul of a hero. When the witnesses of his arrest had answered the questions of the President Hémart, this judge turned toward the

against Suwarrow are well known. Naturally disgraced for the part he took with Moreau, he was not again employed till the *Cent Jours*, when he did good service, although he had disapproved of the defection of Ney from the Royalist cause. He died in 1815; his brother, the judge, had a most furious reception from Napoleon, who called him a prevaricating judge, and dismissed him from his office (*Remusat*, tome ii. p. 8).

¹ Thuriot and the President Hémart both voted for the death of the King. Merlin, the imperial Procureur-Général, was one of the regicides. — *Bourrienne*.

accused, and inquired whether he had anything to say in reply. — "No." — "Do you admit the facts?" — "Yes." Here Georges busied himself in looking over the papers which lay before him, when Hémart warned him to desist, and attend to the questions. The following dialogue then commenced. "Do you confess having been arrested in the place designated by the witness?" — "I do not know the name of the place." — "Do you confess having been arrested?" — "Yes." — "Did you twice fire a pistol?" — "Yes." — "Did you kill a man?" — "Indeed I do not know." — "Had you a poniard?" — "Yes." — "And two pistols?" — "Yes." — "Who was in company with you?" — "I do not know the person." — "Where did you lodge in Paris?" — "Nowhere." — "At the time of your arrest did you not reside in the house of a fruiterer in the Rue de la Montagne St. Geneviève?" — "At the time of my arrest I was in a cabriolet. I lodged nowhere." — "Where did you sleep on the evening of your arrest?" — "Nowhere." — "What were you doing in Paris?" — "I was walking about." — "Whom have you seen in Paris?" — "I shall name no one: I know no one."

From this short specimen of the manner in which Georges replied to the questions of the President we may judge of his unshaken firmness during the proceedings. In all that concerned himself he was perfectly open; but in regard to whatever tended to endanger his associates he maintained the most obstinate silence, notwithstanding every attempt to overcome his firmness.

That I was not the only one who justly appreciated the noble character of Georges is rendered evident by the following circumstance. Having accompanied M. Carbonnet to the police, where he went to demand his papers, on the day of his removal to St. Pélagie, we were obliged to await the return of M. Réal, who was absent. M. Desmarets and several other persons were also in attendance. M. Réal had been at the Conciergerie, where he had seen Georges Cadoudal, and on his entrance observed to M. Desmarets and the others, sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard by M. Carbonnet and myself, "I have had an interview with Georges who is an extraordinary

man. I told him that I was disposed to offer him a pardon if he would promise to renounce the conspiracy and accept of employment under Government. But to my arguments and persuasions he only replied, '*My comrades followed me to France, and I shall follow them to death.*'" In this he kept his word.

Were we to judge these memorable proceedings from the official documents published in the *Moniteur* and other journals of that period, we should form a very erroneous opinion. Those falsities were even the object of a very serious complaint on the part of Coster St. Victor, one of the accused.

After the speech of M. Gauthier, the advocate of Coster St. Victor, the President inquired of the accused whether he had anything further to say in his defence, to which he replied, "I have only to add that the witnesses necessary to my exculpation have not yet appeared. I must besides express my surprise at the means which have been employed to lead astray public opinion, and to load with infamy not only the accused but also their intrepid defenders. I have read with pain in the journals of to-day that the proceedings—" Here the President interrupting, observed that "these were circumstances foreign to the case." "Not in the least," replied Coster St. Victor; "on the contrary, they bear very materially on the cause, since mangling and misrepresenting our defence is a practice assuredly calculated to ruin us in the estimation of the public. In the journals of to-day the speech of M. Gauthier is shamefully garbled, and I should be deficient in gratitude were I not here to bear testimony to the zeal and courage which he has displayed in my defence. I protest against the puerilities and absurdities which have been put into his mouth, and I entreat him not to relax in his generous efforts. It is not on his account that I make this observation; he does not require it at my hands; it is for myself, it is for the accused, whom such arts tend to injure in the estimation of the public."

Coster St. Victor had something chivalrous in his language and manners which spoke greatly in his favor; he conveyed

no bad idea of one of the Fiesco conspirators, or of those leaders of the Fronde who intermingled gallantry with their politics.

An anecdote to this effect was current about the period of the trial. Coster St. Victor, it is related, being unable any longer to find a secure asylum in Paris, sought refuge for a single night in the house of a beautiful actress, formerly in the good graces of the First Consul; and it is added that Bonaparte, on the same night, having secretly arrived on a visit to the lady, found himself unexpectedly in the presence of Coster St. Victor, who might have taken his life; but that only an interchange of courtesy took place betwixt the rival gallants.

This ridiculous story was doubtless intended to throw additional odium on the First Consul, if Coster St. Victor should be condemned and not obtain a pardon, in which case malignity would not fail to attribute his execution to the vengeance of a jealous lover.

I should blush to relate such stories, equally destitute of probability and truth, had they not obtained some credit at the time. Whilst I was with Bonaparte he never went abroad during the night; and it was not surely at a moment when the saying of Fouché, "*The air is full of poniards*," was fully explained that he would have risked such nocturnal adventures.

Wright was heard in the sixth sitting, on the 2d of June, as the hundred and thirty-fourth witness in support of the prosecution. He, however, refused to answer any interrogatories put to him, declaring that, as a prisoner of war, he considered himself only amenable to his own Government.

The Procureur-Général requested the President to order the examinations of Captain Wright on the 21st of May, and at a later period to be read over to him; which being done, the witness replied, that it was omitted to be stated that on these occasions the questions had been accompanied with the threat of transferring him to a military tribunal, in order to be shot, if he did not betray the secrets of his country.

In the course of the trial the most lively interest was felt

for MM. de Polignac,¹ Charles d'Hozier, and de Rivière. So short a period had elapsed since the proscription of the nobility that, independently of every feeling of humanity, it was certainly impolitic to exhibit before the public the heirs of an illustrious name, endowed with that devoted heroism which could not fail to extort admiration even from those who condemned their opinions and principles.

The prisoners were all young, and their situation created universal sympathy. The greatest number of them disdained to have recourse to a denial, and seemed less anxious for the preservation of their own lives than for the honor of the cause in which they had embarked, — not with the view of assassination, as had been demonstrated, but for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of the public feeling, which had been represented by some factious intriguers as favorable to the Bourbons.

Even when the sword of the law was suspended over their heads the faithful adherents of the Bourbons displayed on every occasion their attachment and fidelity to the royal cause. I recollect that the Court was dissolved in tears when the President adduced as a proof of the guilt of M. de Rivière his having worn a medal of the Comte d'Artois, which the prisoner requested to examine; and, on its being handed to him by an officer, M. de Rivière pressed it to his lips and his heart, then returning it, he said that he only wished to render homage to the Prince whom he loved.

¹ The eldest of the Polignacs, Armand (1771-1847), condemned to death, had that penalty remitted, but was imprisoned in Ham till permitted to escape in 1813. He became Duc de Richelieu in 1817. His younger brother, Jules (1780-1847), was also imprisoned and escaped. In 1814 he was one of the first to display the white flag in Paris. In 1829 he became Minister of Charles X., and was responsible for the *ordonnances* which cost his master his throne in 1830. Imprisoned, nominally for life, he was released in 1836, and after passing some time in England returned to France. The remission of the sentence of death on Prince Armand was obtained by the Empress Josephine. Time after time, urged on by Madame de Rémusat, she implored mercy from Napoleon, who at last consented to see the wife of the Prince. Unlike the Bourbon Louis XVIII., who could see Madame de Lavalette only to refuse the wretched woman's prayer for her husband, for Napoleon to grant the interview was to concede the pardon. The Prince escaped death, and his wife who had obtained the interview by applying to Madame de Rémusat, when she met her benefactress in the times of the Restoration, displayed a really grand forgetfulness of what had passed (see *Rémusat*, tome ii. chap. i.).

The Court was still more deeply affected on witnessing the generous fraternal struggle which took place during the last sitting between the two De Polignacs. The emotion was general when the eldest of the brothers, after having observed that his always going out alone and during the day did not look like a conspirator anxious for concealment, added these remarkable words which will remain indelibly engraven on my memory: "I have now only one wish, which is that, as the sword is suspended over our heads, and threatens to cut short the existence of several of the accused, you would, in consideration of his youth if not of his innocence, spare my brother, and shower down upon me the whole weight of your vengeance."

It was during the last sitting but one, on Friday the 8th of June, that M. Armand de Polignac made the above affecting appeal in favor of his brother. The following day, before the fatal sentence was pronounced, M. Jules de Polignac addressed the judges, saying, "I was so deeply affected yesterday, while my brother was speaking, as not fully to have attended to what I read in my own defence: but being now perfectly tranquil, I entreat, gentlemen, that you will not regard what he urged in my behalf. I repeat, on the contrary, and with more justice, if one of us must fall a sacrifice, if there be yet time, save him, — restore him to the tears of his wife; I have no tie. Like him, I can meet death unappalled; — too young to have tasted the pleasures of the world, I cannot regret their loss." — "No, no," exclaimed his brother, "you are still in the outset of your career; it is I who ought to fall."

At eight in the morning the members of the Tribunal withdrew to the council-chamber. Since the commencement of the proceedings, the crowd, far from diminishing, seemed each day to increase; this morning it was immense, and, though the sentence was not expected to be pronounced till a late hour, no one quitted the Court for fear of not being able to find a place when the Tribunal should resume its sitting.

Sentence of death was passed upon Georges Cadoudal, Bouvet de Lozier, Rusillon, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac,

Charles d'Hozier, De Rivière, Louis Ducorps, Picot, Lajolais, Roger, Coster St. Victor, Deville, Gaillard, Joyaut, Burban, Lemerrier, Jean Cadudol, Lelan, and Merille; while Jules de Polignac, Leridant, General Moreau,¹ Rolland, and Hisay were only condemned to two years' imprisonment.

This decree was heard with consternation by the assembly and soon spread throughout Paris. I may well affirm it to have been a day of public mourning; even though it was Sunday every place of amusement was nearly deserted. To the horror inspired by a sentence of death passed so wantonly, and of which the greater number of the victims belonged to the most distinguished class of society, was joined the ridicule inspired by the condemnation of Moreau; of the absurdity of which no one seemed more sensible than Bonaparte himself, and respecting which he expressed himself in the most pointed terms. I am persuaded that every one who narrowly watched the proceedings of this celebrated trial must have been convinced that all means were resorted to in order that Moreau, once accused, should not appear entirely free from guilt.

Bonaparte is reported to have said, "Gentlemen, I have no control over your proceedings; it is your duty strictly to examine the evidence before presenting a report to me. But when it has once the sanction of your signatures, woe to you if an innocent man be condemned."² This remark is in strict conformity with his usual language, and bears a striking similarity to the conversation I held with him on the following Thursday; but though this language might be appropriate from the lips of a sovereign whose ministers are responsible

¹ General Moreau's sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go to America.

² This passage is taken from Savary (tome ii. p. 75), who often heard the Emperor say so to his Ministers. Any person who has held either a command or any executive post must know that Napoleon was strictly within his right in making his Ministers responsible in this manner. The cardinal error of Lanfrey and his school of critics is to consider that Napoleon could be responsible for all the acts of his administration. There is probably no

it appears but a lame excuse in the mouth of Bonaparte, the possessor of absolute power.

The condemned busied themselves in endeavoring to procure a repeal of their sentence; the greatest number of them yielded in this respect to the entreaties of their friends, who lost no time in taking the steps requisite to obtain the pardon of those in whom they were most interested. Moreau at first also determined to appeal; but he relinquished his purpose before the Court of Cassation commenced its sittings.

As soon as the decree of the special Tribunal was delivered, Murat, Governor of Paris, and brother-in-law to the Emperor, sought his presence and conjured him in the most urgent manner to pardon all the criminals, observing that such an act of clemency would redound greatly to his honor in the opinion of France and all Europe, that it would be said the Emperor pardoned the attempt against the life of the First Consul, that this act of mercy would shed more glory over the commencement of his reign than any security which could accrue from the execution of the prisoners. Such was the conduct of Murat; but he did not solicit, as has been reported, the pardon of any one in particular.

Those who obtained the imperial pardon were Bouvet de Lozier, who expected it from the disclosures he had made; Rusillon, de Rivière, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, d'Hozier, Lajolais, who had beforehand received a promise to that effect, and Armand Gaillard.

The other ill-fated victims of a sanguinary police underwent their sentence on the 25th of June, two days after the promulgation of the pardon of their associates.

Their courage and resignation never forsook them even for a moment, and Georges,¹ knowing that it was rumored he had

¹ Georges Cadoudal (1769-1804) was one of those strong characters not unfrequently found among conspirators. Napoleon would gladly have saved him or won him over, except for his determined attempts at assassination. He had been one of the chiefs in La Vendée, and when that rebellion had been put an end to in 1800, Napoleon had seen Georges alone, to the horror of his *aide de camp*; but he could not shake the gloomy resolution of the conspirator, or his firm attachment to the Royalist cause (*Thiers*, tome i. p. 209). Georges is even said to have afterwards regretted not having taken advantage of this opportunity to kill the First Consul. When condemned now he wrote, says Lavalette (tome ii. p. 26) a noble letter to Murat, the Govern-

obtained a pardon, entreated that he might die the first, in order that his companions in their last moments might be assured he had not survived them.

or of Paris, asking for the pardon of his accomplices. He did not ask for his own, but offered to be the first to throw himself on the English coast if life were granted to him. It was, he said, only changing the manner of his death, but in that way at least it would be useful to his country. Napoleon, says Madame de Rémusat (tome ii. p. 6), seemed struck by the firmness of the character of Georges and said, "If it were possible to save any of these assassins I would pardon Georges."

CHAPTER XXVI.

1804.

Clavier and Hémart—Singular proposal of Corvisart—M. Desmaisons Project of influencing the judges—Visit to the Tuileries—Rapp in attendance—Long conversation with the Emperor—His opinion on the trial of Moreau—English assassins and Mr. Fox—Complaints against the English Government—Bonaparte and Lacuée—Affectionate behavior—Arrest of Pichegru—Method employed by the First Consul to discover his presence in Paris—Character of Moreau—Measures of Bonaparte regarding him—Lauriston sent to the Temple—Silence respecting the Duc d'Enghien—Napoleon's opinion of Moreau and Georges—Admiration of Georges—Offers of employment and dismissal—Recital of former vexations—Audience of the Empress—Melancholy forebodings—What Bonaparte said concerning himself—Marks of kindness.

THE judges composing the Tribunal which condemned Moreau were not all like Thuriot and Hémart. History has recorded an honorable contrast to the general meanness of the period in the reply given by M. Clavier, when urged by Hémart to vote for the condemnation of Moreau. "Ah, Monsieur, if we condemn him, how shall we be able to acquit ourselves?"¹ I have, besides, the best reason for asserting that the judges were tampered with, from a circumstance which occurred to myself.

Bonaparte knew that I was intimately connected with M. Desmaisons, one of the members of the Tribunal, and brother-in-law to Corvisart; he also knew that Desmaisons was inclined to believe in Moreau's innocence, and favorable to his acquittal. During the progress of the trial Corvisart arrived at my house one morning at a very early hour, in a state of such evident embarrassment that, before he had time to utter a word, I said to him, "What is the matter? Have you heard any bad news?"

"No," replied Corvisart "but I came by the Emperor's

order. He wishes you to see my brother-in-law. 'He is,' said he to me, 'the senior judge, and a man of considerable eminence; his opinion will carry with it great weight, and I know that he is favorable to Moreau; he is in the wrong. Visit Bourrienne,' said the Emperor, 'and concert with him respecting the best method of convincing Desmaisons of his error, for I repeat he is wrong, — he is deceived.' This is the mission with which I am intrusted."

"How," said I, with thorough astonishment, "how came you to be employed in this affair? Could you believe for one moment that I would tamper with a magistrate in order to induce him to exercise an unjust rigor?"

"No, rest assured," replied Corvisart, "I merely visited you this morning in obedience to the order of the Emperor; but I knew beforehand in what manner you would regard the proposition with which I was charged. I knew your opinions and your character too well to entertain the smallest doubt in this respect, and I was convinced that I ran no risk in becoming the bearer of a commission which would be attended with no effect. Besides, had I refused to obey the Emperor, it would have proved prejudicial to your interest, and confirmed him in the opinion that you were favorable to the acquittal of Moreau. For myself," added Corvisart, "it is needless to affirm that I have no intention of attempting to influence the opinion of my brother-in-law; and if I had, you know him sufficiently well to be convinced in what light he would regard such a proceeding."

Such were the object and result of Corvisart's visit, and I am thence led to believe that similar attempts must have been made to influence other members of the Tribunal.¹ But however this may be, prudence led me to discontinue visiting M. Desmaisons, with whom I was in habits of the strictest friendship.

¹ "The judges had been pressed and acted on in a thousand ways by the hangers-on of the Palace, and especially by Réal, the natural intermediary between justice and the Government. Ambition, servility, fear, every motive capable of influencing them, had been used; even their humane scruples were employed" (*Lamfroy*, iii. p. 193, who goes on to say that the judges were urged to sentence Moreau to death in order that the emperor might fully pardon him).

About this period I paid a visit which occupies an important place in my recollections. On the 14th of June, 1805, four days after the condemnation of Georges and his accomplices, I received a summons to attend the Emperor at St. Cloud. It was Thursday, and as I thought on the great events and tragic scenes about to be acted, I was rather uneasy respecting his intentions.

But I was fortunate enough to find my friend Rapp in waiting, who said to me as I entered, "Be not alarmed; he is in the best of humors at present, and wishes to have some conversation with you."

Rapp then announced me to the Emperor, and I was immediately admitted to his presence. After pinching my ear and asking his usual questions, such as, "What does the world say? How are your children? What are you about?" etc., he said to me, "By the by, have you attended the proceedings against Moreau?" — "Yes, Sire, I have not been absent during one of the sittings." — "Well, Bourrienne, are you of opinion that Moreau is innocent?" — "Yes, Sire; at least I am certain that nothing has come out in the course of the trial tending to criminate him; I am even surprised how he came to be implicated in this conspiracy, since nothing has appeared against him which has the most remote connection with the affair." — "I know your opinion on this subject; Duroc related to me the conversation you held with him at the Tuileries; experience has shown that you were correct; but how could I act otherwise? You know that Bouvet de Lozier hanged himself in prison, and was only saved by accident. Réal hurried to the Temple in order to interrogate him, and in his first confessions he criminated Moreau, affirming that he had held repeated conferences with Pichegru. Réal immediately reported to me this fact, and proposed that Moreau should be arrested, since the rumors against him seemed to be well founded; he had previously made the same proposition. I at first refused my sanction to this measure; but after the charge made against him by Bouvet de Lozier, how could I act otherwise than I did? Could I suffer such open conspiracies against the government? Could I doubt

the truth of Bouvet de Lozier's declaration, under the circumstances in which it was made? Could I foresee that he would deny his first declaration when brought before the Court? There was a chain of circumstances which human sagacity could not penetrate, and I consented to the arrest of Moreau when it was proved that he was in league with Pichegru. Has not England sent assassins?"—"Sire," said I, "permit me to recall to your recollection the conversation you had in my presence with Mr. Fox, after which you said to me, 'Bourrienne, I am very happy at having heard from the mouth of a man of honor that the British Government is incapable of seeking my life; I always wish to esteem my enemies.'"—"Bah! you are a fool! Parbleu! I did not say that the English Minister sent over an assassin, and that he said to him, 'Here is gold and a poniard; go and kill the First Consul.' No, I did not believe that; but it cannot be denied that all those foreign conspirators against my Government were serving England and receiving pay from that power. Have I agents in London to disturb the Government of Great Britain? I have waged with it honorable warfare; I have not attempted to awaken a remembrance of the Stuarts amongst their old partisans. Is not Wright, who landed Georges and his accomplices at Dieppe, a captain in the British navy? But rest assured that, with the exception of a few babblers, whom I can easily silence, the hearts of the French people are with me;—everywhere public opinion has been declared in my favor, so that I have nothing to apprehend from giving the greatest publicity to these plots, and bringing the accused to a solemn trial. The greater number of those gentlemen wished me to bring the prisoners before a military commission, that summary judgment might be obtained; but I refused my consent to this measure. It might have been said that I dreaded public opinion; and I fear it not. People may talk as much as they please, well and good, I am not obliged to hear them; but I do not like those who are attached to my person to blame what I have done."

As I could not wholly conceal an involuntary emotion, in which the Emperor saw something more than mere surprise,

he paused, took me by the ear, and, smiling in the most affectionate manner, said, "I had no reference to you in what I said, but I have to complain of Lacuée.¹ Could you believe that during the trial he went about clamoring in behalf of Moreau? He, my *aide de camp*—a man who owes everything to me! As for you, I have said that you acted very well in this affair."—"I know not, Sire, what has either been done or said by Lacuée, whom I have not seen for a long time; what I said to Duroc is what history teaches in every page."—"By the by," resumed the Emperor, after a short silence, "do you know that it was I myself who discovered that Pichegru was in Paris? Every one said to me, Pichegru is in Paris; Fouché, Réal, harped on the same string, but could give me no proof of their assertion. 'What a fool you are,' said I to Réal, 'when in an instant you may ascertain the fact. Pichegru has a brother, an aged ecclesiastic, who resides in Paris; let his dwelling be searched, and should he be absent, it will warrant a suspicion that Pichegru is here; if, on the contrary, his brother should be at home, let him be arrested: he is a simple-minded man, and in the first moments of agitation will betray the truth.' Everything happened as I had foreseen, for no sooner was he arrested than, without waiting to be questioned, he inquired if it was a crime to have received his brother into his house. Thus every doubt was removed, and a miscreant in the house in which Pichegru lodged betrayed him to the police. What horrid degradation to betray a friend for the sake of gold!"

Then reverting to Moreau, the Emperor talked a great deal respecting that general. "Moreau," he said, "possesses many good qualities; his bravery is undoubted; but he has more courage than energy; he is indolent and effeminate. When with the army he lived like a pacha; he smoked, was almost constantly in bed, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the table. His dispositions are naturally good; but he is too indolent for study; he does not read, and since he has been tied to his wife's apron-strings is fit for nothing. He sees

¹ Lacuée was killed at the bridge of Guntzburg. I believe that after this conversation he ceased to act as *aide de camp* to the Emperor. — *Bourrienne*.

only with the eyes of his wife and her mother, who have had a hand in all these late plots; and then, Bourrienne, is it not very strange that it was by my advice that he entered into this union? I was told that Mademoiselle Hulot was a creole, and I believed that he would find in her a second Josephine; how greatly was I mistaken! It is these women who have estranged us from each other, and I regret that he should have acted so unworthily. You must remember my observing to you more than two years ago that Moreau would one day run his head against the gate of the Tuileries; that he has done so was no fault of mine, for you know how much I did to secure his attachment.¹ You cannot have forgotten the reception I gave him at Malmaison. On the 18th Brumaire I conferred on him the charge of the Luxembourg, and in that situation he fully justified my choice. But since that period he has behaved towards me with the utmost ingratitude; — entered into all the silly cabals against me, blamed all my measures, and turned into ridicule the Legion of Honor. Have not some of the intriguers put it into his head that I regard him with jealousy?² You must be aware of that. You must also know as well as I how anxious the members of the Directory were to exalt the reputation of Moreau. Alarmed at my success in Italy, they wished to have in the armies a general to serve as a counterpoise to my renown. I have ascended the throne and he is the inmate of a prison! You are aware of the incessant clamoring raised against me by the whole family, at which, I confess, I was very much displeased; coming from those whom I had treated so well! Had he attached himself to me, I would doubtless have con-

¹ This seems to have been Napoleon's real opinion. "They will be sure to say that I am jealous of Moreau, that this is revenge, and a thousand pettinesses of that sort. I, jealous of Moreau! Good God! He owes the greater part of his glory to me. It was I who left him a fine army, while I only kept recruits for Italy" (*Remiscs*, tome i. p. 301). It must be remembered that Napoleon had only to leave Moreau unemployed in the campaign of 1800 to render him harmless. Moreau's fame, without the battles fought in the time Napoleon was in power — Hohenlinden, etc. — would not have been greater than that of Massena, the victor of Zurich and, to most Republicans, the saviour of France from invasion.

² Bonaparte was right in this respect, that the consciousness of his own superiority over Moreau prevented him from being jealous of that general; but he was certainly jealous of the estimation in which he was held by the public, whether rightly or wrongly. — *Bourrienne*.

ferred on him the title of First Marshal of the Empire; but what could I do? He constantly depreciated my campaigns and my government. From discontent to revolt there is frequently only one step, especially when a man of a weak character becomes the tool of popular clubs; and therefore when I was first informed that Moreau was implicated in the conspiracy of Georges I believed him to be guilty, but hesitated to issue an order for his arrest till I had taken the opinion of my Council. The members having assembled, I ordered the different documents to be laid before them, with an injunction to examine them with the utmost care, since they related to an affair of importance, and I urged them candidly to inform me whether, in their opinion, any of the charges against Moreau were sufficiently strong to endanger his life. The fools! their reply was in the affirmative; I believe they were even unanimous! Then I had no alternative but to suffer the proceedings to take their course. It is unnecessary to affirm to *you*, Bourrienne, that Moreau never should have perished on a scaffold!¹ Most assuredly I would have pardoned him; but with the sentence of death hanging over his head he could no longer have proved dangerous; and his name would have ceased to be a rallying-point for disaffected Republicans or imbecile Royalists. Had the Council expressed any doubts respecting his guilt I would have intimated to him

¹ This declaration is confirmed by M. de Rovigo, who defends Napoleon against the imputation of having wished that Moreau should suffer capital punishment.

"If," says he, "he was vexed at the result of the trial, on which point I am ignorant, it was no doubt merely because it deprived him of an opportunity to humble Moreau by pardoning him. He was not fond of revenging himself by capital punishments. After the condemnation of Georges and his people, he pardoned several of them at the first application. If I recollect rightly, there were seven pardoned in all. Would he have suffered the conqueror of Holland and the victor of Hohenlinden to perish? It would be unjust to think so.

"Did he leave Moreau to suffer the two years' confinement to which he was sentenced, and during which he might have found occasion to get rid of him had he harbored a thought of so doing? No; for on the night of the very day that Moreau solicited by letter permission to go to America, he granted him leave to depart.

"I was the person whom the First Consul sent to him in the Temple to communicate his consent, and to make arrangements with him for his departure. I gave him my own carriage, and the First Consul paid all the expenses of his journey to Barcelona. The general expressed a wish to see Madame Moreau; I went myself to fetch her, and brought her to the Temple" (*Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo*, vol. ii. p. 99).

that the suspicions against him were so strong as to render any further connection between us impossible; and that the best course he could pursue would be to leave France for three years, under the pretext of visiting some of the places rendered celebrated during the late wars; but that if he preferred a diplomatic mission I would make a suitable provision for his expenses; and the great innovator, Time, might effect great changes during the period of his absence. But my foolish Council affirmed to me that his guilt, as a principal, being evident, it was absolutely necessary to bring him to trial; and now his sentence is only that of a pickpocket! What think you I ought to do? Detain him? He might still prove a rallying-point. No. Let him sell his property and quit France? Can I confine him in the Temple? it is full enough without him. Still, if this had been the only great error they had led me to commit — ”

“Sire, how greatly you have been deceived!”

“Oh yes, I have been so; but I cannot see everything with my own eyes.”

At this part of our conversation, of which I have suppressed my own share as much as possible, I conceived that the last words of Bonaparte alluded to the death of the Duc d'Enghien; and I fancied he was about to mention that event, but he again spoke of Moreau.

“He is very much mistaken,” resumed the Emperor, “if he conceives I bore any ill will towards him. After his arrest I sent Lauriston to the Temple, whom I chose because he was of an amiable and conciliating disposition; I charged him to tell Moreau to confess he had only seen Pichegru, and I would cause the proceedings against him to be suspended. Instead of receiving this act of generosity as he ought to have done, he replied to it with great haughtiness, so much was he elated that Pichegru had not been arrested; he afterwards, however, lowered his tone. He wrote to me a letter of excuse respecting his anterior conduct, which I caused to be produced on the trial. He was the author of his own ruin; besides, it would have required men of a different stamp from Moreau to conspire against me. Among the conspirators, for

example, was an individual whose fate I regret; this Georges in my hands might have achieved great things. I can duly appreciate the firmness of character he displayed, and to which I could have given a proper direction. I caused Réal to intimate to him that, if he would attach himself to me, not only should he be pardoned, but that I would give him the command of a regiment. Perhaps I might even have made him my *aide de camp*. Complaints would have been made, but, parbleu, I should not have cared. Georges refused all my offers; he was as inflexible as iron. What could I do? he underwent his fate, for he was a dangerous man; circumstances rendered his death a matter of necessity. Examples of severity were called for, when England was pouring into France the whole offscouring of the emigration; but patience, patience! I have a long arm, and shall be able to reach them, when necessary. Moreau regarded Georges merely as a ruffian—I viewed him in a different light. You may remember the conversation I had with him at the Tuileries—you and Rapp were in an adjoining cabinet. I tried in vain to influence him—some of his associates were affected at the mention of *country* and of *glory*; he alone stood cold and unmoved. I addressed myself to his feelings, but in vain; he was insensible to everything I said. At that period Georges appeared to me little ambitious of power; his whole wishes seemed to centre in commanding the Vendéans. It was not till I had exhausted every means of conciliation that I assumed the tone and language of the first magistrate. I dismissed him with a strong injunction to live retired—to be peaceable and obedient—not to misinterpret the motives of my conduct towards himself—nor attribute to weakness what was merely the result of moderation and strength. ‘Rest assured,’ I added, ‘and repeat to your associates, that while I hold the reins of authority there will be neither chance nor salvation for those who dare to conspire against me.’ How he conformed to this injunction the event has shown. Réal told me that when Moreau and Georges found themselves in the presence of Pichegru they could not come to any understanding, because Georges would not act against the Bourbons.

Well, he had a plan, but Moreau had none; he merely wished for my overthrow, without having formed any ulterior views whatever. This showed that he was destitute of even common sense. Apropos, Bourrienne, have you seen Corvisart?" — "Yes, Sire." — "Well!" — "He delivered to me the message with which you intrusted him." — "And Desmaisons! — I wager that you have not spoken to him in conformity to my wishes." — "Sire, the estimation in which I hold Desmaisons deterred me from a course so injurious to him; for in what other light could he have considered what I should have said to him? I have never visited at his house since the commencement of the trial." — "Well! well! Be prudent and discreet, I shall not forget you." He then waved a very gracious salute with his hand, and withdrew into his cabinet.

The Emperor had detained me more than an hour. On leaving the audience-chamber I passed through the outer *salon*, where a number of individuals were waiting; and I perceived that an observance of etiquette was fast gaining ground, though the Emperor had not yet adopted the admirable institution of Court Chamberlains.

I cannot deny that I was much gratified with my reception; besides I was beginning to be weary of an inactive life, and was anxious to obtain a place, of which I stood in great need, from the losses I had sustained and the unjust resumption which Bonaparte had made of his gifts. Being desirous to speak of Napoleon with the strictest impartiality, I prefer drawing my conclusions from those actions in which I had no personal concern. I shall therefore only relate here, even before giving an account of my visit to the Empress on leaving the audience-chamber, the former conduct of Napoleon towards myself and Madame Bourrienne, which will justify the momentary alarm with which I was seized when summoned to the Tuileries, and the satisfaction I felt at my reception. I had a proof of what Rapp said of the Emperor being in good humor, and was flattered by the confidential manner in which he spoke to me concerning some of the great political secrets of his Government. On seeing me come out

Rapp observed, "You have had a long audience." — "Yes, not amiss;" and this circumstance procured for me a courtly salutation from all persons waiting in the antechamber.¹

I shall now relate how I spent the two preceding years. The month after I tendered my resignation to the First Consul, and which he refused to accept, the house at St. Cloud belonging to Madame Deville was offered to me; it was that in which the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berri were inoculated. I visited this mansion, thinking it might be suitable for my family; but, notwithstanding the beauty of its situation, it seemed far too splendid either for my taste or my fortune. Except the outer walls, it was in a very dilapidated state, and would require numerous and expensive repairs. Josephine, being informed that Madame de Bourrienne had set her face against the purchase, expressed a wish to see the mansion, and accompanied us for that purpose. She was so much delighted with it that she blamed my wife for starting any objections to my becoming its possessor. "With regard to the expense," Josephine replied to her, "ah, we shall arrange that." On our return to Malmaison she spoke of it in such high terms that Bonaparte said to me, "Why don't you purchase it, Bourrienne, since the price is so reasonable?"²

The house was accordingly purchased. An outlay of 20,000 francs was immediately required to render it habitable. Furniture was also necessary for this large mansion, and orders for it were accordingly given. But no sooner were repairs begun than everything crumbled to pieces, which rendered many additional expenses necessary.

About this period Bonaparte hurried forward the works at

¹ That Bourrienne had any interview at this time with Napoleon is denied by the Bonapartists, but all the account of this conversation is in accordance with other records of Napoleon's feelings. There is no doubt that Napoleon had been advised that Moreau's condemnation was certain. "I was," says Madame de Rémusat (tome ii. p. 7), "at St. Cloud when the news of the sentence arrived. Every one was overwhelmed with astonishment. The Grand Judge (Regnier) had rashly assured the First Consul of the condemnation of Moreau."

St. Cloud, to which place he immediately removed. My services being constantly required, I found it so fatiguing to go twice or thrice a day from Ruel to St. Cloud that I took possession of my new mansion, though it was still filled with workmen. Scarcely eight days had elapsed from this period when Bonaparte intimated that he no longer had occasion for my services. When my wife went to take leave Napoleon spoke to her in a flattering manner of my good qualities, my merit, and the utility of my labors, saying that he was himself the most unfortunate of the three, and that my loss could never be replaced. He then added, "I shall be absent for a month, but Bourrienne may be quite easy; let him remain in retirement, and on my return I shall reward his services, should I even create a place on purpose for him."

Madame de Bourrienne then requested leave to retain the apartments appropriated to her in the Tuileries till after her accouchement, which was not far distant, to which he replied, "You may keep them as long as you please; for it will be some time before I again reside in Paris."

Bonaparte set out on his journey, and shortly afterwards I went with my family to visit Madame de Coubertin, my cousin-german, who received us with her usual kindness. We passed the time of the First Consul's absence at her country-seat, and only returned to St. Cloud on the day Bonaparte was expected.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed after his arrival when I received an intimation to give up, in twenty-four hours, the apartments in the Tuileries, which he had promised my wife should retain till after her confinement. He reclaimed at the same time the furniture of Ruel, which he presented to me two years before, when I purchased that small house on purpose to be near him.

I addressed several memorials to him on this subject, stating that I had replaced the worn-out furniture with new and superior articles; but this he wholly disregarded, compelling me to give up everything, even to the greatest trifle. It may be right to say that on his return the Emperor found his table covered with information respecting my conduct in Paris,

though I had not held the smallest communication with any one in the capital, nor once entered it during his absence.

After my departure for Hamburg, Bonaparte took possession of my stables and coach-house, which he filled with horses. Even the very avenues and walks were converted into stabling. A handsome house at the entrance to the park was also appropriated to similar purposes; in fact, he spared nothing. Everything was done in the true military style; I neither had previous intimation of the proceedings nor received any remuneration for my loss. The Emperor seemed to regard the property as his own; but though he all but ordered me to make the purchase, he did not furnish the money that was paid for it. In this way it was occupied for more than four years.

The recollection of those arbitrary and vexatious proceedings on the part of Bonaparte has led me farther than I intended. I shall therefore return to the imperial residence of St. Cloud. On leaving the audience-chamber, as already stated, I repaired to the apartments of the Empress, who, knowing that I was in the Palace, had intimated her wishes for my attendance. No command could have been more agreeable to me, for every one was certain of a gracious reception from Josephine. I do not recollect which of the ladies in waiting was in attendance when my name was announced; but she immediately retired, and left me alone with Josephine. Her recent elevation had not changed the usual amenity of her disposition. After some conversation respecting the change in her situation, I gave her an account of what had passed between the Emperor and myself.

I faithfully related all that he had said of Moreau, observing that at one moment I imagined he was about to speak of the Duc d'Enghien, when he suddenly reverted to what he had been saying, and never made the slightest allusion to the subject.

Madame Bonaparte replied to me, "Napoleon has spoken the truth respecting Moreau. He was grossly deceived by those who believed they could best pay their court to him by calumniating that general. His silence on the subject of the

Due d'Enghien does not surprise me ; he says as little respecting it as possible, and always in a vague manner, and with manifest repugnance. When you see Bonaparte again be silent on the subject, and should chance bring it forward, avoid every expression in the smallest degree indicative of reproach ; he would not suffer it ; you would ruin yourself forever in his estimation, and the evil is, alas ! without remedy. When you came to Malmaison I told you that I had vainly endeavored to turn him from his fatal purpose, and how he had treated me. Since then he has experienced but little internal satisfaction ; it is only in the presence of his courtiers that he affects a calm and tranquil deportment ; but I perceive his sufferings are the greater from thus endeavoring to conceal them. By the by, I forgot to mention that he knew of the visit you paid me on the day after the catastrophe. I dreaded that your enemies, the greater number of whom are also mine, might have misrepresented that interview ; but, fortunately, he paid little attention to it. He merely said, ‘ So you have seen Bourrienne ? Does he sulk at me ? Nevertheless I must do something for him.’ He has again spoken in the same strain, and repeated nearly the same expressions three days ago ; and since he has commanded your presence to-day, I have not a doubt but he has something in view for your advantage.” — “ May I presume to inquire what it is ? ” — “ I do not yet know ; but I would recommend to you, in the mean time, to be more strictly on your guard than ever ; he is so suspicious, and so well informed of all that is done or said respecting himself. I have suffered so much since I last saw you ; never can I forget the unkind manner in which he rejected my entreaties ! For several days I labored under a depression of spirits which greatly irritated him, because he clearly saw whence it proceeded. I am not dazzled by the title of Empress ; I dread some evil will result from this step to him, to my children, and to myself. The miscreants ought to be satisfied ; see to what they have driven us ! This death imbitters every moment of my life. I need not say to you, Bourrienne, that I speak this in confidence.” — “ You cannot doubt my prudence.” — “ No,

certainly not, Bourrienne. I do not doubt it. My confidence in you is unbounded. Rest assured that I shall never forget what you have done for me, under various circumstances, and the devotedness you evinced to me on your return from Egypt. — Adieu, my friend. Let me see you soon again.”

It was on the 14th of June, 1804, that I had this audience of the Emperor, and afterwards attended the Empress.

On my return home I spent three hours in making notes of all that was said to me by these two personages; and the substance of these notes I have now given to the reader.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1804.

Curious disclosures of Fouché — Remarkable words of Bonaparte respecting the protest of Louis XVIII. — Secret document inserted in the *Moniteur* — Announcement from Bonaparte to Regnier — Fouché appointed Minister of Police — Error of Regnier respecting the conspiracy of Georges — Undeserved praise bestowed on Fouché — Indications of the return of the Bourbons — Variance between the words and conduct of Bonaparte — The iron crown — Celebration of the 14th of July — Church festivals and loss of time — Grand ceremonial at the Invalides — Recollections of the 18th Brumaire — New oath of the Legion of Honor — General enthusiasm — Departure for Boulogne — Visits to Josephine at St. Cloud and Malmaison — Josephine and Madame de Remusat — Pardons granted by the Emperor — Anniversary of the 14th of July — Departure for the camp of Boulogne — General error respecting Napoleon's designs — Caesar's Tower — Distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honor — The military throne — Bonaparte's charlatanism — Intrepidity of two English sailors — The decennial prizes and the Polytechnic School — Meeting of the Emperor and Empress — First negotiation with the Holy See — The Prefect of Arras and Comte Louis de Narbonne — Change in the French Ministry.

LOUIS XVIII., being at Warsaw when he was informed of the elevation of Napoleon to the Imperial dignity, addressed to the sovereigns of Europe a protest against that usurpation of his throne. Fouché, being the first who heard of this protest, immediately communicated the circumstance to the Emperor, observing that doubtless the copies would be multiplied and distributed amongst the enemies of his Government, in the Faubourg St. Germain, which might produce the worst effects, and that he therefore deemed it his duty to inform him that orders might be given to Regnier and Réal to keep a strict watch over those engaged in distributing this document.

"You may judge of my surprise," added Fouché, "you who know so well that formerly the very mention of the Bourbons

he returned it to me, saying, 'Ah, ah, so the Comte de Lille makes his protest! Well, well, all in good time. I hold my right by the voice of the French nation, and while I wear a sword I will maintain it! The Bourbons ought to know that I do not fear them; let them, therefore, leave me in tranquillity. Did you say that the fools of the Faubourg St. Germain would multiply the copies of this protest of Comte de Lille? Well, they shall read it at their ease. Send it to the *Moniteur*, Fouché; and let it be inserted to-morrow morning.' This passed on the 30th of June, and the next day the protest of Louis XVIII. did actually appear in that paper.

Fouché was wholly indifferent respecting the circulation of this protest; he merely wished to show the Emperor that he was better informed of passing events than Regnier, and to afford Napoleon another proof of the inexperience and inability of the Grand Judge in police; and Fouché was not long in receiving the reward which he expected from this step. In fact, ten days after the publication of the protest, the Emperor announced to Regnier the re-establishment of the Ministry of General Police.

The formula, *I pray God to have you in His holy keeping*, with which the letter to Regnier closed, was another step of Napoleon in the knowledge of ancient usages, with which he was not sufficiently familiar when he wrote Cambacérès on the day succeeding his elevation to the Imperial throne; at the same time it must be confessed that this formula assorted awkwardly with the month of "Messidor," and the "twelfth year of the Republic"!

The errors which Regnier had committed in the affair of Georges were the cause which determined Bonaparte to re-establish the Ministry of Police, and to bestow it on a man who had created a belief in the necessity of that measure, by a monstrous accumulation of plots and intrigues. I am also certain that the Emperor was swayed by the probability of a war breaking out, which would force him to leave France; and that he considered Fouché as the most proper person to maintain the public tranquillity during his absence, and detect any cabals that might be formed in favor of the Bourbons.

At this period, when Bonaparte had given the finishing blow to the Republic, which had only been a shadow since the 19th Brumaire, it was not difficult to foresee that the Bourbons would one day remount the throne of their ancestors; and this presentiment was not, perhaps, without its influence in rendering the majority greater in favor of the foundation of the Empire than for the establishment of a Consulate for life. The re-establishment of the throne was a most important step in favor of the Bourbons, for that was the thing most difficult to be done. But Bonaparte undertook the task; and, as if by the aid of a magic rod, the ancient order of things was restored in the twinkling of an eye. The distinctions of rank — orders — titles — the noblesse — decorations — all the baubles of vanity — in short, all the burlesque tattooing which the vulgar regard as an indispensable attribute of royalty, reappeared in an instant. The question no longer regarded the form of government, but the individual who should be placed at its head. By restoring the ancient order of things, the Republicans had themselves decided the question, and it could no longer be doubted that when an occasion presented itself the majority of the nation would prefer the ancient royal family, to whom France owed her civilization, her greatness, and her power, and who had exalted her to such a high degree of glory and prosperity.

It was not one of the least singular traits in Napoleon's character that during the first year of his reign he retained the *fête* of the 14th of July. It was not indeed strictly a Republican *fête*, but it recalled the recollection of two great popular triumphs, — the taking of the Bastille and the first Federation. This year the 14th of July fell on a Saturday, and the Emperor ordered its celebration to be delayed till the following day, because it was Sunday; which was in conformity with the sentiments he delivered respecting the *Concordat*. "What renders me," he said, "most hostile to the re-establishment of the Catholic worship is the number of festivals formerly observed. A saint's day is a day of indolence, and I wish not for that; the people must labor in order to live. I consent to four holidays in the year, but no more;

if the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with this, they may take their departure."

The loss of time seemed to him so great a calamity that he seldom failed to order an indispensable solemnity to be held on the succeeding holiday. Thus he postponed the Corpus Christi to the following Sunday.

On Sunday, the 15th of July, 1804, the Emperor appeared for the first time before the Parisians surrounded by all the pomp of royalty. The members of the Legion of Honor, then in Paris, took the oath prescribed by the new Constitution, and on this occasion the Emperor and Empress appeared attended for the first time by a separate and numerous retinue.

The carriages in the train of the Empress crossed the garden of the Tuileries, hitherto exclusively appropriated to the public; then followed the cavalcade of the Emperor, who appeared on horseback, surrounded by his principal generals, whom he had created Marshals of the Empire. M. de S[^] who held the office of Grand Master of Ceremonies, took the direction of the ceremonial to be observed on ^{the} and with the Governor received the Emperor on of the Hôtel des Invalides. They conducted to a Tribune prepared for her reception, opposite throne which Napoleon alone occupied, to the altar. I was present at this ceremony, notwithstanding my repugnance to such brilliant exhibitions; but I had two days before presented me with tickets prudent to attend on the occasion, lest the keen partisans should have remarked my absence if directed by his order.

I spent about an hour contemplating the times almost ludicrous demeanor of the new Empire; I marked the manœuvring of the Cardinal Belloy at their head, proceeded to the Emperor on his entrance into the church. A train of ideas was called up to my mind when I saw my former comrade at the school of Brienne seated on the vacant throne, surrounded by his brilliant dignitaries of his Empire—his Ministers and

involuntarily recurred to the 19th Brumaire, and all this splendid scene vanished, when I thought of Bonaparte stammering to such a degree that I was obliged to pull the skirt of his coat to induce him to withdraw.

It was neither a feeling of animosity nor of jealousy which called up such reflections; at no period of our career would I have exchanged my situation for his; but whoever can reflect, whoever has witnessed the unexpected elevation of a former equal, may perhaps be able to conceive the strange thoughts that assailed my mind, for the first time, on this occasion.

When the religious part of the ceremony terminated, the church assumed, in some measure, the appearance of a profane temple. The congregation displayed more devotion to the Emperor than towards the God of the Christians,—more enthusiasm than fervor. The mass had been heard with little attention; but when M. de Lacépède, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, after pronouncing a flattering discourse, finished the call of the Grand Officers of the Legion, Bonaparte covered, as did the ancient kings of France when they held a bed of justice. A profound silence, a sort of religious awe, then reigned throughout the assembly, and Napoleon, who did not now stammer as in the Council of the Five Hundred, said in a firm voice:—

“Commanders, officers, legionaries, citizens, soldiers: swear upon your honor to devote yourselves to the service of the Empire—to the preservation of the integrity of the French territory—to the defence of the Emperor, of the laws of the Republic, and of the property which they have made sacred—to combat by all the means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize every attempt to re-establish the feudal system; in short, swear to concur with all your might in maintaining liberty and equality, which are the bases of all our institutions. Do you swear?”

Each member of the Legion of Honor exclaimed, “*I swear* ;” adding, “*Vive l’Empereur!*” with an enthusiasm it is impossible to describe, and in which all present joined.

What, after all, was this new oath? It only differed from that taken by the Legion of Honor, under the Consulate, in putting the defence of the Emperor before that of the Laws of the Republic; and this was not merely a form. It was,

besides, sufficiently laughable and somewhat audacious, to make them swear to support *equality*, at the moment so many titles and monarchical distinctions had been re-established.

On the 18th of July, three days after this ceremony, the Emperor left Paris to visit the camp at Boulogne. He was not accompanied by the Empress on this journey, which was merely to examine the progress of the military operations. Availing myself of the invitation Josephine had given me, I presented myself at St. Cloud a few days after the departure of Napoleon; as she did not expect my visit, I found her surrounded by four or five of the ladies in waiting, occupied in examining some of the elegant productions of the famous Leroi and Madame Despeaux; for amidst the host of painful feelings experienced by Josephine she was too much of a woman not to devote some attention to the toilet.

On my introduction they were discussing the serious question of the costume to be worn by the Empress on her journey to Belgium to meet Napoleon at the Palace of Lacken, near Brussels. Notwithstanding those discussions respecting the form of hats, the color and shape of dresses, etc., Josephine received me in her usual gracious manner. But not being able to converse with me, she said, without giving it an appearance of invitation but in a manner sufficiently evident to be understood, that she intended to pass the following morning at Malmaison.

I shortened my visit, and at noon next day repaired to that delightful abode, which always created in my mind deep emotion. Not an alley, not a grove but teemed with interesting recollections; all recalled to me the period when I was the confidant of Bonaparte. But the time was past when he minutely calculated how much a residence at Malmaison would cost, and concluded by saying that an income of 30,000 livres would be necessary.

When I arrived Madame Bonaparte was in the garden with Madame de Rémusat, who was her favorite from the similarity of disposition which existed between them.¹ Madame de

¹ Madame de Rémusat's *Memoirs* have been recently published by her grandson, M. Paul de Rémusat. Although Madame de Rémusat seems to have really liked Josephine, it is pleasant to think of her horror at finding

Rémusat was the daughter of the Minister Vergennes, and sister to Madame de Nansouty, whom I had sometimes seen with Josephine, but not so frequently as her elder sister. I found the ladies in the avenue which leads to Ruel, and saluted Josephine by inquiring respecting the health of Her Majesty. Never can I forget the tone in which she replied: "Ah! Bourrienne, I entreat that you will suffer me, at least here, to forget that I am an Empress." As she had not a thought concealed from Madame de Rémusat except some domestic vexations, of which probably I was the only confidant, we conversed with the same freedom as if alone, and it is easy to define that the subject of our discourse regarded Bonaparte.

After having spoken of her intended journey to Belgium, Josephine said to me, "What a pity, Bourrienne, that the past cannot be recalled! He departed in the happiest disposition: he has bestowed some pardons: and I am satisfied that but for those accursed politics he would have pardoned a far greater number. I would have said much more, but I endeavored to conceal my chagrin because the slightest contradiction only renders him the more obstinate. Now, when in the midst of his army, he will forget everything. How much have I been afflicted that I was not able to obtain a favorable answer to all the petitions which were addressed to me. That good Madame de Montesson came from Romainville to St. Cloud to solicit the pardon of MM. de Rivière and de Polignac; we succeeded in gaining an audience for Madame de Polignac; . . . how beautiful she is! Bonaparte was greatly affected on beholding her; he said to her, 'Madame, since it was only my life your husband menaced, I may pardon him.' You know Napoleon, Bourrienne; you know that he is not naturally cruel; it is his counsellors and flatterers who have induced him to commit so many villanous actions. Rapp has behaved extremely well; he went to the Emperor, and would not leave him until he had obtained the pardon of another of

herself to resemble the Empress in character. "Not a person of transcendent mind, with a neglected education, wanting in gravity and elevation of soul, incapable of prolonged feeling," such are some of her remarks on Josephine (*Rémusat*, tome i. p. 140).

the condemned whose name I do not recollect.¹ How much these Polignacs have interested me! There will be then at least some families who will owe him gratitude! Strive, if it be possible, to throw a veil over the past; I am sufficiently miserable in my anticipations of the future. Rest assured, my dear Bourrienne, that I shall not fail to exert myself during our stay in Belgium in your behalf, and inform you of the result. Adieu!"

During the festival in celebration of the 14th of July, which I have already alluded to, the Emperor before leaving the Hôtel des Invalides had announced that he would go in person to distribute the decorations of the Legion of Honor to the army assembled in the camp of Boulogne. He was not long before he fulfilled his promise. He left St. Cloud on the 18th and travelled with such rapidity that the next morning, whilst every one was busy with preparations for his reception, he was already at that port, in the midst of the laborers, examining the works. He seemed to multiply himself by his inconceivable activity, and one might say that he was present everywhere.

At the Emperor's departure it was generally believed at Paris that the distribution of the crosses at the camp of Boulogne was only a pretext, and that Bonaparte had at length gone to carry into execution the project of an invasion of England, which everybody supposed he contemplated. It was, indeed, a pretext. The Emperor wished to excite more and more the enthusiasm of the army—to show himself to the military invested in his new dignity, to be present at some grand manœuvres and dispose the army to obey the first signal he might give. How indeed, on beholding such great preparations, so many transports created, as it were, by enchantment, could any one have supposed that he did not really intend to attempt a descent on England? People almost fancied him already in London; it was known that all the army corps echeloned on the coast from Étapes to Ostend were ready to embark. Napoleon's arrival in the midst of his troops inspired them, if possible, with a new

¹ It was, I believe, De Rusillon. — *Bourrienne*.

impulse. The French ports on the Channel had for a long period been converted into dockyards and arsenals, where works were carried on with that inconceivable activity which Napoleon knew so well how to inspire. An almost incredible degree of emulation prevailed amongst the commanders of the different camps, and it descended from rank to rank to the common soldiers and even to the laborers.

As every one was eager to take advantage of the slightest effects of chance, and exercised his ingenuity in converting them into prognostics of good fortune for the Emperor, those who had access to him did not fail to call his attention to some remains of a Roman camp which had been discovered at the *Tour d'Ordre*, where the Emperor's tent was pitched. This was considered an evident proof that the French Cæsar occupied the camp which the Roman Cæsar had formerly constructed to menace Great Britain. To give additional force to this allusion, the *Tour d'Ordre* resumed the name of Cæsar's Tower. Some medals of William the Conqueror, found in another spot, where, perhaps, they had been buried for the purpose of being dug up, could not fail to satisfy the most incredulous that Napoleon must conquer England.

It was not far from Cæsar's Tower that 80,000 men of the camps of Boulogne and Montreuil, under the command of Marshal Soult, were assembled in a vast plain to witness the distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honor impressed with the Imperial effigy. This plain, which I saw with Bonaparte on our first journey to the coast, before our departure to Egypt, was circular and hollow, and in the centre was a little hill. This hill formed the Imperial throne of Bonaparte in the midst of his soldiers. There he stationed himself with his staff, and around this centre of glory the regiments were drawn up in lines and looked like so many diverging rays. From this throne, which had been erected by the hand of nature, Bonaparte delivered in a loud voice the same form of oath which he had pronounced at the Hôtel des Invalides a few days before. It was the signal for a general burst of enthusiasm, and Rapp, alluding to this ceremony, told me that he never saw the Emperor appear more pleased. How could

he be otherwise? Fortune then seemed obedient to his wishes. A storm came on during this brilliant day, and it was apprehended that part of the flotilla would have suffered.¹

¹ The following description of the incident when Napoleon nearly occasioned the destruction of the Boulogne flotilla was forwarded to the *Revue Politique et Littéraire* from a private memoir. The writer, who was an eyewitness, says:—

“One morning, when the Emperor was mounting his horse, he announced that he intended to hold a review of his naval forces, and gave the order that the vessels which lay in the harbor should alter their positions, as the review was to be held on the open sea. He started on his usual ride, giving orders that everything should be arranged on his return, the time of which he indicated. His wish was communicated to Admiral Bruix, who responded with imperturbable coolness that he was very sorry, but that the review could not take place that day. Consequently not a vessel was moved. On his return back from his ride the Emperor asked whether all was ready. He was told what the Admiral had said. Twice the answer had to be repeated to him before he could realize its nature, and then, violently stamping his foot on the ground, he sent for the Admiral. The Emperor met him half-way. With eyes burning with rage, he exclaimed in an excited voice, ‘Why have my orders not been executed?’ With respectful firmness Admiral Bruix replied, ‘Sire, a terrible storm is brewing. Your Majesty may convince yourself of it; would you without need expose the lives of so many men?’ The heaviness of the atmosphere and the sound of thunder in the distance more than justified the fears of the Admiral. ‘Sir,’ said the Emperor, getting more and more irritated, ‘I have given the orders once more; why have they not been executed? The consequences concern me alone. Obey!’ ‘Sire, I will not obey,’ replied the Admiral. ‘You are insolent!’ And the Emperor, who still held his riding-whip in his hand, advanced towards the Admiral with a threatening gesture. Admiral Bruix stepped back and put his hand on the sheath of his sword and said, growing very pale, ‘Sire, take care!’ The whole suite stood paralyzed with fear. The Emperor remained motionless for some time, his hand lifted up, his eyes fixed on the Admiral, who still retained his menacing attitude. At last the Emperor threw his whip on the floor. M. Bruix took his hand off his sword, and with uncovered head awaited in silence the result of the painful scene. Rear-Admiral Magon was then ordered to see that the Emperor’s orders were instantly executed. ‘As for you, sir,’ said the Emperor, fixing his eyes on Admiral Bruix, ‘you leave Boulogne within twenty-four hours and depart for Holland. Go!’ M. Magon ordered the fatal movement of the fleet on which the Emperor had insisted. The first arrangements had scarcely been made when the sea became very high. The black sky was pierced by lightning, the thunder rolled, and every moment the line of vessels was broken by the wind, and shortly after, that which the Admiral had foreseen came to pass, and the most frightful storm dispersed the vessels in such a way that it seemed impossible to save them. With bent head, arms crossed, and a sorrowful look in his face, the Emperor walked up and down on the beach, when suddenly the most terrible cries were heard. More than twenty gunboats filled with soldiers and sailors were being driven towards the shore, and the unfortunate men were vainly fighting against the furious waves, calling for help which nobody could give them. Deeply touched by the spectacle and the heartrending cries and lamentations of the multitude which had assembled on the beach, the Emperor, seeing his generals and officers tremble with horror, attempted to set an example of devotion, and, in spite of all efforts to keep him back, he threw himself into a boat, saying, ‘Let me go! let me go! they must be brought out of this.’ In a moment the boat was filled with water. The waves poured over it again and again, and the Emperor was drenched. One wave larger than the others almost threw him overboard

Bonaparte quitted the hill from which he had distributed the crosses and proceeded to the port to direct what measures should be taken, when upon his arrival the storm ceased as if by enchantment. The flotilla entered the port safe and sound and he went back to the camp, where the sports and amusements prepared for the soldiers commenced, and in the evening the brilliant fireworks which were let off rose in a luminous column, which was distinctly seen from the English coast.

When he reviewed the troops he asked the officers, and often the soldiers, in what battles they had been engaged, and to those who had received serious wounds he gave the cross. Here, I think, I may appropriately mention a singular piece of charlatanism to which the Emperor had recourse, and which powerfully contributed to augment the enthusiasm of his troops. He would say to one of his *aides de camp*, "Ascertain from the colonel of such a regiment whether he has in his corps a man who has served in the campaigns of Italy or the campaigns of Egypt. Ascertain his name, where he was born, the particulars of his family, and what he has done. Learn his number in the ranks, and to what company he belongs, and furnish me with the information."

On the day of the review Bonaparte, at a single glance, could perceive the man who had been described to him. He would go up to him as if he recognized him, address him by his name, and say, "Oh! so you are here! You are a brave fellow—I saw you at Aboukir—how is your old father? What! have you not got the cross? Stay, I will give it you." Then the delighted soldiers would say to each other, "You see the Emperor knows us all; he knows our families; he knows where we have served." What a stimulus was this to soldiers, whom he succeeded in persuading that they would all some time or other become Marshals of the Empire!

and his hat was carried away. Inspired by so much courage, officers, soldiers, seamen, and citizens tried to succor the drowning, some in boats, some swimming. But, alas! only a small number could be saved of the unfortunate men. The following day more than 200 bodies were thrown ashore, and with them the hat of the conqueror of Marengo. That sad day was one of desolation for Boulogne and for the camp. The Emperor groaned under the burden of an accident which he had to attribute solely to his own obstinacy. Agents were despatched to all parts of the town to subdue with gold the murmurs which were ready to break out into a tumult."

Lauriston told me, amongst other anecdotes relating to Napoleon's sojourn at the camp of Boulogne, a remarkable instance of intrepidity on the part of two English sailors. These men had been prisoners at Verdun, which was the most considerable depot of English prisoners in France at the rupture of the peace of Amiens. They effected their escape from Verdun, and arrived at Boulogne without having been discovered on the road, notwithstanding the vigilance with which all the English were watched. They remained at Boulogne for some time, destitute of money, and without being able to effect their escape. They had no hope of getting aboard a boat, on account of the strict watch that was kept upon vessels of every kind. These two sailors made a boat of little pieces of wood, which they put together as well as they could, having no other tools than their knives. They covered it with a piece of sail-cloth. It was only three or four feet wide, and not much longer, and was so light that a man could easily carry it on his shoulders, — so powerful a passion is the love of home and liberty ! Sure of being shot if they were discovered, almost equally sure of being drowned if they effected their escape, they, nevertheless, resolved to attempt crossing the Channel in their fragile skiff. Perceiving an English frigate within sight of the coast they pushed off and endeavored to reach her. They had not gone a hundred toises from the shore when they were perceived by the custom-house officers, who set out in pursuit of them, and brought them back again. The news of this adventure spread through the camp, where the extraordinary courage of the two sailors was the subject of general remark. The circumstance reached the Emperor's ears. He wished to see the men, and they were conducted to his presence, along with their little boat. Napoleon, whose imagination was struck by everything extraordinary, could not conceal his surprise at so bold a project, undertaken with such feeble means of execution. "Is it really true," said the Emperor to them, "that you thought of crossing the sea in this ?" — "Sire," said they, "if you doubt it, give us leave to go, and you shall see us depart." — "I will. You are bold and enterprising men — I admire courage

wherever I meet it. But you shall not hazard your lives. You are at liberty ; and more than that, I will cause you to be put on board an English ship. When you return to London tell how I esteem brave men, even when they are my enemies." Rapp, who with Lauriston, Duroc, and many others, was present at this scene, was not a little astonished at the Emperor's generosity. If the men had not been brought before him they would have been shot as spies, instead of which they obtained their liberty, and Napoleon gave several pieces of gold to each. This circumstance was one of those which made the strongest impression on Napoleon, and he recollected it when at St. Helena, in one of his conversations with M. de Las Casas.

No man was ever so fond of contrasts as Bonaparte. He liked, above everything, to direct the affairs of war whilst seated in his easy-chair, in the cabinet of St. Cloud, and to dictate in the camp his decrees relative to civil administration. Thus, at the camp of Boulogne, he founded the decennial premiums, the first distribution of which he intended should take place five years afterwards, on the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire, which was an innocent compliment to the date of the foundation of the Consular Republic. This measure also seemed to promise to the Republican calendar a longevity which it did not attain.¹ All these little circumstances passed unobserved ; but Bonaparte had so often developed to me his theory of the art of deceiving mankind that I knew their true value. It was likewise at the camp of Boulogne that, by a decree emanating from his individual will, he destroyed the noblest institution of the Republic, the Polytechnic School, by converting it into a purely military academy. He knew that in that sanctuary of high study a Republican spirit was fostered ; and whilst I was with him he had often told me it was necessary that all schools, colleges, and establishments for public instruction should be subject to military discipline. I frequently endeavored to controvert this idea, but without success.

It was arranged that Josephine and the Emperor should

¹ See the end of the second volume.

meet in Belgium. He proceeded thither from the camp of Boulogne, to the astonishment of those who believed that the moment for the invasion of England had at length arrived. He joined the Empress at the Palace of Lacken, which the Emperor had ordered to be repaired and newly furnished with great magnificence.

The Emperor continued his journey by the towns bordering on the Rhine. He stopped first in the town of Charlemagne,¹ passed through the three bishoprics, saw on his way Cologne and Coblenz, which the emigration had rendered so

¹ There are two or three little circumstances related by Mademoiselle Avrillion in connection with this journey that seem worth inserting here.

Mademoiselle Avrillion was the *femme de chambre* of Josephine, and was constantly about her person from the time of the First Consulship to the death of the Empress in 1814. In all such matters as we shall quote from them, her memoirs seem worthy of credit. According to Mademoiselle, the Empress during her stay at Aix-la-Chapelle, drank the waters with much eagerness and some hope. As the theatre there was only supplied with some German singers who were not to Josephine's taste, she had part of a French operatic company sent to her from Paris. The amiable creole had always a most royal disregard of expense. When Bonaparte joined her, he renewed his old custom of visiting his wife now and then at her toilet, and according to Mademoiselle Avrillion, he took great interest in the subject of her dressing. She says, "It was a most extraordinary thing for us to see the man whose head was filled with such vast affairs enter into the most minute details of the female toilet, and of what dresses, what robes, and what jewels the Empress should wear on such and such an occasion. One day he daubed her dress with ink because he did not like it, and wanted her to put on another. Whenever he looked into her wardrobe he was sure to turn everything topsy-turvy."

This characteristic anecdote perfectly agrees with what we have heard from other persons. When the Neapolitan Princess di — was at the Tuileries as *dame d'honneur* to Bonaparte's sister Caroline Murat, then Queen of Naples, on the grand occasion of the marriage with Maria Louisa, the Princess, to her astonishment, saw the Emperor go up to a lady of the Court and address her thus: "This is the same gown you wore the day before yesterday! What's the meaning of this, madame? This is not right, madame!"

Josephine never gave him a similar cause of complaint, but even when he was Emperor she often made him murmur at the profusion of her expenditure under this head. The next anecdote will give some idea of the quantity of dresses which she wore for a day or so, and then gave away to her attendants, who appear to have carried on a very active trade in them.

"While we were at Mayence the Palace was literally besieged by Jews, who continually brought manufactured and other goods to show to the followers of the Court; and we had the greatest difficulty to avoid buying them. At last they proposed that we should barter with them; and when Her Majesty had given us dresses that were far too rich for us to wear ourselves, we exchanged them with the Jews for piece-goods. The robes we thus bartered did not long remain in the hands of the Jews, and there must have been a great demand for them among the belles of Mayence, for I remember a ball there at which the Empress might have seen all the ladies of a quadrille party dressed in her cast-off clothes, — I even saw German Princesses wearing them" (*Mémoires de Mademoiselle Avrillion*).

famous, and arrived at Mayence, where his sojourn was distinguished by the first attempt at negotiation with the Holy See, in order to induce the Pope to come to France to crown the new Emperor, and consolidate his power by supporting it with the sanction of the Church. This journey of Napoleon occupied three months, and he did not return to St. Cloud till October. Amongst the flattering addresses which the Emperor received in the course of his journey I cannot pass over unnoticed the speech of M. de la Chaise, Prefect of Arras, who said, "God made Bonaparte, and then rested." This occasioned Comte Louis de Narbonne, who was not yet attached to the Imperial system, to remark, "That it would have been well had God rested a little sooner."

During the Emperor's absence a partial change took place in the Ministry. M. de Champagny succeeded M. Chaptal as Minister of the Interior. At the camp of Boulogne the pacific Joseph found himself, by his brother's wish, transformed into a warrior, and placed in command of a regiment of dragoons,¹ which was a subject of laughter with a great number of generals. I recollect that one day Lannes, speaking to me of the circumstance in his usual downright and energetic way, said, "He had better not place him under my orders, for upon the first fault I will put the scamp under arrest."

¹ Joseph was made colonel of the fourth regiment of the line, not of a dragoon regiment (*Erreurs*, tome ii. p. 142).

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1804.

England deceived by Napoleon — Admirals Missiessy and Villeneuve — Command given to Lauriston — Napoleon's opinion of Madame de Staël — Her letters to Napoleon — Her enthusiasm converted into hatred — Bonaparte's opinion of the power of the Church — The Pope's arrival at Fontainebleau — Napoleon's first interview with Pius VII. — The Pope and the Emperor on a footing of equality — Honors rendered to the Pope — His apartments at the Tuileries — His visit to the Imperial printing-office — Paternal rebuke — Effect produced in England by the Pope's presence in Paris — Preparations for Napoleon's coronation — Votes in favor of hereditary succession — Convocation of the Legislative Body — The presidents of cantons — Anecdote related by Michot the actor — Comparisons — Influence of the Coronation on the trade of Paris — The insignia of Napoleon and the insignia of Charlemagne — The Pope's mule — Anecdote of the notary Raguideau — Distribution of eagles in the Champ de Mars — Remarkable coincidence.

ENGLAND was never so much deceived by Bonaparte as during the period of the encampment at Boulogne. The English really believed that an invasion was intended, and the Government exhausted itself in efforts for raising men and money to guard against the danger of being taken by surprise. Such, indeed, is the advantage always possessed by the assailant. He can choose the point on which he thinks it most convenient to act, while the party which stands on the defence, and is afraid of being attacked, is compelled to be prepared in every point. However, Napoleon, who was then in the full vigor of his genius and activity, had always his eyes fixed on objects remote from those which surrounded him, and which seemed to absorb his whole attention. Thus, during the journey of which I have spoken, the ostensible object of which was the organization of the departments on the Rhine, he despatched two squadrons from Rochefort and Boulogne, one commanded by Missiessy, the

those squadrons; I shall merely mention with respect to them that, while the Emperor was still in Belgium, Lauriston paid me a sudden and unexpected visit.¹ He was on his way to Toulon to take command of the troops which were to be embarked on Villeneuve's squadron, and he was not much pleased with the service to which he had been appointed.

Lauriston's visit was a piece of good fortune for me. We were always on friendly terms, and I received much information from him, particularly with respect to the manner in which the Emperor spent his time. "You can have no idea," said he, "how much the Emperor does, and the sort of enthusiasm which his presence excites in the army. But his anger at the contractors is greater than ever, and he has been very severe with some of them." These words of Lauriston did not at all surprise me, for I well knew Napoleon's dislike to contractors, and all men who had mercantile transactions with the army. I have often heard him say that they were a curse and a leprosy to nations; that whatever power he might attain, he never would grant honors to any of them, and that of all aristocracies, theirs was to him the most insupportable. After his accession to the Empire the contractors were no longer the important persons they had been under the Directory, or even during the two first years of the Consulate. Bonaparte sometimes acted with them as he had before done with the Beys of Egypt, when he drew from them forced contributions.

I recollect another somewhat curious circumstance respecting the visit of Lauriston, who had left the Emperor and Empress at Aix-la-Chapelle. Lauriston was the best educated of the *aides de camp*, and Napoleon often conversed with him on such literary works as he chose to notice. "He sent for me one day," said Lauriston, "when I was on duty at the

¹ Lauriston, one of Napoleon's *aides de camp*, who was with him at the Military School of Paris, and who had been commissioned in the artillery at the same time as Napoleon, considered that he should have had the post of Grand Ecuyer which Caulaincourt had obtained. He had complained angrily to the Emperor, and after a stormy interview was ordered to join the fleet of Villeneuve. In consequence he was at Trafalgar. On his return after Austerlitz his temporary disgrace was forgotten, and he was sent as governor to Venice. He became marshal under the Restoration. See *Mémoires*, tome iii. p. 102, and *Savary*, tome ii. p. 239.

Palace of Laeken, and spoke to me of the decennial prizes, and the tragedy of *Carion de Nisas*,¹ and a novel by Madame de Staël which he had just read, but which I had not seen, and was therefore rather embarrassed in replying to him. Respecting Madame de Staël and her *Delphine*, he said some remarkable things. 'I do not like women,' he observed, 'who make men of themselves, any more than I like effeminate men. There is a proper part for every one to play in the world. What does all this flight of imagination mean? What is the result of it? Nothing. It is all sentimental metaphysics and disorder of the mind. I cannot endure that woman; for one reason, that I cannot bear women who make a set at me, and God knows how often she has tried to cajole me!'"

The words of Lauriston brought to my recollection the conversations I had often had with Bonaparte respecting Madame de Staël, of whose advances made to the First Consul, and even to the General of the Army of Italy, I had frequently been witness. Bonaparte knew nothing at first of Madame de Staël but that she was the daughter of M. Necker, a man for whom, as I have already shown, he had very little esteem. Madame de Staël had not been introduced to him, and knew nothing more of him than what fame had published respecting the young conqueror of Italy, when she addressed to him letters full of enthusiasm. Bonaparte read some passages of them to me, and, laughing, said, "What do you think, Bourrienne, of these extravagances? This woman is mad." I recollect that in one of her letters Madame de Staël, among other things, told him that they certainly were created for each other—that it was in consequence of an error in human institutions that the quiet and gentle Josephine was united to his fate—that nature seemed to have destined for the adoration of a hero such as he, a soul of fire like her own. These extravagances disgusted Bonaparte to a degree which

¹ Lauriston alluded to the tragedy of *Peter the Great*, which was twice represented before very tumultuous audiences. This piece was performed at the Théâtre Français in the first period of the Empire, but the Emperor prohibited the representation because the allusions were not taken in the sense he wished them to be, and which the author had hoped they would. — *Bourrienne*.

I cannot describe. When he had finished reading these fine epistles he used to throw them into the fire, or tear them with marked ill humor, and would say, "Well, here is a woman who pretends to genius—a maker of sentiments, and she presumes to compare herself to Josephine! Bourrienne, I shall not reply to such letters."

I had, however, the opportunity of seeing what the perseverance of a woman of talent can effect. Notwithstanding Bonaparte's prejudices against Madame de Staël, which he never abandoned, she succeeded in getting herself introduced to him; and if anything could have disgusted him with flattery it would have been the admiration, or, to speak more properly, the worship, which she paid him; for she used to compare him to a god descended on earth, — a kind of comparison which the clergy, I thought, had reserved for their own use. But, unfortunately, to please Madame de Staël it would have been necessary that her god had been Plutus; for behind her eulogies lay a claim for two millions, which M. Necker considered still due to him on account of his good and worthy services. However, Bonaparte said on this occasion that whatever value he might set on the suffrage of Madame de Staël, he did not think fit to pay so dear for it with the money of the State. The conversion of Madame de Staël's enthusiasm into hatred is well known, as are also the petty vexations, unworthy of himself, with which the Emperor harassed her in her retreat at Coppet.¹

¹ Madame de Staël, with all her genius and worth, was certainly a vain woman; but she was always high-minded, and we cannot help thinking that Bourrienne deals rather harshly by her. The conduct of Bonaparte towards her was low-minded and paltry in the extreme. Why has Bourrienne omitted to mention the unmanly manner in which she was suddenly exiled from France, and to give a copy of the brutal letter to her, written at Bonaparte's orders by Savary, in which she was told, in cruel mockery, that the air of France no longer suited her health? After her rupture with the First Consul Madame de Staël said that Bonaparte was nothing but a *Robespierre à cheval*. This was her great offence. Bonaparte was always cut to the quick by such epigrammatic sallies, and his resentment, even when its object was a woman, was always implacable. . . . *Editor of 1836 edition.*

This passage is attacked in *Madame de Staël* (by A. Stevens, London, Murray, 1881), vol. i. p. 205. The debt claimed by her was paid by the Bourbons, but Bourrienne's account seems perfectly true. Napoleon's horror of such a whirlwind of sentiment as Madame de Staël was most natural. The very damaging admissions made by her biographer should be noted. "She acknowledged to him (Joseph) sometimes, with regret, the violence of her language against Napoleon. . . . She did not demand the right to attack him

Lauriston had arrived at Paris, where he made but a short stay, some days before Caffarelli, who was sent on a mission to Rome to sound the Papal Court, and to induce the Holy Father to come to Paris to consecrate Bonaparte at his coronation. I have already described the nature of Bonaparte's ideas on religion. His notions on the subject seemed to amount to a sort of vague feeling rather than to any belief founded on reflection. Nevertheless, he had a high opinion of the power of the Church; but not because he considered it dangerous to Governments, particularly to his own. Napoleon never could have conceived how it was possible that a sovereign wearing a crown and a sword could have the meanness to kneel to a Pope, or to humble his sceptre before the keys of St. Peter. His spirit was too great to admit of such a thought. On the contrary, he regarded the alliance between the Church and his power as a happy means of influencing the opinions of the people, and as an additional tie which was to attach them to a Government rendered legitimate by the solemn sanction of the Papal authority. Bonaparte was not deceived. In this, as well as in many other things, the perspicacity of his genius enabled him to comprehend all the importance of a consecration bestowed on him by the Pope; more especially as Louis XVIII., without subjects, without territory, and wearing only an illusory crown, had not received that sacred unction by which the descendants of Hugh Capet become the eldest sons of the Church.

As soon as the Emperor was informed of the success of Caffarelli's mission, and that the Pope, in compliance with his

publicly. . . . When the new Napoleonic order appeared to be irreversibly established, she was not indisposed to recognize what seemed to be invincible fate" (vol. i. p. 208). As for any improbability of her throwing herself at Napoleon's head, see vol. ii. p. 95 for the spirit in which she went to England: "If I discover there a noble character, I will sacrifice my liberty." As for her extraordinary conceit and extravagant idea of her position, see *Metternich*, tome iii. p. 505. When asked by the Police President of Vienna, "Pray, Madame, are we to go to war about Herr Rocca?" she answered "Why not? Herr Rocca is my friend, and will be my husband!" It will be seen that Metternich took much the same view of her as Napoleon did. When asked to obtain the permission she so specially desired to perorate in the *salons* of Paris, he says (on the same page), "My head, however, does not seem to be so easily turned, for I was able to withstand her without difficulty. . . . Celebrity was a power to Madame de Staël! The longer I live, the more I mistrust this power."

desire, was about to repair to Paris to confirm in his hands the sceptre of Charlemagne, nothing was thought of but preparations for that great event, which had been preceded by the recognition of Napoleon as Emperor of the French on the part of all the States of Europe, with the exception of England.

On the conclusion of the *Concordat* Bonaparte said to me, "I shall let the Republican generals exclaim as much as they like against the Mass. I know what I am about; I am working for posterity." He was now gathering the fruits of his *Concordat*. He ordered that the Pope should be everywhere treated in his journey through the French territory with the highest distinction, and he proceeded to Fontainebleau to receive his Holiness. This afforded an opportunity for Bonaparte to re-establish the example of those journeys of the old Court, during which changes of ministers used formerly to be made. The Palace of Fontainebleau, now become Imperial, like all the old royal châteaux, had been newly furnished with a luxury and taste corresponding to the progress of modern art. The Emperor was proceeding on the road to Nemours when couriers informed him of the approach of Pius VII. Bonaparte's object was to avoid the ceremony which had been previously settled. He had therefore made the pretext of going on a hunting-party, and was in the way as it were by chance when the Pope's carriage was arriving. He alighted from horseback, and the Pope came out of his carriage. Rapp was with the Emperor, and I think I yet hear him describing, in his original manner and with his German accent, this grand interview, upon which, however, he for his part looked with very little respect. Rapp, in fact, was among the number of those who, notwithstanding his attachment to the Emperor, preserved independence of character, and he knew he had no reason to dissemble with me. "Fancy to yourself," said he, "the amusing comedy that was played." After the Emperor and the Pope had well embraced they went into the same carriage; and, in order that they might be upon a footing of equality, they were to enter at the same time by opposite doors. All that was settled; but at

breakfast the Emperor had calculated how he should manage, without appearing to assume anything, to get on the right-hand side of the Pope, and everything turned out as he wished. As to the Pope," said Rapp, "I must own that I never saw a man with a finer countenance or more respectable appearance than Pius VII."¹

After the conference between the Pope and the Emperor at Fontainebleau, Pius VII. set off for Paris first. On the road the same honors were paid to him as to the Emperor. Apartments were prepared for him in the Pavillon de Flore in the Tuileries, and his bedchamber was arranged and furnished in the same manner as his chamber in the Palace of Monte-Cavallo, his usual residence in Rome. The Pope's presence in Paris was so extraordinary a circumstance that it was scarcely believed, though it had some time before been talked of. What, indeed, could be more singular than to see the Head of the Church in a capital where four years previously the altars had been overturned, and the few faithful who remained had been obliged to exercise their worship in secret! The Pope became the object of public respect and general curiosity. I was exceedingly anxious to see him, and my wish was gratified on the day when he went to visit the Imperial printing-office, then situated where the Bank of France now is.

A pamphlet, dedicated to the Pope, containing the "Pater Noster," in one hundred and fifty different languages, was

¹ The following is Savary's account of the meeting of the Pope and Napoleon:—

"The Emperor went to meet the Pope on the road to Nemours. To avoid ceremony the pretext of a hunting-party was assumed; the attendants, with his equipages, were in the forest. The Emperor came on horseback, and in a hunting-dress, with his retinue. It was at the Half-Moon, on the top of the hill, that the meeting took place. There the Pope's carriage drew up; he got out at the left door in his white costume; the ground was dirty; he did not like to step upon it with his white silk shoes, but was obliged to do so at last.

"Napoleon alighted to receive him. They embraced, and the Emperor's carriage, which had been purposely driven up, was advanced a few paces, as if from the carelessness of the driver; but men were posted to hold the two doors open. At the moment of getting in the Emperor took the right door, and an officer of the court handed the Pope to the left; so that they entered the carriage by the two doors at the same time. The Emperor naturally seated himself on the right; and this first step decided, without negotiation, upon the etiquette to be observed during the whole time that the Pope was to remain in Paris."—*Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo*, vol. ii. p. 111.

struck off in the presence of his Holiness. During this visit to the printing-office an ill-bred young man kept his hat on in the Pope's presence. Several persons, indignant at this indecorum, advanced to take off the young man's hat. A little confusion arose, and the Pope, observing the cause of it, stepped up to the young man and said to him, in a tone of kindness truly patriarchal, "Young man, uncover, that I may give thee my blessing. An old man's blessing never yet harmed any one." This little incident deeply affected all who witnessed it. The countenance and figure of Pope Pius VII. commanded respect. David's admirable portrait is a living likeness of him.

The Pope's arrival at Paris produced a great sensation in London, greater indeed there than anywhere else, notwithstanding the separation of the English Church from the Church of Rome. The English Ministry now spared no endeavors to influence public opinion by the circulation of libels against Bonaparte. The Cabinet of London found a twofold advantage in encouraging this system, which not merely excited irritation against the powerful enemy of England, but diverted from the British Government the clamor which some of its measures were calculated to create. Bonaparte's indignation against England was roused to the utmost extreme, and in truth this indignation was in some degree a national feeling in France.

Napoleon had heard of the success of Caffarelli's negotiation previous to his return to Paris, after his journey to the Rhine. On arriving at St. Cloud he lost no time in ordering the preparations for his coronation. Everything aided the fulfilment of his wishes. On 28th November the Pope arrived at Paris, and two days after, viz. on the 1st of December, the Senate presented to the Emperor the votes of the people for the establishment of hereditary succession in his family; for as it was pretended that the assumption of the title of Emperor was no way prejudicial to the Republic, the question of hereditary succession only had been proposed for public sanction. Sixty thousand registers had been opened in different parts of France, — at the offices of the ministers,

the prefects, the mayors of the communes, notaries, solicitors, etc. France at that time contained 108 departments, and there were 3,574,898 voters. Of these only 2569 voted against hereditary succession. Bonaparte ordered a list of the persons who had voted against the question to be sent to him, and he often consulted it. They proved to be not Royalist, but for the most part stanch Republicans. To my knowledge many Royalists abstained from voting at all, not wishing to commit themselves uselessly, and still less to give their suffrages to the author of the Duc d'Enghien's death. For my part, I gave my vote in favor of hereditary succession in Bonaparte's family; my situation, as may well be imagined, did not allow me to do otherwise.

Since the month of October the Legislative Body had been convoked to attend the Emperor's coronation. Many deputies arrived, and with them a swarm of those presidents of cantons who occupied a conspicuous place in the annals of ridicule at the close of the year 1804. They became the objects of all sorts of witticisms and jests. The obligation of wearing swords made their appearance very grotesque. As many droll stories were told of them as were ten years afterwards related of those who were styled the *voltigeurs* of Louis XIV. One of these anecdotes was so exceedingly ludicrous that, though it was probably a mere invention, yet I cannot refrain from relating it. A certain number of these presidents were one day selected to be presented to the Pope; and as most of them were very poor they found it necessary to combine economy with the etiquette necessary to be observed under the new order of things. To save the expense of hiring carriages they therefore proceeded to the Pavilion de Flore on foot, taking the precaution of putting on gaiters to preserve their white silk stockings from the mud which covered the streets, for it was then the month of December. On arriving at the Tuileries one of the party put his gaiters into his pocket. It happened that the Pope delivered such an affecting address that all present were moved to tears, and the unfortunate president who had disposed of his gaiters in the way just mentioned drew them out instead of his handkerchief and smeared his

face over with mud. The Pope is said to have been much amused at this mistake. If this anecdote should be thought too puerile to be repeated here, I may observe that it afforded no small merriment to Bonaparte, who made Michot the actor relate it to the Empress at Paris one evening after a Court performance.

Napoleon had now obtained the avowed object of his ambition; but his ambition receded before him like a boundless horizon. On the 1st of December, the day on which the Senate presented to the Emperor the result of the votes for hereditary succession, François de Neufchâteau delivered an address to him, in which there was no want of adulatory expressions. As President of the Senate he had had some practice in that style of speech-making; and he only substituted the eulogy of the Monarchical Government for that of the Republican Government *a sempre bene*, as the Italians say.

If I wished to make comparisons I could here indulge in some curious ones. Is it not extraordinary that Fontainebleau should have witnessed, at the interval of nearly ten years, Napoleon's first interview with the Pope, and his last farewell to his army, and that the Senate, who had previously given such ready support to Bonaparte, should in 1814 have pronounced his abdication at Fontainebleau.

The preparations for the Coronation proved very advantageous to the trading classes of Paris. Great numbers of foreigners and people from the provinces visited the capital, and the return of luxury and the revival of old customs gave occupation to a variety of tradespeople who could get no employment under the Directory or Consulate, such as saddlers, carriage-makers, lacemen, embroiderers, and others. By these positive interests were created more partisans of the Empire than by opinion and reflection; and it is but just to say that trade had not been so active for a dozen years before. The Imperial crown jewels were exhibited to the public at Biennais the jeweller's. The crown was of a light form, and, with its leaves of gold, it less resembled the crown of France than the antique crown of the Cæsars. These

things were afterwards placed in the public treasury, together with the imperial insignia of Charlemagne, which Bonaparte had ordered to be brought from Aix-la-Chapelle. But while Bonaparte was thus priding himself in his crown and his imagined resemblance to Charlemagne, Mr. Pitt, lately recalled to the Ministry, was concluding at Stockholm a treaty with Sweden, and agreeing to pay a subsidy to that power to enable it to maintain hostilities against France. This treaty was concluded on the 3d of December, the day after the Coronation.¹

It cannot be expected that I should enter into a detail of

¹ The details of the preparation for the Coronation caused many stormy scenes between Napoleon and his family. The Princesses, his sisters and sisters-in-law, were especially shocked at having to carry the train of the Imperial mantle of Josephine, and even when Josephine was actually moving from the altar to the throne the Princesses evinced their reluctance so plainly that Josephine could not advance, and an altercation took place which had to be stopped by Napoleon himself (*Rémusat*, tome ii. p. 71). For the details of the disputes between Napoleon and Joseph see *Miot de Melito*, tome ii. p. 221. Joseph was quite willing to himself give up appearing in a mantle with a train, but he wished to prevent his wife bearing the mantle of the Empress; and he opposed his brother on so many points that Napoleon ended by calling on him to either give up his position and retire from all politics, or else to fully accept the Imperial régime. How the economical Cambacérès used up the ermine he could not wear will be seen in *Junot*, tome iii. p. 195. Josephine herself was in the greatest anxiety as to whether the wish of the Bonaparte family that she should be divorced would carry the day with her husband. When she had gained her cause for the time, and after the Pope had engaged to crown her, she seems to have most cleverly managed to get the Pope informed that she was only united to Napoleon by a civil marriage. The Pope insisted on a religious marriage. Napoleon was angry, but could not recede, and the religious rite was performed by Cardinal Fesch the day, or two days, before the Coronation. The certificate of the marriage was carefully guarded from Napoleon by Josephine, and even placed beyond his reach at the time of the divorce. Such at least seems to be the most probable account of this mysterious and doubtful matter. Compare *Rémusat*, tome ii. p. 67; *Thiers*, tome v. p. 262, corrected by tome xi. p. 352; Cardinal Consalvi's *Memoirs*, and Jervis's *Gallican Church and the Revolution*, p. 448, and especially p. 451, where the opinion of the Abbé Emery as to the non-validity of this marriage is given. Metternich (tome i. p. 121) says concerning this, "For the Church this question did not exist, and therefore not for the Emperor (of Austria);" and he treats the matter as if there had been no religious marriage rite. "Indeed," he says, "otherwise the scheme of a divorce could not have been entertained for a moment." But the Austrian Court was deeply interested in this matter, and not likely to be too scrupulous. The fact that Cardinal Fesch maintained that the religious rite had been duly performed, and that thirteen of the Cardinals (not, however, including Fesch) were so convinced of the legality of the marriage that they refused to appear at the ceremony of marriage with Marie Louise, thus drawing down the wrath of the Emperor, and becoming the "Cardinals Noirs," from being forbidden to wear their own robes, seems to leave no doubt that the religious rite had been duly performed. The marriage was only pronounced to be invalid in 1809 by the local canonical bodies, not by the authority of the Pope.

the ceremony which took place on the 2d of December. The glitter of gold, the waving plumes, and richly caparisoned horses of the Imperial procession; the mule which preceded the Pope's *cortège*, and occasioned so much merriment to the Parisians, have already been described over and over again. I may, however, relate an anecdote connected with the Coronation, told me by Josephine, and which is exceedingly characteristic of Napoleon.

When Bonaparte was paying his addresses to Madame de Beauharnais, neither the one nor the other kept a carriage; and therefore Bonaparte frequently accompanied her when she walked out. One day they went together to the notary Raguideau, one of the shortest men I think I ever saw in my life. Madame de Beauharnais placed great confidence in him, and went there on purpose to acquaint him of her intention to marry the young general of artillery, — the *protégé* of Barras. Josephine went alone into the notary's cabinet, while Bonaparte waited for her in an adjoining room. The door of Raguideau's cabinet did not shut close, and Bonaparte plainly heard him dissuading Madame de Beauharnais from her projected marriage. "You are going to take a very wrong step," said he, "and you will be sorry for it. Can you be so mad as to marry a young man who has nothing but his cloak and his sword?" Bonaparte, Josephine told me, had never mentioned this to her, and she never supposed that he had heard what fell from Raguideau. "Only think, Bourrienne," continued she, "what was my astonishment when, dressed in the Imperial robes on the Coronation day, he desired that Raguideau might be sent for, saying that he wished to see him immediately; and when Raguideau appeared he said to him, 'Well, sir! have I nothing but my cloak and my sword now?'" Though Bonaparte had related to me almost all the circumstances of his life, as they occurred to his memory, he never once mentioned this affair of Raguideau, which he only seemed to have suddenly recollected on his Coronation day.¹

¹ The truth about this story seems to be that Raguideau went by appointment to Josephine's house (she was not likely to go to his office) and there advised her against the marriage, using the words attributed to him. He was disconcerted when introduced to Napoleon, who was standing at the

The day after the Coronation all the troops in Paris were assembled in the Champ de Mars, that the Imperial eagles might be distributed to each regiment, in lieu of the national flags. I had staid away from the Coronation in the church of Notre Dame, but I wished to see the military *fête* in the Champ de Mars, because I took real pleasure in seeing Bonaparte amongst his soldiers. A throne was erected in front of the Military School, which, though now transformed into a barrack, must have recalled to Bonaparte's mind some singular recollections of his boyhood. At a given signal all the columns closed and approached the throne. Then Bonaparte, rising, gave orders for the distribution of the eagles, and delivered the following address to the deputations of the different corps of the army : —

“ Soldiers ! behold your colors. These eagles will always be your rallying-point ! They will always be where your Emperor may think them necessary for the defence of his throne and of his people. Swear to sacrifice your lives to defend them, and by your courage to keep them constantly in the path of victory. — Swear ! ”

It would be impossible to describe the acclamations which followed this address ; there is something so seductive in popular enthusiasm that even indifferent persons cannot help yielding to its influence. And yet the least reflection would have shown how shamefully Napoleon forswore the declaration he made to the Senate, when the organic *Sénatus-consulte* for the foundation of the Empire was presented to him at St. Cloud. On that occasion he said, “The French people shall never be *my* people !” And yet the day after his coronation his eagles were to be carried wherever they might be necessary for the defence of *his* people.

By a singular coincidence, while on the 2d of December, window drumming on the panes. When asked whether he had heard, Napoleon said, “ Yes, he has spoken as an honest man, and what he has said makes me esteem him. I hope he will continue to manage your affairs, for he has inclined me to give him my confidence.” Instead of displaying himself as Emperor before Raguideau, Napoleon made him notary of the civil list, and always treated him well.

Meneval, in upsetting Bourrienne's story, gives us a pleasanter one in telling us that Napoleon did say, “ Joseph, if our father saw us ! ” (*Meneval*, tome i. p. 129).

1804, Bonaparte was receiving from the head of the Church the Imperial crown of France, Louis XVIII., who was then at Colmar, prompted as it were by an inexplicable presentiment, drew up and signed a declaration to the French people, in which he declared that he then swore never to break the sacred bond which united his destiny to theirs, never to renounce the inheritance of his ancestors, or to relinquish his rights.

Note. — M. de Bourrienne's omission relative to the Imperial Coronation may be supplied by the following extracts: —

"The interior of the church of Notre Dame had been newly painted; galleries and pews magnificently adorned had been erected, and they were thronged with a prodigious concourse of spectators.

"The Pope set out from the Tuileries, and proceeded along the quay to the archiepiscopal palace, whence he repaired to the choir by a private entrance.

"The Emperor set out with the Empress by the Carrousel. The procession passed along the Rue St. Honoré to the Rue des Lombards, then the Pont au Change, the Palace of Justice, the court of Notre Dame, and entered the Archbishop's palace.

"It was a truly magnificent sight. The procession was opened by the already numerous body of courtiers; next came the Marshals of the Empire wearing their honors; then the dignitaries and high officers of the Crown; and lastly, the Emperor in a dress of state. At the moment of his entering the cathedral there was a simultaneous shout of '*Vive l'Empereur!*'

"The procession passed along the middle of the nave, and arrived at the choir facing the high altar. This scene was not less imposing; the galleries round the choir were filled with the handsomest women whom the best company could produce, and most of whom rivalled in the lustre of their beauty that of the jewels with which they were covered.

"His Holiness went to meet the Emperor at a tribune which had been placed in the middle of the choir; there was another on one side for the Empress. After saying a short prayer there they returned, and seated themselves on the throne at the end of the church facing the choir; there they heard mass, which was said by the Pope. They went to make the offering, and came back; they then descended from the platform of the throne, and walked in procession to receive the holy unction. The Emperor and Empress, on reaching the choir, replaced themselves at their tribunes, where the Pope performed the ceremony.

"He presented the crown to the Emperor, who received it, put it himself upon his head, took it off, placed it on that of the Empress, removed it again, and laid it on the cushion where it was at first. A smaller crown was immediately put upon the head of the Empress. All the arrangements had been made beforehand; she was surrounded by her ladies; everything was done in a moment, and nobody perceived the substitution which had taken place. The procession moved back to the platform. The Emperor there heard *Te Deum*; the Pope himself went thither at the conclusion of the service, as if to say, *Ite, missa est*. The Testament was presented to the Emperor, who took off his glove, and pronounced his oath, with his hand upon the sacred book.

"He went back to the Archbishop's palace the same way that he had come, and entered his carriage. The ceremony was very long; the procession returned by a different route, and it was getting dusk when the Emperor arrived at the Tuileries."

The gossip of the *première femme de chambre* on the subject of the Coronation is amusing.

"A great many persons in the Palace sat up the whole of the night which preceded that great day. A fact which, though not important in itself, may serve to give an idea of the busy confusion in which we all were: I was obliged that day to have my head dressed at five o'clock in the morning. When, at the break of day, we entered the Empress's apartments, I was already dressed, *en grande toilette*, for the ceremony at the cathedral, whither I was to repair as soon as Her Majesty's toilet should be completed, having duties to perform there. As soon as the Empress was dressed I set out, having in my carriage her Imperial mantle and crown. . . . Arriving at Notre Dame a considerable time before the procession, I was conducted into an apartment which had been prepared for their Majesties. All the Imperial family were introduced therein successively as they arrived. I fastened on the Imperial mantle, and the Princesses put their toilets in fresh order. When everything was ready they formed in procession, and so went into the cathedral, where every one according to his or her rank took up a place which had been previously assigned. It was exactly like a theatrical representation, for all the parts had been studied beforehand, and we had even had several general rehearsals at the Palace, where, by the Emperor's orders, M. Isabey, the artist, had modelled a *sacre* in high relief, to serve as a guide. Messieurs the masters of the ceremonies played the part of prompters, they being charged with the duty of reminding each of the great personages figuring in the august ceremony as to where he was to go and what he was to do. I followed the procession with some other ladies of Her Majesty's household, and was so fortunate as to get placed in the gallery of the Empress, whence I saw perfectly all the ceremony in its greatest details; but there already exist so many descriptions of it that I need not repeat what every one knows. And, in fine, who does not know that the Emperor put the crown on his head with his own hands, having first received the Pope's benediction and consecration, and that he afterwards crowned the Empress himself.

"On the day of the *sacre* the weather was cold and frosty; we were all dressed as if for a well-heated drawing-room, and our only protection against the cold, our cashmere shawls, we were obliged to take off as we entered the gallery. I believe I never suffered so much from cold in all the days of my life; but people do not enter the service of the great to enjoy their comforts, and this I perceived above all on that day, and in more ways than one. I set out in such a hurry, I had been so confused since the preceding day, that I forgot to take my breakfast; and the pangs of hunger were added to the lively sufferings of cold. I never knew that while I was waiting to put on Her Majesty's mantle an excellent breakfast had been served up in the Archbishop's apartments for all the retinue. This was very unlucky, and when the beautiful sacred music of M. Lesueur was performed in the cathedral, I had good grounds for judging of the truth of the old proverb, *Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles*.

"When the ceremony was over their Majesties returned to their apartment. Never have I seen on any physiognomy such an expression of joy, content, and happiness as that which then animated the countenance of the Empress: her face was radiant. The crown just fixed on her forehead by her husband had settled her future lot, and seemed calculated to dissipate forever those rumors of divorce which had long vexed her ears, and which had been repeated to her even by the Emperor's own family. . . . On the return from Notre Dame I arrived at the Tuileries some time before their Majesties. Cold, hunger, and the bad night I had passed gave me such a headache that I was obliged to go to bed, and thus I saw nothing of the other ceremonies which took place that day. What I know is, that by the evening the Empress was completely exhausted—but, at last, she was a crowned Empress!" (*Mémoires de Mademoiselle Avrillion*).

CHAPTER XXIX.

1805.

My appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary at Hamburg — My interview with Bonaparte at Malmaison — Bonaparte's designs respecting Italy — His wish to revisit Brienne — Instructions for my residence in Hamburg — Regeneration of European society — Bonaparte's plan of making himself the oldest sovereign in Europe — Amedee Jaubert's mission — Commission from the Emperor to the Empress — My conversation with Madame Bonaparte.

I MUST now mention an event which concerns myself personally, namely, my appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Dukes of Brunswick and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and to the Hanse towns.

This appointment took place on the 22d of March, 1805. Josephine, who had kindly promised to apprise me of what the Emperor intended to do for me, as soon as she herself should know his intentions, sent a messenger to acquaint me with my appointment, and to tell me that the Emperor wished to see me. I had not visited Josephine since her departure for Belgium. The pomp and ceremonies of the Coronation had, I may say, dazzled me, and deterred me from presenting myself at the Imperial Palace, where I should have been annoyed by the etiquette which had been observed since the Coronation. I cannot describe what a disagreeable impression this parade always produced on me. I could not all at once forget the time when I used without ceremony to go into Bonaparte's chamber and wake him at the appointed hour. As to Bonaparte, I had not seen him since he sent for me after the condemnation of Georges, when I saw that my candor relative to Moreau was not displeasing to him. Moreau had since quitted France without Napoleon's subjecting him to the application of the odious law which has only

of which he was condemned to the confiscation of his property. Moreau sold his estate of Gros Bois to Berthier, and proceeded to Cadiz, whence he embarked for America. I shall not again have occasion to speak of him until the period of the intrigues into which he was drawn by the same influence which ruined him in France.

On the evening of the day when I received the kind message from Josephine I had an official invitation to proceed the next day to Malmaison, where the Emperor then was. I was much pleased at the idea of seeing him there rather than at the Tuileries, or even at St. Cloud. Our former intimacy at Malmaison made me feel more at my ease respecting an interview of which my knowledge of Bonaparte's character led me to entertain some apprehension. Was I to be received by my old comrade of Brienne, or by His Imperial Majesty? I was received by my old college companion.

On my arrival at Malmaison I was ushered into the tent-room leading to the library. How I was astonished at the good-natured familiarity with which he received me! This extraordinary man displayed, if I may employ the term, a coquetry towards me which surprised me, notwithstanding my past knowledge of his character. He came up to me with a smile on his lips, took my hand (which he had never done since he was Consul), pressed it affectionately, and it was impossible that I could look upon him as the Emperor of France and the future King of Italy. Yet I was too well aware of his fits of pride to allow his familiarity to lead me beyond the bounds of affectionate respect. "My dear Bourrienne," said he, "can you suppose that the elevated rank I have attained has altered my feelings towards you? No. I do not attach importance to the glitter of Imperial pomp; all that is meant for the people; but I must still be valued according to my deserts. I have been very well satisfied with your services, and I have appointed you to a situation where I shall have occasion for them. I know that I can rely upon you." He then asked with great warmth of friendship what I was about, and inquired after my family, etc. In short, I never saw him display less reserve or more familiarity and

unaffected simplicity, which he did the more readily, perhaps, because his greatness was now incontestable.

"You know," added Napoleon, "that I set out in a week for Italy. I shall make myself King; but that is only a stepping-stone. I have greater designs respecting Italy. It must be a kingdom comprising all the Transalpine States, from Venice to the Maritime Alps.¹ The union of Italy with France can only be temporary; but it is necessary, in order to accustom the nations of Italy to live under common laws. The Genoese, the Piedmontese, the Venetians, the Milanese, the inhabitants of Tuscany, the Romans, and the Neapolitans, hate each other. None of them will acknowledge the superiority of the other, and yet Rome is, from the recollections connected with it, the natural capital of Italy. To make it so, however, it is necessary that the power of the Pope should be confined within limits purely spiritual. I cannot now think of this; but I will reflect upon it hereafter. At present I have only vague ideas on the subject, but they will be matured in time, and then all depends on circumstance. What was it told me, when we were walking, like two idle fellows, as we were, in the streets of Paris, that I should one day be master of France -- my wish -- merely a vague wish? Circumstances have done the rest. It is therefore wise to look into the future, and that I do. With respect to Italy, as it will be impossible with one effort to unite her so as to form a single power, subject to uniform laws, I will begin by making her French. All these little States will insensibly become accustomed to the same laws, and when manners shall be assimilated and enmities extinguished, then there will be an Italy, and I will give her independence. But for that I must have twenty years, and who can count on the future? Bourrienne, I feel pleasure in telling you all this. It was locked up in my mind. With you I think aloud."

¹ The statement that the union of Italy with France was only to be temporary should be remarked; it agrees with the promise made to Austria afterwards, in the treaty of Presburg, 26th December, 1805, after Austerlitz, that the crowns of Italy and France were to be separated when Naples, the Kingdom of Sicily, and Malta were restored to the Bourbons.

I do not believe that I have altered two words of what Bonaparte said to me respecting Italy, so perfect, I may now say without vanity, was my memory then, and so confirmed was my habit of fixing in it all that he said to me. After having informed me of his vague projects Bonaparte, with one of those transitions so common to him, said, "By the by, Bourrienne, I have something to tell you. Madame de Brienne has begged that I will pass through Brienne, and I promised that I will. I will not conceal from you that I shall feel great pleasure in again beholding the spot which for six years was the scene of our boyish sports and studies." Taking advantage of the Emperor's good humor, I ventured to tell him what happiness it would give me if it were possible that I could share with him the revival of all recollections which were mutually dear to us. But Napoleon, after a moment's pause, said with extreme kindness, "Hark ye, Bourrienne, in your situation and mine this cannot be. It is more than two years since we parted. What would be said of so sudden a reconciliation? I tell you frankly that I have regretted you, and the circumstances in which I have frequently been placed have often made me wish to recall you. At Boulogne I was quite resolved upon it. Rapp, perhaps, has informed you of it. He liked you, and he assured me that he would be delighted at your return. But if upon reflection I changed my mind it was because, as I have often told you, I will not have it said that I stand in need of any one. No. Go to Hamburg. I have formed some projects respecting Germany in which you can be useful to me. It is there I will give a mortal blow to England. I will deprive her of the Continent,—besides, I have some ideas not yet matured which extend much farther. There is not sufficient unanimity amongst the nations of Europe. European society must be regenerated—a superior power must control the other powers, and compel them to live in peace with each other; and France is well situated for that purpose. For details you will receive instructions from Talleyrand; but I recommend you, above all things, to keep a strict watch on the emigrants. Woe to them if they become too dangerous! I know that there are still agitators,—among

them all the *Marquis de Versailles*, the courtiers of the old school. But they are moths who will burn themselves in the candle. You have been an emigrant yourself, Bourrienne; you feel a partiality for them, and you know that I have allowed upwards of two hundred of them to return upon your recommendation. But the case is altered. Those who are abroad are hardened. They do not wish to return home. Watch them closely. That is the only particular direction I give you. You are to be Minister from France to Hamburg; but your place will be an independent one; beside your correspondence with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, I authorize you to write to me personally, whenever you have anything particular to communicate. You will likewise correspond with Fouché."

Here the Emperor remained silent for a moment, and I was preparing to retire, but he detained me, saying in the kindest manner, "What, are you going already, Bourrienne? Are you in a hurry? Let us chat a little longer. God knows when we may see each other again!" Then after two or three moments' silence he said, "The more I reflect on our situation, on our former intimacy, and our subsequent separation, the more I see the necessity of your going to Hamburg. Go, then, my dear fellow, I advise you. Trust me. When do you think of setting out?"—"In May."—"In May? . . . Ah, I shall be in Milan then, for I wish to stop at Turin. I like the Piedmontese; they are the best soldiers in Italy."—"Sire, the King of Italy will be the junior of the Emperor of France!"¹—"Ah! so you recollect what I said one day at the Tuileries; but, my dear fellow, I have yet a devilish long way to go before I gain my point."—"At the rate, Sire, at which you are going you will not be long in reaching it."—"Longer than you imagine. I see all the obstacles in my way; but they do not alarm me. England is everywhere, and the

¹ I alluded to a conversation which I had with Napoleon when we first went to the Tuileries. He spoke to me about his projects of royalty, and I stated the difficulties which I thought he would experience in getting himself acknowledged by the old reigning families of Europe. "If it comes to that," he replied, "I will dethrone them all, and then I shall be the oldest sovereign among them."—*Bourrienne*.

struggle is between her and me. I see how it will be. The whole of Europe will be our instruments; sometimes serving one, sometimes the other, but at bottom the dispute is wholly between England and France.

"*Appropos*," said the Emperor, changing the subject, for all who knew him are aware that this *apropos* was his favorite, and, indeed, his only mode of transition; "*apropos*, Bourrienne, you surely must have heard of the departure of Jaubert,¹ and his mission. What is said on the subject?" — "Sire, I have only heard it slightly alluded to. His father, however, to whom he said nothing respecting the object of his journey, knowing I was intimate with Jaubert, came to me to ascertain whether I could allay his anxiety respecting a journey of the duration of which he could form no idea. The precipitate departure of his son had filled him with apprehension. I told him the truth, viz., that Jaubert had said no more to me on the subject than to him." — "Then you do not know where he is gone?" — "I beg your pardon, Sire; I know very well." — "How, the devil!" said Bonaparte, suddenly turning on me a look of astonishment. "No one, I declare, has ever told me; but I guessed it. Having received a letter from Jaubert dated Leipsic, I recollected what your Majesty had often told me of your views respecting Persia and India. I have not forgotten our conversation in Egypt, nor the great projects which you unfolded to me to relieve the solitude and sometimes the weariness of the cabinet of Cairo. Besides, I long since knew your opinion of Amédée, of his fidelity, his ability, and his courage. I felt convinced, therefore, that he had a mission to the Shah of Persia." — "You guessed right; but I beg of you, Bourrienne, say nothing of this to any person whatever. Secrecy on this point is of great importance. The English would do him an ill turn, for they are well aware that my views are directed against their posses-

¹ Amédée Jaubert had been with Napoleon in Egypt, and was appointed to the Cabinet of the Consul as secretary interpreter of Oriental languages (see *Meneval*, tome i. p. 81). He was sent on several missions to the East, and brought back, in 1818, goats from Thibet, naturalizing in France the manufacture of cashmeres. He became a peer of France under the Monarchy of July.

sions and their influence in the East." — "I think, Sire, that my answer to Amédée's worthy father is a sufficient guaranty for my discretion. Besides, it was a mere supposition on my part, and I could have stated nothing with certainty before your Majesty had the kindness to inform me of the fact. . . . Instead of going to Hamburg, if your Majesty pleases, I will join Jaubert, accompany him to Persia, and undertake half his mission." — "How! would you go with him?" — "Yes, Sire; I am much attached to him. He is an excellent man, and I am sure that he would not be sorry to have me with him." — "But . . . stop, Bourrienne, . . . this, perhaps, would not be a bad idea. You know a little of the East. You are accustomed to the climate. You could assist Jaubert. . . . But . . . No. Jaubert must be already far off. I fear you could not overtake him. And besides you have a numerous family. You will be more useful to me in Germany. All things considered, go to Hamburg — you know the country, and, what is better, you speak the language."

I could see that Bonaparte still had something to say to me. As we were walking up and down the room, he stopped, and looking at me with an expression of sadness, he said, "Bourrienne, you must, before I proceed to Italy, do me a service. You sometimes visit *my wife*, and it is right; it is fit you should. You have been too long one of the family not to continue your friendship with her. Go to her.¹ Endeavor once more to make her sensible of her mad extravagance. Every day I discover new instances of it, and it distresses me. When I speak to her on the subject I am vexed; I get angry — she

¹ This employment of Bourrienne to remonstrate with Josephine is a complete answer to the charge sometimes made that Napoleon, while scolding, really encouraged the foolish expenses of his wife, as keeping her under his control. Josephine was incorrigible. "On the very day of her death," says Madame de Rémusat (tome ii. p. 347), "she wished to put on a very pretty

weeps. I forgive her, I pay her bills — she makes fair promises; but the same thing occurs over and over again.¹ If she

¹ The Emperor estimated the expenses of Malmaison to have been three or four hundred thousand francs. He then calculated the amount of the sums which the Empress Josephine must have received from him, and added, that with a little order and regularity she might probably have left behind her fifty or sixty million francs. "Her extravagance," says the Emperor, "vexed me beyond measure. Calculator as I am, I would of course rather have given away a million francs than have seen a hundred thousand squandered away." He informed me that having one day unexpectedly broken in upon Josephine's morning circle, he found a celebrated milliner, whom he had expressly forbidden to go near the Empress, as she was ruining her by extravagant demands. "My unlooked-for entrance," said he, "occasioned great dismay in the academic sitting. I gave some orders unperceived to the individuals in attendance, and on the lady's departure she was seized and conducted to the Bicêtre" (*Mémoires de Sainte Hélène*).

The story of the "celebrated milliner" arrested by Bonaparte is so amusingly told by Mademoiselle Avrillion, that we will find room for it here, and thus we are the more inclined to do as the contrast between the conqueror of half Europe and the persecutor of a *marchande de modes* is most striking, and as the whole scene shows how Bonaparte could play the part of the *tyran domestique*.

"On another day I was witness of a scene which I should be tempted to call ridiculous were it not for the respect I owe to their Majesties' memories. I will report it as I saw it; the reader will characterize it as he thinks fit. The Empress had been slightly indisposed; one of the most famous *marchandes des modes* of the day, Mademoiselle Despeaux, had come to offer her services to her Majesty. She was waiting in the blue *salon* that joined the bedroom until she should be called for. At that very moment the Emperor came down to see the Empress, and the very first person that struck his eye in the blue *salon* through which he had to pass, was poor Mademoiselle Despeaux, armed with her hand-boxes. 'Who are you?' he angrily exclaimed. When, trembling all over, she had declared her name, he rushed like a madman into his wife's chamber, gesticulating and crying out, 'Who sent for this woman? Who brought her here? I insist upon knowing it.' Every one of us made an excuse for herself, and the fact was nobody had written to summon Mademoiselle Despeaux, who had come of her own accord. Knowing that the Empress was ill, she had fancied she might want some pretty *negligé* cap becoming to her delicate state. Our denials, however, only added fuel to the fire of the Emperor's rage. He shouted like a maniac: 'I will know who has done this! I will throw you all into prison!' Now, at the moment of all this fury, the Empress was bound head and feet (that is to say, her *coiffeur* was dressing her hair, and she was taking a foot-bath). Women, hairdresser and all, instantly took to flight, and I was left alone in a small cabinet adjoining the bedchamber. I confess that if I had obeyed my first impulse, I should have decamped like the rest, but reflecting on the situation in which the Empress found herself, I would not leave her all alone. The Emperor saw me, but did not say a word to me. A few moments after he came hastily out of the bedroom, nor had the Empress been able to calm him. As for herself, she was trembling and pale, and I found her countenance sorely troubled.

"Such was the scene of which I was a witness, and now for the consequences. As soon as the Emperor reached his own cabinet he sent to summon the Duc de Rovigo (Savary) whom he ordered instantly to have Mademoiselle Despeaux arrested by the gendarmes, and then shut up in prison. The Duke did all he could to prevent the Emperor from committing such an act of injustice, but his representations and prayers were in vain; the Emperor was obstinate in his will — the Duke forced to obey, poor Ma-

had only borne me a child! It is the torment of my life not to have a child. I plainly perceive that my power will never be firmly established until I have one. If I die without an heir, not one of my brothers is capable of supplying my place. All is begun, but nothing is ended. God knows what will happen! Go and see Josephine, and do not forget my injunctions."

Then he resumed the gayety which he had exhibited at intervals during our conversation, for clouds driven by the wind do not traverse the horizon with such rapidity as different ideas and sensations succeeded each other in Napoleon's mind. He dismissed me with his usual nod of the head, and seeing him in such good humor I said on departing, "Well, Sire, you are going to hear the old bell of Brienne. I have no doubt it will please you better than the bells of Ruel." He replied, "That's true—you are right. Adieu!"

Such are my recollections of this conversation, which lasted for more than an hour and a half. We walked about all the time, for Bonaparte was indefatigable in audiences of this sort, and would, I believe, have walked and talked for a whole day without being aware of it. I left him, and, according to his desire, went to see Madame Bonaparte, which indeed I had intended to do before he requested it.

I found Josephine with Madame de la Rochefoucauld, who had long been in her suite, and who a short time before had obtained the title of lady of honor to the Empress. Madame de la Rochefoucauld was a very amiable woman, of mild disposition, and was a favorite with Josephine. When I told the Empress that I had just left the Emperor, she, thinking that I would not speak freely before a third person, made a sign to Madame de la Rochefoucauld to retire. I had no trouble in introducing the conversation on the subject concerning which

demoiselle Descaux was arrested almost as soon as she got outside of the Palace, and carried to the greffe (a sort of police station), where she passed the night.

"In the mean time the Empress, having been informed of this arrest, repaired to the Emperor, who the next morning revoked his order and restored Madame Descaux to liberty. It was quite time, poor thing!

Napoleon had directed me to speak to Josephine, for, after the interchange of a few indifferent remarks, she herself told me of a violent scene, which had occurred between her and the Emperor two days before. "When I wrote to you, yesterday," said she, "to announce your appointment, and to tell you that Bonaparte would recall you, I hoped that you would come to see me on quitting him, but I did not think that he would have sent for you so soon. Ah! how I wish that you were still with him, Bourrienne; you could make him hear reason. I know not who takes pleasure in bearing tales to him; but really I think there are persons busy everywhere in finding out my debts, and telling him of them."

These complaints, so gently uttered by Josephine, rendered less difficult the preparatory mission with which I commenced the exercise of my diplomatic functions. I acquainted Madame Bonaparte with all that the Emperor had said to me. I reminded her of the affair of the 1,200,000 francs which we had settled with half that sum. I even dropped some allusions to the promises she had made.

"How can I help it?" said she. "Is it my fault?" Josephine uttered these words in a tone of sincerity which was at once affecting and ludicrous. "All sorts of beautiful things are brought to me," she continued; "they are praised up; I buy them—I am not asked for the money, and all of a sudden, when I have got none, they come upon me with demands for payment. This reaches Napoleon's ears, and he gets angry. When I have money, Bourrienne, you know how I employ it. I give it principally to the unfortunate who solicit my assistance, and to poor emigrants. But I will try to be more economical in future. Tell him so if you see him again. But is it not my duty to bestow as much in charity as I can?" — "Yes, Madame; but permit me to say that nothing requires greater discernment than the distribution of charity. If you had always sat upon a throne you might have supposed that your bounty always fell into the hands of the deserving; but you cannot be ignorant that it oftener falls to the lot of intriguers than to the meritorious needy. I cannot disguise from you that the Emperor was very earnest when he spoke

on this subject; and he desired me to tell you so." — "Did he reproach me with nothing else?" — "No, Madame. You know the influence you have over him with respect to everything but what relates to politics. Allow a faithful and sincere friend to prevail upon you seriously not to vex him on this point." — "Bourrienne, I give you my word. Adieu! my friend."

In communicating to Josephine what the Emperor had said to me I took care not to touch a chord which would have awakened feelings far more painful to her than even the Emperor's harsh reproofs on account of her extravagance. Poor Josephine! how I should have afflicted her had I uttered a word of Bonaparte's regret at not having a child. She always had a presentiment of the fate that one day awaited her. Besides, Josephine told the truth in assuring me that it was not her fault that she spent as she did; at least all the time I was with both of them, order and economy were no more compatible with her than moderation and patience with Napoleon. The sight of the least waste put him beside himself, and that was a sensation his wife hardly ever spared him. He saw with irritation the eagerness of his family to gain riches: the more he gave, the more insatiable they appeared, with the exception of Louis, whose inclinations were always upright, and his tastes moderate. As for the other members of his family, they annoyed him so much by their importunity that one day he said, "Really to listen to them it would be thought that I had wasted the heritage of our father."¹

¹ This story is often told, but generally the last words are said to have been, "*The inheritance of the late King our father.*"

CHAPTER XXX.

1805.

leon and Voltaire — Demands of the Holy See — Coolness between the Pope and the Emperor — Napoleon's departure for Italy — Last interview between the Pope and the Emperor at Turin — Alessandria — The field of Marengo — The last Doge of Genoa — Bonaparte's arrival at Milan — Union of Genoa to the French Empire — Error in the *Memorial of St. Helena* — Bonaparte and Madame Grassini — Symptoms of dissatisfaction on the part of Austria and Russia — Napoleon's departure from Milan — Monument to commemorate the battle of Marengo — Napoleon's arrival in Paris and departure for Boulogne — Unfortunate result of a naval engagement — My visit to Fouché's country-seat — Sicéyès, Barras, the Bourbons, and Bonaparte — Observations respecting Josephine.

TAIRE says that is very well to kiss the feet of Popes provided their hands are tied. Notwithstanding the slight estimation in which Bonaparte held Voltaire, he probably, without being aware of this irreverent satire, put it into practice. The Pope of Rome gave him the opportunity of doing so shortly after his Coronation. The Pope, or rather the Cardinals, his advisers, conceiving that so great an instance of complaisance on the journey of His Holiness to Paris ought not to go for nothing, demanded a compensation, which, had they been better acquainted with Bonaparte's character and policy, they would never have dreamed of soliciting. The Holy See demanded the restitution of Avignon, Bologna, and some parts of the Italian territory which had formerly been subject to the papal dominion. It may be imagined how such demands were received by Napoleon, particularly after he had obtained all he wanted from the Pope. It was, it must be confessed, a great mistake of the Court of Rome, whose policy is usually crafty and adroit not to make this demand till after the coronation. Had it been made the condition of the Pope's cession to France perhaps Bonaparte would have consented to give up not Avignon certainly but the Italian territories.

may, these tardy claims, which were peremptorily rejected, created an extreme coolness between Napoleon and Pius VII. The public did not immediately perceive it, but there is in the public an instinct of reason which the most able politicians never can impose upon; and all eyes were opened when it was known that the Pope, after having crowned Napoleon as Emperor of France, refused to crown him as sovereign of the regenerated kingdom of Italy.

Napoleon left Paris on the 1st of April to take possession of the Iron Crown at Milan. The Pope remained some time longer in the French capital. The prolonged presence of His Holiness was not without its influence on the religious feelings of the people, so great was the respect inspired by the benign countenance and mild manners of the Pope. When the period of his persecutions arrived it would have been well for Bonaparte had Pius VII. never been seen in Paris, for it was impossible to view in any other light than as a victim the man whose truly evangelic meekness had been duly appreciated.

Bonaparte did not evince great impatience to seize the Crown of Italy, which he well knew could not escape him. He staid a considerable time at Turin, where he resided in the Stupinis Palace, which may be called the St. Cloud of the Kings of Sardinia. The Emperor cajoled the Piedmontese General Menou, who was made Governor of Piedmont, remained there till Napoleon founded the general government of the Transalpine departments in favor of his brother-in-law, the Prince Borghèse, of whom he would have found it difficult to make anything else than a Roman Prince. Napoleon was still at Turin when the Pope passed through that city on his return to Rome. Napoleon had a final interview with His Holiness, to whom he now affected to show the greatest personal deference. From Turin Bonaparte proceeded to Alessandria, where he commenced those immense works on which such vast sums were expended. He had many times spoken to me of his projects respecting Alessandria, for, as I have already observed, all his great measures as Emperor were merely the execution of projects conceived at a time when his

future elevation could have been only a dream of the imagination. He one day said to Berthier, in my presence, during our sojourn at Milan, after the battle of Marengo, "With Alessandria in my possession I should always be master of Italy. It might be made the strongest fortress in the world; it is capable of containing a garrison of 40,000 men, with provisions for six months. Should insurrection take place, should Austria send a formidable force here, the French troops might retire to Alessandria, and stand a six months' siege. Six months would be more than sufficient, wherever I might be, to enable me to fall upon Italy, rout the Austrians, and raise the siege of Alessandria."

As he was so near the field of Marengo the Emperor did not fail to visit it, and to add to this solemnity he reviewed on the field all the corps of French troops which were in Italy. Rapp told me afterwards that the Emperor had taken with him from Paris the dress and the hat which he wore on the day of that memorable battle, with the intention of wearing them on the field where it was fought. He afterwards proceeded by the way of Casal to Milan.

There the most brilliant reception he had yet experienced awaited him. His sojourn at Milan was not distinguished by outward demonstrations of enthusiasm alone. M. Durazzo, the last Doge of Genoa, added another gem to the Crown of Italy by supplicating the Emperor in the name of the Republic, of which he was the representative, to permit Genoa to exchange her independence for the honor of becoming a department of France. This offer, as may be guessed, was merely a plan contrived beforehand. It was accepted with an air of protecting kindness, and at the same moment that the country of Andrea Doria was effaced from the list of nations its last Doge was included among the number of French Senators. Genoa, which formerly prided herself in her surname, the Superb, became the chief station of the twenty-seventh military division. The Emperor went to take possession of the city in person, and slept in the Doria Palace, in the bed where Charles V. had lain. He left M. le Brun at Genoa as Governor-General.

At Milan the Emperor occupied the Palace of Monza. The old Iron Crown of the Kings of Lombardy was brought from the dust in which it had been buried, and the new Coronation took place in the Cathedral of Milan, the largest in Italy, with the exception of St. Peter's at Rome. Napoleon received the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Milan, and placed it on his head, exclaiming, *Dieu me l'a donnée, gare à qui la touche.*" This became the motto of the Order of the Iron Crown, which the Emperor founded in commemoration of his being crowned King of Italy.

Napoleon was crowned in the month of May, 1805: and here I cannot avoid correcting some gross and inconceivable errors into which Napoleon must have voluntarily fallen at St. Helena. The *Memorial* states "that the celebrated singer Madame Grassini attracted his attention at the time of the Coronation." Napoleon alleges that Madame Grassini on that occasion said to him, "When I was in the prime of my beauty and talent all I wished was that you would bestow a single look upon me. That wish was not fulfilled, and now you notice me when I am no longer worthy your attention."

I confess I am at a loss to conceive what could induce Napoleon to invent such a story. He might have recollected his acquaintance with Madame Grassini at Milan before the battle of Marengo. It was in 1800, and not in 1805, that I was first introduced to her, and I know that I several times took tea with her and Bonaparte in the General's apartments. I remember also another circumstance, which is, that on the night when I awoke Bonaparte to announce to him the capitulation of Genoa, Madame Grassini also awoke. Napoleon was charmed with Madame Grassini's delicious voice, and if his imperious duties had permitted it he would have listened with ecstacy to her singing for hours together.

Whilst Napoleon was at Milan, priding himself on his double sovereignty, some schemes were set on foot at Vienna and St. Petersburg which I shall hereafter have occasion to notice. The Emperor, indeed, gave cause for just complaint by the fact of annexing Genoa to the Empire within four months after his solemn declaration to the Legislative Body,

in which he pledged himself in the face of France and Europe not to seek any aggrandizement of territory. The pretext of a voluntary offer on the part of Genoa was too absurd to deceive any one. The rapid progress of Napoleon's ambition could not escape the observation of the Cabinet of Vienna, which began to show increased symptoms of hostility. The change which was effected in the form of the Government of the Cisalpine Republic was likewise an act calculated to excite remonstrances on the part of all the powers who were not entirely subject to the yoke of France. He disguised the taking of Genoa under the name of a gift, and the possession of Italy under the appearance of a mere change of denomination. Notwithstanding these flagrant outrages the exclusive apologists of Napoleon have always asserted that he did not wish for war, and he himself maintained that assertion at St. Helena. It is said that he was always attacked, and hence a conclusion is drawn in favor of his love of peace. I acknowledge Bonaparte would never have fired a single musket-shot if all the powers of Europe had submitted to be pillaged by him one after the other without opposition. It was in fact declaring war against them to place them under the necessity of breaking a peace, during the continuance of which he was augmenting his power, and gratifying his ambition, as if in defiance of Europe. In this way Napoleon commenced all the wars in which he was engaged, with the exception of that which followed the peace of Marengo, and which terminated in Moreau's triumph at Hohenlinden. As there was no liberty of the press in France he found it easy to deceive the nation. He was in fact attacked, and thus he enjoyed the pleasure of undertaking his great military expeditions without being responsible in the event of failure.

During the Emperor's stay in the capital of the new kingdom of Italy he received the first intelligence of the dissatisfaction of Austria and Russia. That dissatisfaction was not of recent date. When I entered on my functions at Hamburg I learned some curious details (which I will relate in their proper place) respecting the secret negotiations which had been carried on for a considerable time previously to

the commencement of hostilities. Even Prussia was not a stranger to the dissatisfaction of Austria and Russia; I do not mean the King, but the Cabinet of Berlin, which was then under the control of Chancellor Hardenberg; for the King of Prussia had always personally declared himself in favor of the exact observance of treaties, even when the conditions were not honorable. Be that as it may, the Cabinet of Berlin, although dissatisfied in 1805 with the rapid progress of Napoleon's ambition, was nevertheless constrained to conceal its discontent, owing to the presence of the French troops in Hanover.

On returning from Milan the Emperor ordered the erection of a monument on the Great St. Bernard in commemoration of the victory of Marengo. M. Denon, who accompanied Napoleon, told me that he made a useless search to discover the body of Desaix, which Bonaparte wished to be buried beneath the monument, and that it was at length found by General Savary. It is therefore certain that the ashes of this brave Desaix repose on the summit of the Alps.¹

¹ On his return to Paris after the battle of Marengo Napoleon resolved to perpetuate the memory of the conquest of Italy by erecting, in the hospital of the Great St. Bernard, a monument which should attest to future ages that glorious epoch in the history of our arms. He directed M. Denon to go and survey the spot, and to submit to him various plans; out of these he had selected one, and the building was just finished while the Emperor was at Milan. He resolved to have it solemnly inaugurated, and the remains of General Desaix, surrounded with the laurels amid which he had fallen, removed thither. A small column was formed of the deputations of different regiments of the army of Italy, and of a civil deputation of Italians, who were to proceed from Milan to the hospital of Mont St. Bernard. Every thing was arranged when M. Denon came to inform the Emperor that the body of General Desaix was not to be found. The Emperor recollected the order which he had given to me on the field of battle at Marengo, and desired me to neglect no means for discovering what had been done with it. M. Denon assured me that he had made many inquiries without success, begged him to come with me just for an hour, and conducted him straight way to the convent where I had caused the body of General Desaix to be deposited. The monastery had been secularized; one of the monks only was left there; at the first question he comprehended what I wanted; he took me into a little sacristy, contiguous to a chapel, and there I found the body of General Desaix in the same place, and in the same state, in which I had left it some years before, after having had it embalmed, then put into a leaden coffin, then into one of copper, and lastly, the whole enclosed in a wooden one. M. Denon rejoiced at this discovery, for he was afraid that he should be obliged to perform the ceremony without the remains of the illustrious general who was the object of it. Since that time General Desaix has reposed in the church of Mont St. Bernard (*Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo*, tome ii. p. 123).

The Emperor arrived in Paris about the end of June, and instantly set off for the camp at Boulogne. It was now once more believed that the project of invading England would be accomplished. This idea obtained the greater credit because Bonaparte caused some experiments for embarkation to be made in his presence. These experiments, however, led to no result. About this period a fatal event but too effectually contributed to strengthen the opinion of the inferiority of our navy. A French squadron, consisting of fifteen ships, fell in with the English fleet commanded by Admiral Calder, who had only nine vessels under his command, and in an engagement, which there was every reason to expect would terminate in our favor, we had the misfortune to lose two ships. The invasion of England was as little the object of this as of the previous journey to Boulogne; all Napoleon had in view was to stimulate the enthusiasm of the troops, and to hold out those threats against England which he conceived necessary for diverting attention from the real motive of his hostile preparations, which was to invade Germany and repulse the Russian troops, who had begun their march towards Austria. Such was the true object of Napoleon's last journey to Boulogne.

I had been some time at Hamburg when these events took place, and it was curious to observe the effect they produced. But I must not forget one circumstance in which I am personally concerned, and which brings me back to the time when I was in Paris. My new title of Minister Plenipotentiary obliged me to see a little more of society than during the period when prudence required me to live as it were in retirement. I had received sincere congratulations from Duroc, Rapp, and Lauriston, the three friends who had shown the greatest readiness to serve my interests with the Emperor; and I had frequent occasion to see M. Talleyrand, as my functions belonged to his department. The Emperor, on my farewell audience, having informed me that I was to correspond directly with the Minister of the General Police, I called on Fouché, who invited me to spend some days at his estate of Pont-Carré. I accepted the invitation because I wanted to confer with him,

and I spent Sunday and Monday, the 28th and 29th of April, at Pont-Carré.

Fouché, like the Emperor, frequently revealed what he intended to conceal; but he had such a reputation for cunning that this sort of indiscretion was attended by no inconvenience to him. He was supposed to be such a constant dissembler that those who did not know him well looked upon the truth when he spoke it merely as an artful snare laid to entrap them. I, however, knew that celebrated person too well to confound his cunning with his indiscretion. The best way to get out of him more than he was aware of was to let him talk on without interruption. There were very few visitors at Pont-Carré, and during the two days I spent there I had several conversations with Fouché. He told me a great deal about the events of 1804, and he congratulated himself on having advised Napoleon to declare himself Emperor. "I have no preference," said Fouché, "for one form of government more than another. Forms signify nothing. The first object of the Revolution was not the overthrow of the Bourbons, but merely the reform of abuses and the destruction of prejudices. However, when it was discovered that Louis XVI. had neither firmness to refuse what he did not wish to grant, nor good faith to grant what his weakness had led him to promise, it was evident that the Bourbons could no longer reign over France; and things were carried to such a length that we were under the necessity of condemning Louis XVI. and resorting to energetic measures. You know all that passed up to the 18th Brumaire, and after. We all perceived that a Republic could not exist in France; the question therefore, was to insure the perpetual removal of the Bourbons; and I believed the only means for so doing was to transfer the inheritance of their throne to another family. Some time before the 18th Brumaire I had a conversation with Siéyès and Barras, in which it was proposed, in case of the Directory being threatened, to recall the Duke of Orleans; and I could see very well that Barras favored that suggestion, although he alluded to it merely as a report that was circulated about, and recommended me to pay attention to it. Siéyès said nothing,

and I settled the question by observing, that if any such thing had been agitated I must have been informed of it through the reports of my agents. I added, that the restoration of the throne to a collateral branch of the Bourbons would be an impolitic act, and would but temporarily change the position of those who had brought about the Revolution. I rendered an account of this interview with Barras to General Bonaparte the first time I had an opportunity of conversing with him after your return from Egypt. I sounded him, and I was perfectly convinced that in the state of decrepitude into which the Directory had fallen he was just the man we wanted. I therefore adopted such measures with the police as tended to promote his elevation to the First Magistracy. He soon showed himself ungrateful, and instead of giving me all his confidence he tried to outwit me. He put into the hands of a number of persons various matters of police which were worse than useless. Most of their agents, who were my creatures, obeyed my instructions in their reports; and it often happened that the First Consul thought he had discovered, through the medium of others, information that came from me, and of the falsehood of which I easily convinced him. I confess I was at fault on the 3d Nivôse; but are there any human means of preventing two men, who have no accomplices, from bringing a plot to execution? You saw the First Consul on his return from the opera; you heard all his declamations. I felt assured that the infernal machine was the work of the Royalists. I told the Emperor this, and he was, I am sure, convinced of it; but he, nevertheless, proscribed a number of men on the mere pretence of their old opinions. Do you suppose I am ignorant of what he said of me and of my vote at the National Convention? Most assuredly it ill becomes him to reproach the Conventionists. It was that vote which placed the crown upon his head. But for the situation in which we were placed by that event, which circumstances had rendered inevitable, what should we have cared for the chance of seeing the Bourbons return? You must have remarked that the Republicans, who were not Conventionists, were in general more averse than we to the pro-

ceedings of the 18th Brumaire, as, for example, Bernadotte and Moreau. I know positively that Moreau was averse to the consulate; and that it was only from irresolution that he accepted the custody of the Directory. I know also that he excused himself to his prisoners for the duty which had devolved upon him. They themselves told me this."

Fouché entered further into many details respecting his conduct, and the motives which had urged him to do what he did in favor of the First Consul. My memory does not enable me to report all he told me, but I distinctly recollect that the impression made on my mind by what fell from him was, that he had acted merely with a view to his own interests. He did not conceal his satisfaction at having outwitted Regnier, and obliged Bonaparte to recall him. That he set in motion every spring calculated to unite the conspirators, or rather to convert the discontented into conspirators, is evident from the following remarks which fell from him: "With the information I possessed, had I remained in office it is probable that I might have prevented the conspiracy; but Bonaparte would still have had to fear the rivalry of Moreau. He would not have been Emperor, and we should still have had to dread the return of the Bourbons, of which, thank God, there is now no fear."

During my stay at Pont-Carré I said but little to Fouché about my long audience with the Emperor. However, I thought I might inform him that I was authorized to correspond directly with his Majesty. I thought it useless to conceal this fact, since he would soon learn it through his agents. I also said a few words about Bonaparte's regret at not having children. My object was to learn Fouché's opinion on this subject, and it was not without a feeling of indignation that I heard him say, "It is to be hoped the Empress will soon die. Her death will remove many difficulties. Sooner or later he must take a wife who will bear him a child; for as long as he has no direct heir there is every chance that his death will be the signal for a Revolution. His brothers are perfectly incapable of filling his place, and a new party would rise up in favor of the Bourbons;

which must be prevented above all things. At present they are not dangerous, though they still have active and devoted agents. Altona is full of them, and you will be surrounded by them. I beg of you to keep a watchful eye upon them, and render me a strict account of all their movements, and even of their most trivial actions. As they have recourse to all sorts of disguises, you cannot be too vigilant; therefore it will be advisable, in the first place, to establish a good system of espionage; but have a care of the spies who serve both sides, for they swarm in Germany."

This is all I recollect of my conversations with Fouché at Pont-Carré. I returned to Paris to make preparations for my journey to Hamburg.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1805.

Capitulation of Sublingen — Preparations for war — Utility of commercial information — My instructions — Inspection of the emigrants and the journals — A pamphlet by Kotzebue — Offers from the Emperor of Russia to Moreau — Portrait of Gustavus Adolphus by one of his ministers — Fouché's denunciations — Duels at Hamburg — M. de Gimel — *The Hamburg Correspondant* — Letter from Bernadotte.

I LEFT Paris on the 20th of May, 1805. On the 5th of June following I delivered my credentials to the Senate of Hamburg, which was represented by the Syndic Doormann and the Senator Schütte. M. Reinhart, my predecessor, left Hamburg on the 12th of June.¹

The reigning Dukes of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Brunswick, to whom I had announced my arrival as accredited minister to them, wrote me letters recognizing me in that character.

General Walmoden had just signed the capitulation of Sublingen with Marshal Mortier, who had the command in Hanover. The English Government refused to ratify this, because it stipulated that the troops should be prisoners of war. Bonaparte had two motives for relaxing this hard condition. He wished to keep Hanover as a compensation for Malta, and to assure the means of embarrassing and attacking Prussia, which he now began to distrust. By advancing upon Prussia he would secure his left, so that when convenient he might march northward. Mortier, therefore, received orders to

¹ Comte Alexandre de Puymaigre, who was sent to Hamburg in 1811, says (*Souvenirs*, p. 135), "In treating of the persons I knew at Hamburg, I recollect the judgment which M. de Bourrienne pronounces on some of them in his *Memoirs*, and I must allow that in general his assertions are well founded. This former companion of Napoleon has only forgotten to mention the opinion entertained of him in this town. The fact is that he was believed to have

reduce the conditions of the capitulation to the surrender of the arms, baggage, artillery, and horses. England, which was making great efforts to resist the invasion with which she thought herself threatened, expended considerable sums for the transport of the troops from Hanover to England. Her precipitation was indescribable, and she paid the most exorbitant charges for the hire of ships. Several houses in Hamburg made fortunes on this occasion.

Experience has long since proved that it is not at their source that secret transactions are most readily known. The intelligence of an event frequently resounds at a distance, while the event itself is almost entirely unknown in the place of its occurrence. The direct influence of political events on commercial speculations renders merchants exceedingly attentive to what is going on. All who are engaged in commercial pursuits form a corporation united by the strongest of all bonds, common interest; and commercial correspondence frequently presents a fertile field for observation, and affords much valuable information, which often escapes the inquiries of government agents.

I resolved to form a connection with some of the mercantile houses which maintained extensive and frequent communications with the Northern States. I knew that by obtaining their confidence I might gain a knowledge of all that was going on in Russia, Sweden, England, and Austria. Among the subjects upon which it was desirable to obtain information I included negotiations, treaties, military measures — such as recruiting troops beyond the amount settled for the peace establishment, movement of troops, the formation of camps and magazines, financial operations, the fitting-out of ships, and many other things, which, though not important in themselves, frequently lead to the knowledge of what is important.

I was not inclined to place reliance on all public reports and gossiping stories circulated on the Exchange without close investigation; for I wished to avoid transmitting home as truths what might frequently be mere stock-jobbing inventions. I was instructed to keep watch on the emigrants, who were exceedingly numerous in Hamburg and its neigh-

borhood, Mecklenburg, Hanover, Brunswick, and Holstein; but I must observe that my inspection was to extend only to those who were known to be actually engaged in intrigues and plots.

I was also to keep watch on the state of the public mind, and on the journals which frequently give it a wrong direction, and to point out those articles in the journals which I thought censurable. At first I merely made verbal representations and complaints, but I could not always confine myself to this course. I received such distinct and positive orders that, in spite of myself, inspection was speedily converted into oppression. Complaints against the journals filled one-fourth of my despatches.

As the Emperor wished to be made acquainted with all that was printed against him, I sent to Paris, in May, 1805, and consequently a very few days after my arrival in Hamburg, a pamphlet by the celebrated Kotzebue, entitled *Recollections of my Journey to Naples and Rome*. This publication, which was printed at Berlin, was full of indecorous attacks on, and odious allusions to, the Emperor.

I was informed at that time, through a certain channel, that the Emperor Alexander had solicited General Moreau to enter his service, and take the command of the Russian infantry. He offered him 12,000 roubles to defray his traveling expenses. At a subsequent period Moreau unfortunately accepted these offers, and died in the enemy's ranks.

On the 27th of June M. Boulogny arrived at Hamburg. He was appointed to supersede M. d'Ocariz at Stockholm. The latter minister had left Hamburg on the 11th of June for Constantinople, where he did not expect to stay three months. I had several long conversations with him before his departure, and he did not appear to be satisfied with his destination. We frequently spoke of the King of Sweden, whose conduct M. d'Ocariz blamed. He was, he said, a young madman, who, without reflecting on the change of time and circumstances, wished to play the part of Gustavus Adolphus, to whom he bore no resemblance but in name. M. d'Ocariz spoke of the King of Sweden's camp in a tone of derision.

That Prince had returned to the King of Prussia the cordon of the Black Eagle because the order had been given to the First Consul. I understood that Frederick William was very much offended at this proceeding, which was as indecorous and absurd as the return of the Golden Fleece by Louis XVIII. to the King of Spain was dignified and proper.¹ Gustavus Adolphus was brave, enterprising, and chivalrous, but inconsiderate and irascible. He called Bonaparte *Monsieur Napoléon*. His follies and reverses in Hanover were without doubt the cause of his abdication. On the 31st of October, 1805, he published a declaration of war against France in language highly insulting to the Emperor.

Fouché overwhelmed me with letters. If I had attended to all his instructions I should have left nobody unmolested. He asked me for information respecting a man named Lazoret, of the department of Gard, a girl, named Rosine Zimbenni, having informed the police that he had been killed in a duel at Hamburg. I replied that I knew but of four Frenchmen who had been killed in that way; one, named Clément, was killed by Tarasson; a second, named Duparc, killed by Lezardi; a third, named Sadremont, killed by Revel; and a fourth, whose name I did not know, killed by Lafond. This latter had just arrived at Hamburg when he was killed, but he was not the man sought for.

Lafond was a native of Brabant, and had served in the British army. He insulted the Frenchman because he wore the national cockade. A duel was the consequence, and the offended party fell. M. Reinhart, my predecessor, wished to punish Lafond, but the Austrian Minister having claimed him

¹ Of Gustavus IV., Napoleon spoke in the following terms at St. Helena: "That prince," he said, "on his appearance in life announced himself as a hero, and terminated his career merely as a madman. He distinguished himself in his early days by some very remarkable traits. While yet under age he was seen to insult Catherine by the refusal of her granddaughter, at the very moment, too, when that great Empress, seated on her throne and surrounded by her court, only waited for him to celebrate the marriage ceremony. At a later period he insulted Alexander in no less marked a way by refusing, after Paul's death, to allow one of the new Emperor's officers to enter his territory, and by answering to the official complaints addressed to him on the subject that Alexander ought not to be displeased that he, Gustavus, who still deplored the assassination of his father, should close the entrance of his States against one of those accused by the public voice of having

as the subject of his sovereign, he was not molested. Lafond took refuge in Antwerp, where he became a player.

During the first months which succeeded my arrival in Hamburg I received orders for the arrest of many persons, almost all of whom were designated as dangerous and ill-disposed men. When I was convinced that the accusation was groundless I postponed the arrest. The matter was then forgotten, and nobody complained.

A title, or a rank in foreign service, was a safeguard against the Paris inquisition. Of this the following is an instance. Count Gimel, of whom I shall hereafter have occasion to speak more at length, set out about this time for Carlsbad. Count Grote, the Prussian Minister, frequently spoke to me of him. On my expressing apprehension that M. de Gimel might be arrested, as there was a strong prejudice against him, M. Grote replied, "Oh! there is no fear of that. He will return to Hamburg with the rank of an English colonel."

On the 17th of July there appeared in the *Correspondant* an article exceedingly insulting to France. It had been inserted by order of Baron Novozilzow, who was at Berlin, and who had become very hostile to France, though it was said he had been sent from St. Petersburg on a specific mission to Napoleon. The article in question was transmitted from Berlin by an extraordinary courier, and Novozilzow in his note to the Senate said it might be stated that the article was inserted at the request of His Britannic Majesty. The Russian Minister at Berlin, M. Alopæus, despatched also an *estafette* to the Russian *chargé d'affaires* at Hamburg, with orders to apply for the insertion of the article, which accordingly appeared. In obedience to the Emperor's instructions, I complained of it, and the Senate replied that it never opposed the insertion of an official note sent by any Government; that insults would redound against those from whom they came; that the reply of the French Government would be published; and that the Senate had never deviated from this mode of proceeding.

I observed to the Senate that I did not understand why the *Correspondant* should make itself the trumpet of M.

Novozilzow; to which the Syndic replied, that two great powers, which might do them much harm, had required the insertion of the article, and that it could not be refused.¹

The hatred felt by the foreign Princes, which the death of the Duc d'Enghien had considerably increased, gave encouragement to the publication of everything hostile to Napoleon. This was candidly avowed to me by the ministers and foreigners of rank whom I saw in Hamburg. The King of Sweden was most violent in manifesting the indignation which was generally excited by the death of the Duc d'Enghien. M. Wetterstadt, who had succeeded M. La Gerbielske in the Cabinet of Stockholm, sent to the Swedish Minister at Hamburg a long letter exceedingly insulting to Napoleon. It was in reply to an article inserted in the *Moniteur* respecting the return of the Black Eagle to the King of Prussia. M. Peyron, the Swedish Minister at Hamburg, who was very far from approving all that his master did, transmitted to Stockholm some very energetic remarks on the ill effect which would be produced by the insertion of the article in the *Correspondant*. The article was then a little modified, and M. Peyron received formal orders to get it inserted. However, on my representations the Senate agreed to suppress it, and it did not appear.

Marshal Bernadotte, who had the command of the French troops in Hanover, kept up a friendly correspondence with me unconnected with the duties of our respective functions.

On the occupation of Hanover Mr. Taylor, the English Minister at Cassel, was obliged to leave that place; but he soon returned in spite of the opposition of France. On this subject the marshal furnished me with the following particulars:—

I have just received, my dear Bourrienne, information which leaves no doubt of what has taken place at Cassel with respect to Mr. Taylor. That Minister has been received in spite of the representations of M. Bignon, which, however, had previously been merely verbal. I know

¹ The circulation of the *Hamburg Correspondant* at that time was 27,000. At a later period it amounted to 60,000. It was a well-conducted and cheap journal, and was read in all parts of Germany. It was, at the time here alluded to, the most effective medium of publicity.—*Bourrienne*.

that the Elector wrote to London to request that Mr. Taylor should not return. In answer to this the English Government sent him back. Our Minister has done everything he could to obtain his dismissal; but the pecuniary interests of the Elector have triumphed over every other consideration. He would not risk quarrelling with the Court from which he expects to receive more than 12,000,000 francs. The British Government has been written to a second time, but without effect. The Elector himself, in a private letter, has requested the King of England to recall Mr. Taylor, but it is very probable that the Cabinet of London will evade this request.

Under these circumstances our troops have approached nearer to Cassel. Hitherto the whole district of Göttingen had been exempt from quartering troops. New arrangements, rendered necessary by the scarcity of forage, have obliged me to send a squadron of *chasseurs à cheval* to Munden, a little town four leagues from Cassel. This movement excited some alarm in the Elector, who expressed a wish to see things restored to the same footing as before. He has requested M. Bignon to write to me, and to assure me again that he will be delighted to become acquainted with me at the waters of Nemidorff, where he intends to spend some time. But on this subject I shall not alter the determination I have already mentioned to you. — Yours, etc.

(Signed) BERNADOTTE.

STADE, 10th Thermidor (29th July, 1805).

CHAPTER XXXII.

1805.

Treaty of alliance between England and Russia — Certainty of an approaching war — M. Forshmann, the Russian Minister — Duroc's mission to Berlin — New project of the King of Sweden — Secret mission to the Baltic — Animosity against France — Fall of the exchange between Hamburg and Paris — Destruction of the first Austrian army — Taking of Ulm — The Emperor's displeasure at a remark of a soldier — Battle of Trafalgar — Duroc's position at the Court of Prussia — Armaments in Russia — Libel upon Napoleon in the *Hamburg Correspondant* — Embarrassment of the Syndic and Burgomaster of Hamburg — The conduct of the Russian Minister censured by the Swedish and English Ministers.

AT the beginning of August, 1805, a treaty of alliance between Russia and England was spoken of. Some persons of consequence, who had the means of knowing all that was going on in the political world, had read this treaty, the principal points of which were communicated to me.

Article 1st stated that the object of the alliance was to restore the balance of Europe. By art. 2d the Emperor of Russia was to place 36,000 men at the disposal of England. Art. 3d stipulated that neither of the two powers would consent to treat with France, nor to lay down arms until the King of Sardinia should either be restored to his dominions or receive an equivalent indemnity in the northeast of Italy. By art. 4th Malta was to be evacuated by the English, and occupied by the Russians. By art. 5th the two powers were to guarantee the independence of the Republic of the Ionian Isles, and England was to pledge herself to assist Russia in her war against Persia. If this plan of a treaty, of the existence of which I was informed on unquestionable authority, had been brought to any result¹ it is impossible to calculate what might have been its consequences.

At that time an immediate Continental war was confidently expected by every person in the north of Europe ; and it is very certain that, had not Napoleon taken the hint in time and renounced his absurd schemes at Boulogne, France would have stood in a dangerous situation.

M. Forshmann, the Russian *chargé d'affaires*, was intriguing to excite the north of Europe against France. He repeatedly received orders to obtain the insertion of irritating articles in the *Correspondant*. He was an active, intriguing, and spiteful little man, and a declared enemy of France ; but fortunately his stupidity and vanity rendered him less dangerous than he wished to be. He was universally detested, and he would have lost all credit but that the extensive trade carried on between Russia and Hamburg forced the inhabitants and magistrates of that city to bear with a man who might have done them, individually, considerable injury.

The recollection of Duroc's successful mission to Berlin during the Consulate induced Napoleon to believe that that general might appease the King of Prussia, who complained seriously of the violation of the territory of Anspach, which Bernadotte, in consequence of the orders he received, had not been able to respect. Duroc remained about six weeks in Berlin.

The following letter from Duroc will show that the facility of passing through Hesse seemed to excuse the second violation of the Prussian territory ; but there was a great difference between a petty Prince of Hesse and the King of Prussia.

I send you, my dear Bourrienne, two despatches, which I have received for you. M. de Talleyrand, who sends them, desires me to request that you will transmit General Victor's by a sure conveyance.

I do not yet know whether I shall stay long in Berlin. By the last accounts I received the Emperor is still in Paris, and numerous forces are assembling on the Rhine. The hopes of peace are vanishing every day, and Austria does everything to promote war.

I have received accounts from Marshal Bernadotte. He has effected his passage through Hesse. Marshal Bernadotte was much pleased with the courtesy he experienced from the Elector.

The junction of the corps commanded by Bernadotte with the army of the Emperor was very important, and Napoleon therefore directed the Marshal to come up with him as speedily as possible, and by the shortest road. It was necessary he should arrive in time for the battle of Austerlitz. Gustavus, King of Sweden, who was always engaged in some enterprise, wished to raise an army composed of Swedes, Prussians, and English; and certainly a vigorous attack in the north would have prevented Bernadotte from quitting the banks of the Elbe and the Weser, and re-enforcing the Grand Army which was marching on Vienna. But the King of Sweden's coalition produced no other result than the siege of the little fortress of Hameln. Prussia would not come to a rupture with France, the King of Sweden was abandoned, and Bonaparte's resentment against him increased. This abortive project of Gustavus contributed not a little to alienate the affections of his subjects, who feared that they might be the victims of the revenge excited by the extravagant plans of their King, and the insults he had heaped upon Napoleon, particularly since the death of the Duc d'Enghien.

On the 13th of September, 1805, I received a letter from the Minister of Police soliciting information about Swedish Pomerania.

Astonished at not obtaining from the commercial Consuls at Lubeck and Stettin any accounts of the movements of the Russians, I had sent to those parts, four days before the receipt of the Police Minister's letter, a confidential agent, to observe the Baltic; although we were only 64 leagues from Stralsund the most uncertain and contradictory accounts came to hand. It was, however, certain that a landing of the Russians was expected at Stralsund, or at Travemünde, the port of Lubeck, at the mouth of the little river Trave. I was positively informed that Russia had freighted a considerable number of vessels for those ports.

The hatred of the French continued to increase in the north of Europe. About the end of September there appeared at Kiel, in Denmark, a libellous pamphlet, which was bought and read with inconceivable avidity. This pamphlet, which

was very ably written, was the production of some fanatic who openly preached a crusade against France. The author regarded the blood of millions of men as a trifling sacrifice for the great object of humiliating France and bringing her back to the limits of the old monarchy. This pamphlet was circulated extensively in the German departments united to France, in Holland, and in Switzerland. The number of incendiary publications which everywhere abounded indicated but too plainly that if the nations of the north should be driven back towards the Arctic regions, they would in their turn repulse their conquerors towards the south; and no man of common sense could doubt that if the French eagles were planted in foreign capitals, foreign standards would one day wave over Paris.

On the 30th of September, 1805, I received, by an *estafette*, intelligence of the landing at Stralsund of 6000 Swedes, who had arrived from Stockholm in two ships of war.

About the end of September the Hamburg exchange on Paris fell alarmingly. The loss was twenty per cent. The fall stopped at seventeen below par. The speculation for this fall of the exchange had been made with equal imprudence and animosity by the house of Osy and Company. The head of that house, a Dutch emigrant, who had been settled at Hamburg about six years, seized every opportunity of manifesting his hatred of France. An agent of that rich house at Rotterdam was also very hostile to us, a circumstance which shows that if many persons sacrifice their political opinions to their interests there are others who endanger their interests for the triumph of their opinions.

On the 23d of October, 1805, I received official intelligence of the total destruction of the first Austrian army. General Barbou, who was in Hanover, also informed me of that event in the following terms: "The first Austrian army has ceased to exist." He alluded to the brilliant affair of Ulm. I immediately despatched twelve *estafettes* to different parts; among other places to Stralsund and Husum. I thought that these prodigies, which must have been almost incredible to those who were unacquainted with Napoleon's military genius,

might arrest the progress of the Russian troops, and produce some change in the movements of the enemy's forces. A second edition of the *Correspondant* was published with this intelligence, and 6000 copies were sold at four times the usual price.

I need not detain the reader with the details of the capitulation of Ulm, which have already been published, but I may relate the following anecdote, which is not generally known. A French general passing before the ranks of his men said to them, "Well, comrades, we have prisoners enough here." — "Yes indeed," replied one of the soldiers, "we never saw so many . . . collected together before." It was stated at the time, and I believe it, that the Emperor was much displeased when he heard of this, and remarked that it was "atrocious to insult brave men to whom the fate of arms had proved unfavorable."

In reading the history of this period we find that in whatever place Napoleon happened to be, there was the central point of action. The affairs of Europe were arranged at his headquarters in the same manner as if he had been in Paris. Everything depended on his good or bad fortune. Espionage, seduction, false promises, exactions, — all were put in force to promote the success of his projects; but his despotism, which excited dissatisfaction in France, and his continual aggressions, which threatened the independence of foreign States, rendered him more and more unpopular everywhere.

The battle of Trafalgar took place while Napoleon was marching on Vienna, and on the day after the capitulation of Ulm. The southern coast of Spain then witnessed an engagement between thirty-one French and about an equal number of English ships, and in spite of this equality of force the French fleet was destroyed.¹

This great battle afforded another proof of our naval inferiority. Admiral Calder first gave us the lesson which Nelson completed, but which cost the latter his life. According to the reports which Duroc transmitted to me, courage

¹ The actual forces present were 27 English ships of the line, and 33 Franco-Spanish ships of the line; see James's *Naval History*, vol. iii. p. 459.

gave momentary hope to the French; but they were at length forced to yield to the superior naval tactics of the enemy. The battle of Trafalgar paralyzed our naval force, and banished all hope of any attempt against England.¹

The favor which the King of Prussia had shown to Duroc was withdrawn when his Majesty received intelligence of the march of Bernadotte's troops through the Margravate of Anspach. All accounts concurred respecting the just umbrage which that violation of territory occasioned to the King of Prussia. The agents whom I had in that quarter overwhelmed me with reports of the excesses committed by the French in passing through the Margravate. A letter I received from Duroc contains the following remarks on this subject: ²—

The corps of Marshal Bernadotte has passed through Anspach, and by some misunderstanding this has been regarded at Berlin as an insult to the King, a violence committed upon his neutrality. How can it be supposed, especially under present circumstances, that the Emperor could have any intention of insulting or committing violence upon his friend? Besides, the reports have been exaggerated, and have been made by persons who wish to favor our enemies rather than us. However, I am perfectly aware that Marshal Bernadotte's 70,000 men are not 70,000 virgins. Be this as it may, the business might have been fatal, and will, at all events, be very injurious to us. Laforest and I are treated very

¹ On receiving the dismal news of the annihilation of his fleet at Trafalgar Bonaparte is reported to have said, "I cannot be everywhere." Just as if he could have changed the fate of the day. *h*, who knew nothing of naval tactics! It has been well remarked on this point that the presence of Bonaparte at Trafalgar would have had about as much influence as Nelson mounted on horseback could have produced in the land fights of Marengo and Austerlitz. *Editor of 1826 edition.*

² The ignoble and ludicrous behavior of Prussia at this time can be well seen in the correspondence of Metternich (vol. ii. pp. 204 &c.). While Austria was urging her to join the allies, and Russia was preparing to force her hand by violating her territory, Napoleon calmly marched his troops across her frontier. He had crushed Austria while Prussia was slowly preparing to march to attack the French. Finally, Prussia had to cede Anspach and Neuchâtel, Valengin, Cleves, &c., to France, receiving in exchange Hamover, the possession of her ally the King of England. Napoleon did not even pay the empty compliment of waiting for the ratification of the treaty by Prussia, but occupied the ceded district at once. The whole affair is a good instance of the shameless greed, irresolution, and cowardice of the Continental powers which made it easy for Napoleon to crush them in detail. The reader, accustomed to hear of the so-called grand uprisings of the Germans in 1813, when with superior numbers they forced the young French recruits back from Germany, should note how it was the French ever came to dominate over Germany.

harshly, though we do not deserve it. All the idle stories that have been got up here must have reached you. Probably Prussia will not forget that France was, and still may be, the only power interested in her glory and aggrandizement.

At the end of October the King of Prussia, far from thinking of war, but in case of its occurrence wishing to check its disasters as far as possible, proposed to establish a line of neutrality. This was the first idea of the Confederation of the North.¹ Duroc, fearing lest the Russians should enter Hamburg, advised me, as a friend, to adopt precautions. But I was on the spot; I knew all the movements of the little detached corps, and I was under no apprehension.

The editor of the *Hamburg Correspondant* sent me every evening a proof of the number which was to appear next day, — *a favor which was granted only to the French Minister.*² On the 20th of November I received the proof as usual, and saw nothing objectionable in it. How great, therefore, was my astonishment when next morning I read in the same journal an article personally insulting to the Emperor, and in which the legitimate sovereigns of Europe were called upon *to undertake a crusade against the usurper!* etc. I immediately sent for M. Doormann, first Syndic of the Senate of Hamburg. When he appeared his mortified look sufficiently informed me that he knew what I had to say to him. I reproached him sharply, and asked him how, after all I had

¹ The "Confédération du Nord," which was projected in 1806, after the formation of the Confédération du Rhin, was to have been composed of Prussia, Saxony, Hesse, and the Hanse towns. The plan was never carried out.

² This is literally true. Metternich, writing in 1805, says that he has sent an article to the newspapers at Berlin and to M. de Höfer at Hamburg. "I do not know whether it has been accepted by the editors, for M. Bourrienne still exercises an authority so severe over these journals that they are always submitted to him before they appear, that he may erase or alter the articles which do not please him" (*Metternich*, tome ii. p. 96). In another place (tome ii. p. 227) he says "the newspapers are worth to Napoleon an army of 300,000 men, for such a force would not overlook the interior better, or frighten foreign powers more, than half a dozen of his paid pamphleteers." Sometimes the press was used to make it seem as if the assurances of the hostile powers were believed. Thus before the Ulm campaign the *Moniteur* solemnly announced: "The Russians continue their preparations *against the Persians.*" The German papers themselves often took the French side: "Our journalists take up the cause of the tyrant and of the 'Grande Nation' either from meanness, stupidity, fear, or for *gold.* I need only name Woltmann, Archenholz, Voss, and Bucholz" (*Memoirs of Perthes*, vol. i. p. 143).

told him of the Emperor's susceptibility, he could permit the insertion of such an article. I observed to him that this indecorous diatribe had no official character, since it had no signature; and that, therefore, he had acted in direct opposition to a decree of the Senate, which prohibited the insertion in the journals of any articles which were not signed. I told him plainly that his imprudence might be attended with serious consequences. M. Doormann did not attempt to justify himself, but merely explained to me how the thing had happened. On the 20th of November, at ten in the evening, M. Forshmann, the Russian *chargé d'affaires* who had in the course of the day arrived from the Russian headquarters, presented to the editor of the *Correspondant* the article in question. The editor, after reading the article, which he thought exceedingly indecorous, observed to M. Forshmann that his paper was already made up, which was the fact, for I had seen a proof. M. Forshmann, however, insisted on the insertion of the article. The editor then told him that he could not admit it without the approbation of the Syndic Censor. M. Forshmann immediately waited upon M. Doormann, and when the latter begged that he would not insist on the insertion of the article, M. Forshmann produced a letter written in French, which, among other things, contained the following: "You will get the enclosed article inserted in the *Correspondant* without suffering a single word to be altered. Should the censor refuse, you must apply to the directing Burgomaster, and, in case of his refusal, to General Tolstoy, who will devise some means of rendering the Senate more complying, and forcing it to observe an impartial deference."

M. Doormann, thinking he could not take upon himself to allow the insertion of the article, went, accompanied by M. Forshmann, to wait upon M. Von Graffen, the directing Burgomaster. MM. Doormann and Von Graffen earnestly pointed out the impropriety of inserting the article; but M. Forshmann referred to his order, and added that the compliance of the Senate on this point was the only means of avoiding great mischief. The Burgomaster and the Syndic, finding themselves thus forced to admit the article, entreated that the

following passage at least might be suppressed: "I know a certain chief, who, in defiance of all laws divine and human, — in contempt of the hatred he inspires in Europe, as well as among those whom he has reduced to be his subjects, keeps possession of a usurped throne by violence and crime. His insatiable ambition would subject all Europe to his rule. But the time is come for avenging the rights of nations. . . ." M. Forshmann again referred to his orders, and with some degree of violence insisted on the insertion of the article in its complete form. The Burgomaster then authorized the editor of the *Correspondant* to print the article that night, and M. Forshmann, having obtained that authority, carried the article to the office at half-past eleven o'clock.

Such was the account given me by M. Doormann. I observed that I did not understand how the imaginary apprehension of any violence on the part of Russia should have induced him to admit so insolent an attack upon the most powerful sovereign in Europe, whose arms would soon dictate laws to Germany. The Syndic did not dissemble his fear of the Emperor's resentment, while at the same time he expressed a hope that the Emperor would take into consideration the extreme difficulty of a small power maintaining neutrality in the extraordinary circumstances in which Hamburg was placed, and that the articles might be said to have been presented almost at the point of the Cossacks' spears. M. Doormann added that a refusal, which would have brought Russian troops to Hamburg, might have been attended by very unpleasant consequences to me, and might have committed the Senate in a very different way. I begged of him, once for all, to set aside in these affairs all consideration of my personal danger: and the Syndic, after a conversation of more than two hours, departed more uneasy in his mind than when he arrived, and conjuring me to give a faithful report of the facts as they had happened.

M. Doormann was a very worthy man, and I gave a favorable representation of his excuses and of the readiness which he had always evinced to keep out of the *Correspondant* articles hostile to France; as, for example, the commencement of

a proclamation of the Emperor of Germany to his subjects, and a complete proclamation of the King of Sweden. As it happened, the good Syndic escaped with nothing worse than a fright; I was myself astonished at the success of my intercession. I learned from the Minister for Foreign Affairs that the Emperor was furiously indignant on reading the article, in which the French army was outraged as well as he. Indeed, he paid but little attention to insults directed against himself personally. Their eternal repetition had inured him to them; but at the idea of his army being insulted he was violently enraged, and uttered the most terrible threats.

It is worthy of remark that the Swedish and English Ministers, as soon as they read the article, waited upon the editor of the *Correspondant*, and expressed their astonishment that such a libel should have been published. "Victorious armies," said they, "should be answered by cannon-balls, and not by insults as gross as they are ridiculous." This opinion was shared by all the foreigners at that time in Hamburg.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1805.

Difficulties of my situation at Hamburg — Toil and responsibility — Supervision of the emigrants — Foreign Ministers — Journals — Packet from Strasburg — Bonaparte fond of narrating — GIULIO, an extempore recitation of a story composed by the Emperor.

In brief detail I have given in the two or three preceding chapters of the events which occurred previously to and during the campaign of Austerlitz, with the letters of Duroc and Bernadotte, may afford the reader some idea of my situation during the early part of my residence in Hamburg. Events succeeded each other with such incredible rapidity to render my labor excessive. My occupations were different, but not less laborious, than those which I formerly performed when near the Emperor; and, besides, I was now loaded with a responsibility which did not attach to me as the private secretary of General Bonaparte and the First Consul. I had, in fact, to maintain a constant watch over the emigrants in Altona, which was no easy matter — to correspond daily with the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Police — to confer with the foreign Ministers accredited at Hamburg — to maintain active relations with the commanders of the French army — to interrogate my secret agents, and keep a strict surveillance over their proceedings; was, besides, necessary to be unceasingly on the watch for arrilous articles against Napoleon in the *Hamburg Correspondent*. I shall frequently have occasion to speak of all these things, and especially of the most marked emigrants, in a manner less irregular, because what I have hitherto said may, in some sort, be considered merely as a summary of all

In the midst of these multifarious and weighty occupations I received a packet with the Strasburg postmark at the time the Empress was in that city. This packet had not the usual form of a diplomatic despatch, and the superscription announced that it came from the residence of Josephine. My readers, I venture to presume, will not experience less gratification than I did on a perusal of its contents, which will be found at the end of this chapter; but before satisfying the curiosity to which I have perhaps given birth, I may here relate that one of the peculiarities of Bonaparte was a fondness of extempore narration; and it appears he had not discontinued the practice even after he became Emperor.

In fact, Bonaparte, during the first year after his elevation to the Imperial throne, usually passed those evenings in the apartments of the Empress which he could steal from public business. Throwing himself on a sofa, he would remain absorbed in gloomy silence, which no one dared to interrupt. Sometimes, however, on the contrary, he would give the reins to his vivid imagination and his love of the marvellous, or, to speak more correctly, his desire to produce effect, which was perhaps one of his strongest passions, and would relate little romances, which were always of a fearful description and in unison with the natural turn of his ideas. During those recitals the ladies-in-waiting were always present,—to one of whom I am indebted for the following story, which she had written nearly in the words of Napoleon. “Never,” said this lady in her letter to me, “did the Emperor appear more extraordinary. Led away by the subject, he paced the *salon* with hasty strides; the intonations of his voice varied according to the characters of the personages he brought on the scene; he seemed to multiply himself in order to play the different parts, and no person needed to feign the terror which he really inspired, and which he loved to see depicted in the countenances of those who surrounded him.” In this tale I have made no alterations, as can be attested by those who, to my knowledge, have a copy of it. It is curious to compare the impassioned portions of it with the style of Napoleon in some of the letters addressed to Josephine.

GIULIO,

A STORY BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.

I.

IN the city of Rome appeared a mysterious being who pretended to unveil the secrets of futurity, and who was enveloped in so much obscurity that even its sex was an object of doubt and discussion. Some, in relating the strange predictions which they had heard from the mouth of this being, described the form and the features of a woman, while others justified their terror by depicting a hideous monster.

The abode of this oracle was in one of the suburbs of Rome, in a deserted palace, where the delusions of superstition were a sufficient protection from popular curiosity. No one knew the period of the arrival of this singular being; everything connected with her existence was shrouded in impenetrable mystery. Nothing was spoken of in Rome but the Sibyl, the appellation by which she was generally known; every one was anxious to consult the oracle, but few had courage to cross the threshold of her dwelling. On approaching it the greatest number of the curious were seized with a feeling of horror, which they could only attribute to a fatal presentiment, and fled as if forcibly repelled by an invisible hand.

II.

Camillo, a young Roman of a noble family, resolved to explore the retreat of the Sibyl, and entreated Giulio, his intimate friend, to be the companion of his adventure. Giulio, being of a timid and irresolute character, at first declined the invitation of his friend. It was not a dread of any unknown peril which produced this hesitation, but he shuddered at the idea of seeing the salutary veil withdrawn

which concealed the future. At length, however, he yielded to the persuasions of his friend. The day was fixed, and together they proceeded to the fatal palace; the gate opened as of its own accord, and the two friends immediately entered. They wandered for some time through the deserted apartments, and at length found themselves in a gallery divided by a black curtain with this inscription: *If you wish to know your destiny, pass beyond this curtain; but prepare yourself by prayer.* Giulio experienced the most violent agitation, and sank involuntarily on his knees. Was he already under the influence of a mysterious power? In a few moments the youths, raising the curtain, drew their swords and penetrated into the sanctuary. A female approached them; she was young, perhaps even beautiful; but her aspect defied and repelled all examination; the cold immobility of death, strangely combined with the motions of life, formed the expression of her countenance. How find words to define or depict those supernatural beings, who doubtless inhabit regions where human language is unknown? Giulio shuddered, and turned away his eyes; Camillo cast down his, and the Sibyl inquired the motive of their visit. Camillo answered her, but she listened not to his words, her whole attention seemed absorbed by Giulio; she was agitated, trembled, extended one hand as if about to seize him, and suddenly stepped back. Camillo reiterated his request to be instructed in the secrets of his destiny; she consented, and Giulio withdrew. After a short conference Camillo rejoined his friend, whom he found buried in a profound reverie. "Go," said he to him, smiling, "take courage, for I myself have learned nothing very awful; the Sibyl promised that I should espouse your sister Giuliana (a thing already agreed on),—only she added that 'a trifling accident would for a short time retard our union!'"

Giulio, in his turn, stepped beyond the fatal curtain, and Camillo remained in the gallery. Very soon he heard a fearful cry, and, recognizing the voice of his friend, flew to his aid. Giulio was on his knees before the Sibyl, who, waving over his head a wand, pronounced these awful words: "Love

without bounds ! Sacrilege ! Murder !” Camillo, seized with horror, approached Giulio, who, pale and motionless, could not support himself. To his interrogation he could obtain no reply from his friend, who vaguely repeated the fatal words, *Love without bounds ! Murder ! Sacrilege !*

[These words were pronounced in a lugubrious tone by Bonaparte.]

Camillo at length succeeded in conducting Giulio to his home, and the moment he could find a pretext for leaving him he flew to make another visit to the Sibyl : he had resolved to question and compel her to give an explanation of what she had said ; but the place was deserted ; the curtain, the inscription, — all had disappeared ; there remained no trace of the magician, who was never seen again.

III.

Several weeks flew away ; the marriage of Camillo was fixed, and Giulio seemed to have recovered his tranquillity. His friend avoided speaking to him on the prediction, in the hope that the horrible scene would be gradually effaced from his memory. On the day preceding that fixed for the marriage of Camillo the Marquis di Cosmo, the father of Giulio, fell from his horse, and though he received no serious injury, this accident delayed the nuptials. Giulio, his sister, and Camillo, surrounded the couch of the marquis, deploring the delay of their happiness. A sudden recollection darted into the mind of Camillo ; he exclaimed aloud, “The prediction of the Sibyl is accomplished.” This exclamation threw Giulio into the greatest agitation ; from that moment he shut himself up in his own apartment, and avoided all society. He admitted only a venerable monk who had been his tutor, and with him he held long and mysterious conferences. Camillo no longer sought entrance to the apartment of his friend ; he perceived that he especially it was whom Giulio sought to avoid.

The day so anxiously anticipated at length arrived, and Camillo and Giuliana were united. But Giulio did not attend

the nuptials; he had left the paternal roof, and every attempt to discover his retreat proved unavailing. His father was in despair, when about the termination of a month he received the following letter:—

MY FATHER—Spare your useless search, my resolution is fixed. Nothing can change it. Dispose of your wealth; Giulio is dead to the world. It grieves me to leave you; but I must fly from a horrible destiny. Adieu! forget the ill-fated

GIULIO.

This letter, which bore no date, was left by a stranger, who departed the moment he had delivered it. The marquis interrogated the monk, who alone could enable him to recover his fugitive son; but entreaties and threats proved equally ineffectual either to persuade or to intimidate the ecclesiastic. He was not ignorant, he replied, of the designs of Giulio, and for a long time opposed them; but he found him so firmly resolved that he became at last convinced it was his duty to acquiesce in his project; he knew the place of his retreat, but declared that no power on earth could induce him to betray secrets confided to him under the seal of confession.

IV.

Giulio had gone to Naples, and from thence had embarked for Messina; he intended to enter a Dominican monastery recommended to him by his confessor. The piety of Father Ambrosio, the Superior of this monastery, was too sincere, and his mind too enlightened, to take advantage of the disturbed imagination of a youth, and Giulio in vain supplicated him to dispense with his novitiate,—he would not consent. Giulio was obliged to submit to this probation, but his resolution remained unshaken; he was under the dominion of a strange delusion, and believed he had only the power to escape from his destiny by embracing a monastic life. The image of the Sibyl pursued him; her words rung continually in his ear, *Love without bounds! Sacrilege! Murder!* The cloister seemed to him to be the only refuge which could shield him from love and from crime. Unhappy youth! as if the walls,

the vows, or the rules of a monastery, could counteract the decrees of fate !

The year of his novitiate expired. Giulio pronounced the vows ; he believed himself happy, and felt at least an abatement of the torments that he had suffered. The idea of the sacrifice he had consummated was not for a moment present to his mind, to trouble or sadden his thoughts. But on the evening of the solemn day on which he renounced the world forever, at the moment when he was about to retire to his cell, he met one of the monks, who took his hand, and pressing it affectionately said to him, "Brother, it is forever." The words *forever* appalled Giulio. How marvellous the power of a word over a weak and superstitious mind ! Giulio now for the first time seemed sensible of the extent of his sacrifice ; he regarded himself as a being already dead, for time was no more. He became melancholy, and appeared to support with difficulty the weight of existence.

Father Ambrosio beheld with compassion the situation of the young man ; it was sufficient to know that he was unhappy to create in the bosom of the Superior the tenderest interest in his behalf, and he thought that employment would prove best calculated to dispel his melancholy. Giulio was eloquent, and Ambrosio appointed him preacher to the monastery. His reputation rapidly spread, and crowds flocked from all parts to hear him. He was young and handsome, and, doubtless, the mystery which surrounded him imparted an additional charm to his words.

V.

The time approached for the celebration of a grand festival, at which the King of Naples and his whole Court were to be present. Giulio was appointed to pronounce the panegyric upon St. Thomas, the patron saint of the monastery, and the most splendid preparations were made for the occasion. The day arrived ; immense crowds filled the church ; Giulio could with difficulty make his way through them, in order to reach the pulpit, when in the midst of his exertions his cowl fell

back and exposed his countenance to view. At the same moment he heard a voice exclaim, "Good God, how handsome!" Agitated and surprised, he involuntarily turned, and saw a female, whose eyes were fixed on him with the most penetrating expression. That moment sufficed to give a color to the future existence of those two beings. Giulio delivered his sermon, and as soon as he found himself at liberty ran and shut himself up in his cell; but it was not to devote himself to his usual meditations. Pursued by the image of the unknown female, experiencing feelings altogether new to him, restless, unhappy, he found no repose. Yet it seemed to him that he only began to exist when he heard that voice, the tones of which thrilled to the inmost recesses of his heart. He durst not glance towards the future. Alas! of what avail could it be? his destiny was fixed. Every morning when he celebrated mass, every morning he beheld on the same spot a veiled female; he knew her, but durst not even indulge in the wish to behold her features, though he eagerly fixed his gaze on the veil. He watched all her motions; he perceived, as it were, the very pulsations of her heart, and his own responded to them. Without resolution to tear himself from the dangerous indulgence, he trembled to analyze his sensations; he recoiled from the truth. His whole life seemed concentrated in those few moments; the rest of his days were an absolute blank. He wished to fly. "If to-morrow she re-appears in the church," he at length said to himself, "I shall return thither no more." Armed by this resolution he thought himself safe; and he appeared to experience greater tranquillity. Next day he repaired to the church somewhat earlier than usual. She was not there. When the congregation had departed he approached the seat of the unknown, and saw her prayer-book. He seized it, opened it, and upon the first leaf read the name of Theresa. Now then, he could call her by her name; he could repeat it a thousand and a thousand times. "Theresa! Theresa!" murmured he in a low voice, as if he feared to be heard, though alone. Since she had not re-appeared he need not scruple to return to the church. Days and weeks flew away, and Theresa was still absent.

VI.

Theresa, the wife of an old man whom she loved as a father, found her happiness in the fulfilment of her duties; and dreamed not that there existed a different species of existence from that which she had hitherto experienced. She saw Giulio, and her peace fled forever. In a soul ardent as Theresa's the first serious passion she felt must decide the fate of her life. She adored Giulio. Until this critical moment her husband had been the confidant of all her thoughts; but she spoke not to him of Giulio. The reserve was painful, and seemed a crime in her own eyes. She perceived that there was a danger to be avoided, and abstained from attending mass. In the hope of calming the agitation of her soul, Theresa determined to have recourse to confession, and for this purpose returned to the church of the Dominicans. Making choice of the hour when she knew Giulio would be occupied, she approached the confessional, and on her knees related all that she had felt since the day of the festival of St. Thomas; the delight she had in beholding Giulio, the remorse consequent on that indulgence, and the courage with which she had relinquished it; but she feared that her resolution would soon fail. "What ought I to do?" exclaimed she; "have pity on a miserable sinner!" her tears fell in torrents — her agitation was extreme. Scarcely had she ceased speaking when a threatening voice pronounced these words: "Unhappy woman! what sacrilege!" Giulio, for it was he himself that destiny had conducted to receive this avowal, at these words darted from the confessional. Theresa, still on her knees, arrested his steps, and seizing his robe supplicated him to retract his malediction: she implored him in the name of his salvation — she implored him in the name of love. Giulio replied but very feebly. "Theresa, Theresa," cried he at last, "leave this place! Very soon my resolution will vanish." At these words Theresa threw herself on his bosom, and encircled him with her arms. "Tell me," she ejaculated, "oh! tell me that I am beloved before I separate myself from thee!"

Giulio, agitated and taken by surprise, for a moment returned her caresses, and pressed her to his heart; but suddenly struck by a recollection of the prediction, he vowed to fly from her forever, and, without any explanation, exacted from her a similar oath. Theresa, wholly abandoned to her passion, scarcely comprehended the import of his words, and consented to all that he dictated. What, in fact, imported to her his language? it was sufficient that he loved her, she was certain of seeing him again.

Giulio shuddered at the imprudence of which he had been guilty; but it was too late to avoid the danger; he could not escape from his destiny. He was already a prey to *love without bounds*; the *sacrilege* was already committed. Had he not avowed his passion, even within the very walls of that sacred temple, where he had so recently pronounced the vows of sanctity? and yet he had sworn to fly from Theresa forever. Strange inconsistency of the human heart! what ought to have been his chastisement was his consolation. But in this painful struggle the unfortunate Giulio saw only misery before him. Theresa was less terrified. She was a woman; Giulio had declared that he loved her, and she could brave whatever else of evil fate had in store. With what delight she dwelt on their brief interview! One such hour teemed with more remembrances than a whole life without love. She forgot her determination to avoid Giulio; she returned to the church, — she again saw him, and he too seemed to have forgotten his oath. His whole existence was absorbed by his passion, and when he beheld Theresa the universe disappeared from before his eyes. They avoided conversing together. Giulio, in the absence of Theresa, experienced the most bitter remorse; but a single glance from her recalled the fatal charm which held captive his soul. At length he resolved to speak to her, and to bid her an eternal adieu.

VII.

At the gate of the monastery stood a poor woman and her child who were supported by Theresa. Little Carlo often

followed her to church with her prayer-book, and performed his devotions by her side. Giulio, who dared not approach Theresa, bade Carlo inform her that Father Giulio would attend her in the confessional at seven o'clock in the evening. How wretchedly passed this day with Giulio! he shuddered at the idea of meeting Theresa alone. He feared that he should be wanting in resolution to say adieu! he could never resolve to do so. He determined not to see her, but to write, and Carlo was charged to deliver his letter to her as she entered the church. Theresa, on receiving this first message, was much agitated. Nevertheless, she failed not to repair to the church at the appointed hour. Carlo placed in her hand the letter, which she opened with extreme emotion; but how great was her despair on reading its contents.

“Fly, imprudent woman, and no more sully by thy presence the sanctity of this holy fane! Banish a remembrance which is the torment of my life. I never loved you! I will never see you more!”

This resolution pierced the heart of Theresa: she could have struggled against her remorse; but Giulio loved her not—he had never loved her!—her remorse was less bitter than those words!—She was attacked by a violent fever, which threatened to deprive her of life; the name of Giulio often rose to her lips, but love protected it even in her delirium. His name was not betrayed; she only murmured from time to time in a low voice, “I never loved thee!”

Had Giulio in the mean time succeeded in recovering his tranquillity, or stifling his remorse? No, his sufferings were extreme. After having declared to Theresa that he had never loved her, he wholly abandoned himself to his fatal passion. The sacrifice seemed to him sufficient,—so terrible had been the effort to write that letter! Oh, Theresa! if thou couldst know what it cost the unhappy Giulio, thine own grief would be forgotten in commiseration for his sufferings! Giulio was a prey to the most tormenting inquietude; three months had flown away, and he had heard no news of Theresa; time seemed still further to inflame his passion, and he now wholly avoided society. Having, on the plea of ill health, obtained a

dispensation from Father Ambrosio, he relinquished his public functions, shut himself up in his cell, or wandered during the night amongst the tombs of the brethren, thus encouraging the fatal morbidness of his feelings, having neither the strength of mind to subdue his passion nor yet to yield himself up to it. Distracted, above all, by the agonizing pangs of suspense, which sap the springs of life, he could neither review the past with satisfaction nor look forward to the future with hope.

VIII.

The long and tedious malady of Theresa was succeeded by a state of weakness not less alarming; she thought her end approached, and wished to fulfil the last duties of religion. Her husband, who tenderly loved her, was convinced that some hidden sorrow was hurrying her to the tomb; but, respecting her silence, he forbore to question her on the subject. He entreated Father Ambrosio, who was held in great veneration, to visit Theresa. Ambrosio promised to comply with his request, but an unforeseen circumstance prevented him from fulfilling his promise; he directed Giulio to go in his stead to the house of Signor Vivaldi, the husband of Theresa, to administer consolation to a dying female. Alas! Giulio, himself the victim of despair, had only tears and sighs, instead of consolation, to offer. He would have excused himself, but Ambrosio refused to exempt him from his duty, and he therefore repaired to the residence of Vivaldi. He was conducted into a dimly lighted apartment, where a numerous circle of sorrowing friends surrounded the bed of the patient. On his entrance every one withdrew, and Giulio was alone with the invalid. Agitated by an indefinable emotion, he remained immovable and irresolute. "Holy father," said the dying woman, "has Heaven mercy in store for a wretched sinner?" Scarcely were these words uttered when Giulio fell on his knees before the bed. "Theresa! Theresa!" he ejaculated. Who can depict the feelings of the lovers? Explanation was useless . . . they loved. Giulio related all that he

had suffered for her, and accused himself as the cause of her sufferings. "Pardon! oh! pardon, Theresa. Giulio is thine forever." These words re-animated Theresa; she could not speak, but she beheld Giulio, she heard his voice, she pressed his hand; to die thus appeared more sweet to her than life. Giulio folded her in his arms; he would have prolonged her life at the expense of his own: "Thou shalt live! thy lover is with thee! My Theresa! speak to me! am I not again to hear thee?" The sound of his voice seemed to re-animate the strength of Theresa: "I love you, Giulio! I love you!" murmured she. These words were life to him. What need had she to say more? The moments in which they conversed together flew rapidly away; the certainty of seeing each other again gave them courage to separate. Theresa recovered her health. Giulio visited her every day. A delightful intimacy reigned between them, and the lover appeared to forget his scruples and his remorse. Wholly engrossed by Theresa, he watched with the most tender interest the progress of her recovery; he durst not afflict her; he perceived that her life depended on him, and this pretext for continuing their intercourse he interpreted as a duty.

IX.

Two years had elapsed since he left Rome, and on the second anniversary of the fatal predictions of the Sibyl he sank into a gloomy reverie. Theresa longed to know the cause of his sadness: she had never questioned him on the subject; but before she could share his sorrows it was necessary to know the cause whence they arose. Giulio related to her his interview with the Sibyl, and his flight from the paternal roof. In the course of this recital all his horrible feelings were revived, and he exclaimed in an accent of terror: "*Love! Sacrilege! Murder!*" The emotion of Theresa was extreme, but the word *love* threw a fatal spell over her heart and her imagination; and when Giulio repeated "*Sacrilege! Murder!*" she softly replied "*Love!*" thinking thus to calm

the agitation of his spirit, because with her love was everything. Sometimes Giulio, led away by the violence of his passion, fixed on her a look which she dared not meet; she felt his heart palpitate, his frame tremble, and a dangerous silence succeeded to those tumultuous emotions.

They were, however, happy, for they were not yet criminal. Giulio was obliged to be absent on an important mission, with which he was intrusted by Father Ambrosio. He had not courage to utter an adieu to Theresa, but he wrote to her, promising a speedy return. However, he was detained by numerous obstacles, and it was more than a month before he returned to Messina.

On his arrival he hastened to Theresa, whom he found alone on a terrace overlooking the shore, absorbed in thoughts of her lover. Never before had she appeared to him so beautiful, so seducing. He gazed on her for a moment in ecstasy, but not long could he resist the temptation of addressing her, of hearing her voice. He spoke; she perceived him, and flew into his arms. In a delirium of passion Giulio at first responded to all her feelings; but suddenly starting back with horror, he fell on his knees, and remained with his hands clasped, his eyes fixed, and in a state of the most dreadful agitation. His deadly paleness and the wild expression of his countenance rendered this scene truly dreadful to Theresa. She durst not approach him, and for the first time could not share his emotions. "Theresa," said he at length, mournfully, "we must separate! you know not all you have to fear!" Theresa scarcely understood his words, but she saw his agitation, and endeavored to calm it; but he again repulsed her. "In the name of Heaven," cried he, "approach me not!" She stood trembling and motionless. She knew only the tenderness of love, and was unacquainted with its madness. Giulio, impatient at her silence, abruptly started up: "To-morrow," he said, "my fate shall be decided;" and darted away without giving Theresa time to reply.

[The Emperor put extraordinary animation into the recitation of the dialogue in this scene. It is a mistake to say that he took lessons from Talma. He might perhaps have given them to Talma.]

X.

The next day Theresa received the following billet : —

“Theresa, I cannot again see you; I am unhappy in your presence. I know you cannot comprehend what I feel. Theresa, you must be mine, but it must be with your own free will. Never could I have the courage to take advantage of your weakness. Yesterday you saw it. I tore myself from your arms because you said not, ‘I will be thine.’ Reflect seriously; we are lost forever! Oh, Theresa! eternal perdition! how terrible these words! even in thy arms they will interpose between me and happiness. For us there is no longer peace; death, the only refuge, is not a refuge for us. To-morrow, if you wish to see me — and you know the price — to-morrow send Carlo to church. If he bring your prayer-book that will indicate that you renounce Giulio; if not, then thou art mine forever! *Forever* belongs to eternity; how dare I pronounce the words! Adieu.”

Theresa, gentle and timid by nature, was overwhelmed with terror on perusing this letter; the words *eternal perdition* seemed to her a terrible malediction. “Giulio,” she ejaculated, “we were happy! why could not that happiness satisfy you?” She knew not on what to resolve; to see him no more was impossible, and yet she exclaimed, “Remorse will pursue him without ceasing. Oh, Giulio! thou hast confided to me thy destiny, and I ought to sacrifice myself for thee.” Carlo was ordered to carry the book to the church, and he placed it on the seat usually occupied by Theresa.

Giulio, notwithstanding the violence of his passion, could not resolve to possess Theresa without her own consent. Cruel from his weakness, he wished to throw upon her the whole responsibility of the crime. The church was empty when Giulio saw the boy enter and deposit the book upon the seat. No longer master of himself, he darted forward, seized it, and giving it to Carlo, ordered him to carry it back to his mistress. Long he stood rooted to the spot where he had awaited the decree of his fate and that of Theresa. At

length, recovering from the tumult of his feelings, "I will see her!" he murmured.

Carlo returned and delivered the book to Theresa, saying Father Giulio had sent it. How great was the emotion of Theresa! she knew that Giulio would return, and she waited for him on the terrace where they had last parted. At length he appeared, but sad and gloomy, and approached with a faltering step. Theresa penetrated what was passing in his mind, and shuddered at the idea of this interview. She had assumed the fortitude to refuse; but on beholding her worshipped lover so miserable she thought only of consoling him; — she no longer hesitated or trembled, but approaching whispered, "Giulio, I am thine!"

[Here Bonaparte made a long pause.]

Giulio, overwhelmed with remorse, now became gloomy and morose, even in the presence of Theresa: her most tender caresses had no longer the power to soften him. But the love of Theresa was, on the contrary, increased by the sacrifice she had made. She secretly mourned the change that had taken place in Giulio, but she forbore to complain, and flattered herself with the hope that she should yet be able to render him happy, and that he would forget everything but her. Giulio, far, however, from returning her affection, accused her as the author of his misery: "Thou hast seduced, thou hast destroyed me; but for thee my soul had still been pure." His visits became less frequent, and at last wholly ceased. Theresa demanded to see him: she constantly frequented the church, and wrote to him daily. Her letters were sent back unopened, and Giulio confined himself to his cell. But it behooved Theresa to see him and confide to him a secret; alas! the secret that she would at no distant period become a mother! what would be her fate should he persist in abandoning her? Knowing that on the following Sunday Giulio was to celebrate mass, she resolved not to neglect that opportunity, on which more than life depended; and this idea armed her with strength and courage.

XI.

Her whole attention during the two days which preceded her expected interview with Giulio was employed in making preparations for the flight she contemplated. The situation of the monastery, on the seashore, would facilitate her project. She bestowed not a moment's consideration on the place to which they should direct their flight. Giulio would decide that according to his pleasure: for except Giulio, all else was indifferent to Theresa.

She had hired a small bark, and arranged everything with so much prudence that no one suspected her design, so that she had no fear of encountering any obstacles. The day so impatiently expected at length arrived, and Theresa, enveloped in a long black veil, approached the altar. Giulio did not recognize her, while she watched all his motions; and when the congregation dispersed, she glided behind a column which Giulio must pass on returning to the cloisters. On his approach she perceived that he was more than ever a prey to sorrow. His arms were folded across his breast, and his head bent forward. He walked with the gloomy and lagging step of a criminal. Theresa witnessed this with profound grief; she would have sacrificed her own life to secure his repose, but she durst no longer hesitate: the innocent being to whom she would soon give birth, demanded of her a father. She presented herself before Giulio. "Stop," she exclaimed, "I must speak to you; you must listen to me! Never will I leave you until you give me the key of the garden of the monastery. I *must* have it. Oh, Giulio! it is not my life alone that depends on you!" At these words Giulio believed that a fearful apparition had arisen before him. "Wretched woman! what meanest thou? Depart! fly from this place!" But Theresa threw herself at his feet, and vowed that she would not stir until he had granted her request. All the efforts of Giulio to escape were ineffectual. Theresa seemed endowed with almost supernatural strength. "Swear," said she, "that you will meet me at midnight." As she spoke

Giulio was startled at hearing a slight noise, and gave her the key. "At midnight," said he, and they separated.

XII.

Theresa repaired at the appointed time to the garden. The night was dark. She durst not call on Giulio for fear of discovery; but in a short time she heard approaching footsteps—they were those of Giulio. "Speak your purpose," said he, "the moments are precious. Cease to pursue a wretch who can never render you happy. Theresa, I adore you! without you life is an insupportable burden: yet even in your arms I experience the torments of remorse—torments which impoison our most rapturous moments. Thou hast witnessed my despair. How often have I reproached thee? Pardon me, adored Theresa! it is just I should punish myself. I renounce thee, and this sacrifice will expiate my crime." He ceased speaking, almost suffocated by his grief. Theresa endeavored to console him by anticipating greater happiness for the future. "Giulio," said she, "had it been only for myself I would not have sought this interview. Like you, I fear not death; but the pledge of our love demanded that I should see you. Come, then, Giulio, let us depart!—everything is prepared for our flight." Giulio, a prey to the most horrible feelings, suffered himself to be conducted by her; a few moments and they would be united forever. But suddenly disengaging himself from the arms of Theresa, "No," exclaimed he, "never!" and he plunged a poniard into her bosom.

[In pronouncing these words the Emperor, approaching the Empress, made the motion of drawing a dagger. The illusion was so great that the ladies shrieked with horror. Bonaparte, like a consummate actor, continued his recital without appearing to notice the effect he had produced.]

She fell, and Giulio was covered with her blood. Rooted to the spot, and with a wandering eye, he long contemplated his victim. Day began to dawn, and the bell of the monastery rang for matin service. Giulio raised the lifeless form of

her who had so devotedly loved him and threw it into the sea. In a state of frenzy he rushed into the church. His blood-stained garments, and the dagger in his hand, declared him a murderer! He offered no resistance on being seized, and was never more seen.

[The Empress pressed Napoleon to relate the fate of Giulio. He replied —]

The secrets of the cloister are impenetrable.

[The story of Giulio is not fictitious. Previously to the Revolution an adventure of a similar kind occurred in a convent at Lyons, of which the documents fell into the hands of Bonaparte, and furnished him with the basis of this tale. I have frequently heard him relate such stories, which he always did in a dimly lighted apartment in order to produce greater effect. I experienced more pleasure in reading Giulio from being able to recall to mind the varied tones of his voice, his action, his look, and the gestures with which he accompanied those improvisations. I can affirm that in no case whatever are words of Æschines more applicable: "What then would it have been had yourself heard him?"]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1805.

Abolition of the Republican calendar — Warlike preparations in Austria — Plan for re-organizing the National Guard — Napoleon in Strasburg — General Mack — Proclamation — Captain Bernard's reconnoitring mission — The Emperor's pretended anger and real satisfaction — Information respecting Ragusa communicated by Bernard — Rapid and deserved promotion — General Bernard's retirement to the United States of America.

I HAD been three months at Hamburg when I learned that the Emperor had at last resolved to abolish the only remaining memorial of the Republic, namely, the revolutionary calendar.¹ That calendar was indeed an absurd innovation; for the new denominations of the months were not applicable in all places, even in France; the corn of Provence did not wait to be ripened by the sun of the month of Messidor. On the 9th of September a *Sénatus-consulte* decreed that on the 1st of January following the months and days should resume their own names. I read with much interest Laplace's report to the Senate, and must confess I was very glad to see the Gregorian calendar again acknowledged by law, as it had already been acknowledged in fact. Frenchmen in foreign countries experienced particular inconvenience from the adoption of a system different from all the rest of the world.

A few days after the revival of the old calendar the Emperor departed for the army. When at Hamburg it may well be supposed that I was anxious to obtain news, and I received plenty from the interior of Germany and from some friends in Paris. This correspondence enables me to present to my readers a comprehensive and accurate picture of the state of public affairs up to the time when Napoleon took the field. I have already mentioned how artfully he always made it

the party attacked; his conduct previous to the first conquest of Vienna affords a striking example of this artifice. It was pretty evident that the transformation of the Cisalpine Republic into the kingdom of Italy, and the union of Genoa to France were infractions of treaties; yet the Emperor, nevertheless, pretended that all the infractions were committed by Austria. The truth is, that Austria was raising levies as secretly as possible, and collecting her troops on the frontiers of Bavaria. An Austrian corps even penetrated into some provinces of the Electorate; all this afforded Napoleon a pretext for going to the aid of his allies.

In the memorable sitting preceding his departure the Emperor presented a project of a *Sénatus-consulte* relative to the re-organization of the National Guard. The Minister for Foreign Affairs read an explanation of the reciprocal conduct of France and Austria since the peace of Luneville, in which the offences of France were concealed with wonderful skill. Before the sitting broke up the Emperor addressed the members, stating that he was about to leave the capital to place himself at the head of the army to afford prompt succor to his allies, and defend the dearest interests of his people. He boasted of his wish to preserve peace, which Austria and Russia, as he alleged, had, through the influence of England, been induced to disturb.

This address produced a very powerful impression in Hamburg. For my part, I recognized in it Napoleon's usual boasting strain; but on this occasion events seemed bent on justifying it. The Emperor may certainly have performed more scientific campaigns than that of Austerlitz, but never any more glorious in results. Everything seemed to partake of the marvellous, and I have often thought of the secret joy which Bonaparte must have felt on seeing himself at last on the point of commencing a great war in Germany, for which he had so often expressed an ardent desire. He proceeded first to Strasburg, whither Josephine accompanied him.

All the reports that I received agreed with the statements of my private correspondence in describing the incredible

enthusiasm which prevailed in the army on learning that it was to march into Germany. For the first time Napoleon had recourse to an expeditious mode of transport, and 20,000 carriages conveyed his army, as if by enchantment, from the shores of the channel to the banks of the Rhine.¹ The idea of an active campaign fired the ambition of the junior part of the army. All dreamed of glory, and of speedy promotion, and all hoped to distinguish themselves before the eyes of a chief who was idolized by his troops. Thus during his short stay at Strasburg the Emperor might with reason prophesy the success which crowned his efforts under the walls of Vienna. Rapp, who accompanied him, informed me that on leaving Strasburg he observed, in the presence of several persons, "It will be said that I made Mack's plan of campaign for him. The Caudine Forks are at Ulm."² Experience proved that Bonaparte was not deceived; but I ought on this occasion to contradict a calumnious report circulated at that time, and since maliciously repeated. It has been said that there existed an understanding between Mack and Bonaparte, and that the general was bought over to deliver up the gates of Ulm. I have received positive proof that this assertion is a scandalous falsehood; and the only thing that could give it weight was Napoleon's intercession after the campaign that Mack might not be put on his trial. In this intercession Napoleon was actuated only by humanity.

¹ Much has been said about the part of the army being conveyed "en poste," but it is obvious that no very large body of men could really have been conveyed in that manner at a time when all ordinary means of transport were required for the usual accompaniments of an enormous army. Ségur (*Mémoires*, tome ii. p. 352) represents Napoleon as saying to the Mayor of Lille, "Feast my divisions on their march, and organize chariots to double their marches. Allow for 25,000 men, let them go by post: you will thus give the movement a first, great, and useful example." It is obvious that a few carriages taking weak and tired men would hasten the march of the regiments without actually carrying many. Compare the instructions, only ordinary details, given to Marmont (*Rapport*, tome ii. p. 297). Jomini (tome ii.) makes no mention of any such measure.

In 1793, after the capitulation of Mayence, the garrison, about 20,000 men, were ordered to be sent by post-carriages to La Vendée (Thiers's *Revolution*, tome iii. p. 129). Miot de Melito (tome i. p. 35) says that he organized this transport under Bouchotte, then the Minister of War, but the exact numbers are not given, and the movement was across France itself.

² This allusion to the Caudine Forks was always in Napoleon's mouth when he saw an enemy's army concentrated on a point, and foresaw its defeat. — *Bourrienne*.

On taking the field Napoleon placed himself at the head of the Bavarians,¹ with whom he opposed the enemy's army before the arrival of his own troops. As soon as they were assembled he published the following proclamation, which still further excited the ardor of the troops.

SOLDIERS — The war of the third coalition is commenced. The Austrian army has passed the Inn, violated treaties, attacked and driven our ally from his capital. You yourselves have been obliged to hasten, by forced marches, to the defence of our frontiers. But you have now passed the Rhine ; and we will not stop till we have secured the independence of the Germanic body, succored our allies, and humbled the pride of our unjust assailants. We will not again make peace without a sufficient guaranty! Our generosity shall not again wrong our policy. Soldiers, your Emperor is among you! You are but the advanced guard of the great people. If it be necessary they will all rise at my call to confound and dissolve this new league, which has been created by the malice and the gold of England. But, soldiers, we shall have forced marches to make, fatigues and privations of every kind to endure. Still, whatever obstacles may be opposed to us, we will conquer them ; and we will never rest until we have planted our eagles on the territory of our enemies.

In the confidential notes of his diplomatic agents, in his speeches, and in his proclamations, Napoleon always described himself as the attacked party, and perhaps his very earnestness in so doing sufficed to reveal the truth to all those who had learned to read his thoughts differently from what his words expressed them.

At the commencement of the campaign of Austerlitz a circumstance occurred from which is to be dated the fortune of a very meritorious man. While the Emperor was at Strasburg he asked General Marescot, the commander-in-chief of the Engineers, whether he could recommend from his corps a brave, prudent, and intelligent young officer, capable of being intrusted with an important reconnoitring mission. The officer selected by General Marescot was a captain in the engineers, named Bernard, who had been educated in the Poly-

¹ This, as *Erreurs* (tome i. p. 7) points out, is a mistake. The first combats in 1805 fell to Murat, Ney, and Soult, none of whom had any Bavarians under them. It was in 1809 that Napoleon, on the plateau in front of Abensberg, only escorted by Bavarian cavalry, harangued the troops of Bavaria and Wurtemberg which defied before him (*Thiers*, tome x. p. 143).

technic School. He set off on his mission, advanced almost to Vienna, and returned to the headquarters of the Emperor at the capitulation of Ulm.

Bonaparte interrogated him himself, and was well satisfied with his replies; but, not content with answering verbally the questions put by Napoleon, Captain Bernard had drawn up a report of what he observed, and the different routes which might be taken. Among other things he observed that it would be a great advantage to direct the whole army upon Vienna, without regard to the fortified places: for that, once master of the capital of Austria, the Emperor might dictate laws to all the Austrian monarchy. "I was present," said Rapp to me, "at this young officer's interview with the Emperor. After reading the report, would you believe that the Emperor flew into a furious passion? 'How!' cried he, 'you are very bold, very presumptuous! A young officer to take the liberty of tracing out a plan of campaign for me! Begone, and await my orders.'"

This, and some other circumstances which I shall have to add respecting Captain Bernard, completely reveal Napoleon's character. Rapp told me that as soon as the young officer had left the Emperor all at once changed his tone. "That," said he, "is a clever young man; he has taken a proper view of things. I shall not expose him to the chance of being shot. Perhaps I shall some time want his services. Tell Berthier to despatch an order for his departure for Illyria."

This order was despatched, and Captain Bernard, who, like his comrades, was ardently looking forward to the approaching campaign, regarded as a punishment what was, on the Emperor's part, a precaution to preserve a young man whose merit he appreciated. At the close of the campaign, when the Emperor promoted those officers who had distinguished themselves, Bernard, who was thought to be in disgrace, was not included in Berthier's list among the captains of engineers whom he recommended to the rank of *chef de bataillon*; but Napoleon himself inscribed Bernard's name before all the rest. However, the Emperor forgot him for some time; and it was only an accidental circumstance that brought him to his recol-

lection. I never had any personal acquaintance with Bernard, but I learned from Rapp, how he afterwards became his colleague as *aide de camp* to the Emperor; a circumstance which I shall now relate, though it refers to a later period.

Before the Emperor left Paris for the campaign of 1812 he wished to gain precise information respecting Ragusa and Illyria. He sent for Marmont, but was not satisfied with his answers. He then interrogated several other generals, but the result of his inquiries always was, "This is all very well; but it is not what I want. I do not know Ragusa." He then sent for General Dejean, who had succeeded M. de Marescot as first inspector of the Engineers.

"Have you any one among your officers," he asked, "who is well acquainted with Ragusa?" Dejean, after a little reflection, replied, "Sire, there is a *chef de bataillon* who has been a long time forgotten, but who knows Illyria perfectly." — "What's his name?" — "Bernard." — "Ah! stop . . . Bernard! I remember that name. Where is he?" — "At Antwerp, Sire, employed on the fortifications." — "Let a telegraphic despatch¹ be immediately transmitted, desiring him to mount his horse and come with all speed to Paris."

The promptitude with which the Emperor's orders were always executed is well known. A few days after Captain Bernard was in the Emperor's cabinet in Paris. Napoleon received him very graciously. The first thing he said was, "Talk to me about Ragusa." This was a favorite mode of interrogation with him in similar cases, and I have heard him say that it was a sure way of drawing out all that a man had observed in any country that he had visited. Be that as it may, he was perfectly satisfied with M. Bernard's information respecting Illyria; and when the *chef de bataillon* had finished speaking Napoleon said, "Colonel Bernard, I am now acquainted with Ragusa." The Emperor afterwards conversed familiarly with him, entered into details respecting the system of fortification adopted at Antwerp, referred to the plan of the works, criticised it, and showed how he would, if he besieged the town, render the means of defence unavailing.

¹ i.e. by semaphore arms.

The new Colonel explained so well how he would defend the town against the Emperor's attack that Bonaparte was delighted, and immediately bestowed upon the young officer a mark of distinction which, as far as I know, he never granted but upon that single occasion. The Emperor was going to preside at the Council of State, and desired Colonel Bernard to accompany him, and many times during the sittings he asked him for his opinion upon the points which were under discussion. On leaving the Council Napoleon said, "Bernard, you are in future my *aide de camp*." After the campaign he was made General of Brigade, soon after General of Division, and now he is acknowledged to be one of the ablest engineer officers in existence. Clarke's silly conduct deprived France of this distinguished man, who refused the brilliant offers of several sovereigns of Europe for the sake of retiring to the United States of America, where he commands the Engineers, and has constructed fortifications on the coast of the Floridas which are considered by engineers to be masterpieces of military art.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1805.

Rapidity of Napoleon's victories — Murat at Wertingen — Conquest of Ney's duchy — The French army before Ulm — The Prince of Liechtenstein at the Imperial headquarters — His interview with Napoleon described by Rapp — Capitulation of Ulm signed by Berthier and Mack — Napoleon before and after a victory — His address to the captive generals — The Emperor's proclamation — Ten thousand prisoners taken by Murat — Battle of Caldiero in Italy — Letter from Duroc — Attempts to retard the Emperor's progress — Fruitless mission of M. de Giulay — The first French eagles taken by the Russians — Bold adventure of Lannes and Murat — The French enter Vienna — Savary's mission to the Emperor Alexander.

To convey an idea of the brilliant campaign of 1805 from an abstract of the reports and letters I received at Hamburg I should, like the almanac-makers, be obliged to note down a victory for every day. Was not the rapidity of the Emperor's first operations a thing hitherto unprecedented? He departed from Paris on the 24th of September, and hostilities commenced on the 2d of October. On the 6th and 7th the French passed the Danube, and turned the enemy's army. On the 8th Murat, at the battle of Wertingen, on the Danube, took 2000 Austrian prisoners, amongst whom, besides other general officers, was Count Auffenberg. Next day the Austrians fell back upon Gunsburg, retreating before our victorious legions, who, pursuing their triumphal course, entered Augsburg on the 10th, and Munich on the 12th. When I received my despatches I could have fancied I was reading a fabulous narrative. Two days after the French entered Munich — that is to say, on the 14th — an Austrian corps of 6000 men surrendered to Marshal Soult at Memingen, whilst Ney conquered, sword in hand, his future Duchy of Elchingen. Finally, on the 17th of October came the famous capitulation of General Mack at Ulm,¹ and on the same day hostilities commenced in

¹ Prince Maurice Liechtenstein was sent by General Mack as a flag of truce to the Imperial headquarters before Ulm. He was, according to cus-

Italy between the French and Austrians, the former commanded by Masséna and the latter by Prince Charles.

Napoleon, who was so violently irritated by any obstacle

tom, led blindfold on horseback. Rapp, who was present, together with several of Napoleon's *aides de camp*, afterwards spoke to me of the Prince's interview with the Emperor. I think he told me that Berthier was present likewise. "Picture to yourself," said Rapp, "the astonishment, or rather confusion, of the poor Prince when the bandage was removed from his eyes. He knew nothing of what had been going on, and did not even suspect that the Emperor had yet joined the army. When he understood that he was in the presence of Napoleon he could not suppress an exclamation of surprise, which did not escape the Emperor, and he ingenuously acknowledged that General Mack had no idea he was before the walls of Ulm." Prince Liechtenstein proposed to capitulate on condition that the garrison of Ulm should be allowed to return into Austria. This proposal, in the situation in which the garrison stood, Rapp said, made the Emperor smile. "How can you expect," said Napoleon, "that I can accede to such a proposition? What shall I gain by it? Eight days. In eight days you will be in my power without any condition. Do you suppose I am not acquainted with everything? . . . You expect the Russians? . . . At the nearest they are in Bohemia. Were I to allow you to march out, what security can I have that you will not join them, and afterwards fight against me? Your generals have deceived me often enough, and I will no longer be duped. At Marengo I was weak enough to allow the troops of Melas to march out of Alessandria. He promised to treat for peace. What happened? Two months after Moreau had to fight with the garrison of Alessandria. Besides, this war is not an ordinary war. After the conduct of your Government I am not bound to keep any terms with it. I have no faith in its promises. You have attacked me. If I should agree to what you ask Mack would pledge his word, I know. But even relying on his good faith, would he be able to keep his promise? As far as regards himself—yes: but as regards his army—no. If the Archduke Ferdinand were still with you I could rely upon his word, because he would be responsible for the conditions, and he would not disgrace himself: but I know he has quitted Ulm and passed the Danube. I know how to reach him, however."

Rapp said it was impossible to imagine the embarrassment of Prince Liechtenstein whilst the Emperor was speaking. He, however, somewhat regained his self-possession, and observed that, unless the conditions which he proposed were granted, the army would not capitulate. "If that be the case," said Napoleon, "you may as well go back to Mack, for I will never grant such conditions. Are you jesting with me? Stay; here is the capitulation of Memingen—show it to your General—let him surrender on the same conditions—I will consent to no others. Your officers may return to Austria, but the soldiers must be prisoners. Tell him to be speedy, for I have no time to lose. The more he delays the worse he will render his own condition and yours. To-morrow I shall have here the corps to which Memingen capitulated, and then we shall see what is to be done. Make Mack clearly understand that he has no alternative but to conform to my will."

The imperious tone which Napoleon employed towards his enemies almost always succeeded, and it produced the accustomed effect upon Mack. On the same day that Prince Liechtenstein had been at our headquarters Mack wrote to the Emperor, stating that he would not have treated with any other on such terms; but that he yielded to the ascendancy of Napoleon's fortune; and on the following day Berthier was sent into Ulm, from whence he returned with the capitulation signed. Thus Napoleon was not mistaken respecting the Caudine Forks of the Austrian army. The garrison of Ulm marched out with what are called the honors of war, and were led prisoners into France. — *Bourrienne*.



NEY.
PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Ney", followed by a long, decorative flourish that extends to the left and then loops back to the right.

which opposed him, and who treated with so much hauteur everybody who ventured to resist his inflexible will, was no longer the same man when, as a conqueror, he received the vanquished generals at Ulm. He condoled with them on their misfortune; and this, I can affirm, was not the result of a feeling of pride concealed beneath a feigned generosity. Although he profited by their defeat he pitied them sincerely. How frequently has he observed to me, "How much to be pitied is a general on the day after a lost battle." He had himself experienced this misfortune when he was obliged to raise the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. At that moment he would, I believe, have strangled Djezzar; but if Djezzar had surrendered, he would have treated him with the same attention which he showed to Mack and the other generals of the garrison of Ulm. These generals were seventeen in number, and among them was Prince Liechtenstein. There were also General Klenau (Baron de Giulay), who had acquired considerable military reputation in the preceding wars, and General Fresnel, who stood in a more critical situation than his companions in misfortune, for he was a Frenchman, and an emigrant.

Rapp told me that it was really painful to see these generals. They bowed respectfully to the Emperor, having Mack at their head. They preserved a mournful silence, and Napoleon was the first to speak, which he did in the following terms: "Gentlemen, I feel sorry that such brave men as you are should be the victims of the follies of a Cabinet which cherishes insane projects, and which does not hesitate to commit the dignity of the Austrian nation by trafficking with the services of its generals. Your names are known to me — they are honorably known wherever you have fought. Examine the conduct of those who have committed you. What could be more iniquitous than to attack me without a declaration of war? Is it not criminal to bring foreign invasion upon a country? Is it not betraying Europe to introduce Asiatic barbarities into her disputes? If good policy had been followed the Aulic Council, instead of attacking me, would have sought my alliance in order to drive back the Russians to the

north. The alliance which your Cabinet has formed will appear monstrous in history. It is the alliance of dogs, shepherds, and wolves against sheep — such a scheme could never have been planned in the mind of a statesman. It is fortunate for you that I have not been defeated in the unjust struggle to which I have been provoked; if I had, the Cabinet of Vienna would have soon perceived its error, for which, perhaps, it will yet one day pay dearly.”

What a change fifteen days of success, crowned by the capture of Ulm, had made in affairs! At Hamburg I knew through my agents to what a degree of folly the hopes of Napoleon’s enemies had risen before he began the campaign. The security of the Cabinet of Vienna was really inexplicable; not only did they not dream of the series of victories which made Napoleon master of all the Austrian monarchy, but the assistants of Drake and all the intriguers of that sort treated France already as a conquered country, and disposed of some of our provinces. In the excess of their folly, to only give one instance, they promised the town of Lyons to the King of Sardinia, to recompense him for the temporary occupation of Piedmont.¹

While Napoleon flattered his prisoners at the expense of their Government he wished to express satisfaction at the conduct of his own army, and with this view he published a remarkable proclamation, which in some measure presented an abstract of all that had taken place since the opening of the campaign.

This proclamation was as follows:—

SOLDIERS OF THE GRAND ARMY—In a fortnight we have finished an entire campaign. What we proposed to do has been done. We have driven the Austrian troops from Bavaria, and restored our ally to the sovereignty of his dominions.

That army, which, with equal presumption and imprudence, marched upon our frontiers, is annihilated.

But what does this signify to England? She has gained her object. We are no longer at Boulogne, and her subsidy will be neither more nor less.

¹ In the treaty of Luneville (see Memoirs and Times of Napoleon, 255).

Of a hundred thousand men who composed that army, sixty thousand are prisoners. They will replace our conscripts in the labors of agriculture.

Two hundred pieces of cannon, the whole park of artillery, ninety flags, and all their generals are in our power. Fifteen thousand men only have escaped.

Soldiers ! I announced to you the result of a great battle ; but, thanks to the ill-devised schemes of the enemy, I was enabled to secure the wished-for result without incurring any danger, and, what is unexampled in the history of nations, that result has been gained at the sacrifice of scarcely fifteen hundred men killed and wounded.

Soldiers ! this success is due to your unlimited confidence in your Emperor, to your patience in enduring fatigues and privations of every kind, and to your singular courage and intrepidity.

But we will not stop here. You are impatient to commence another campaign !

The Russian army, which English gold has brought from the extremities of the universe, shall experience the same fate as that which we have just defeated.

In the conflict in which we are about to engage the honor of the French infantry is especially concerned. We shall now see another decision of the question which has already been determined in Switzerland and Holland ; namely, whether the French infantry is the first or the second in Europe.

Among the Russians there are no generals in contending against whom I can acquire any glory. All I wish is to obtain the victory with the least possible bloodshed. My soldiers are my children.

This proclamation always appeared to me a masterpiece of military eloquence. While he lavished praises on his troops, he excited their emulation by hinting that the Russians were capable of disputing with them the first rank among the infantry of Europe, and he concluded his address by calling them his children.

The second campaign, to which Napoleon alleged they so eagerly looked forward, speedily ensued, and hostilities were carried on with a degree of vigor which fired the enthusiasm of the army. Heaven knows what accounts were circulated of the Russians, who, as Bonaparte solemnly stated in his proclamation, had come from the *extremity of the world*. They were represented as half-naked savages, pillaging, destroying, and burning wherever they went. It was even asserted that they were cannibals, and had been seen to eat

children.¹ In short, at that period was introduced the denomination of northern barbarians which has since been so generally applied to the Russians. Two days after the capitulation of Ulm Murat obtained the capitulation of Trochtelfingen from General Warneck, and made 10,000 prisoners, so that, without counting killed and wounded, the Austrian army had sustained a diminution of 50,000 men after a campaign of twenty days. On the 27th of October the French army crossed the Inn, and thus penetrated into the Austrian territory. Salzburg and Braunau were immediately taken. The army of Italy, under the command of Masséna, was also obtaining great advantages. On the 30th of October, that is to say, the very day on which the Grand Army took the above-mentioned fortresses, the army of Italy, having crossed the Adige, fought a sanguinary battle at Caldiero, and took 5000 Austrian prisoners.

In the extraordinary campaign, which has been distinguished by the name of "the Campaign of Austerlitz," the exploits of our troops succeeded each other with the rapidity of thought. I confess I was equally astonished and delighted when I received a note from Duroc, sent by an extraordinary courier, and commencing laconically with the words, "We are in Vienna; the Emperor is well."

Duroc's letter was dated the 13th November, and the words, "We are in Vienna," seemed to me the result of a dream. The capital of Austria, which from time imme-

¹ The Russian army of that time must not be judged by what it became after its rough teaching from Napoleon. Puymaigre (*Souvenirs*, p. 54), who served with it in the army of Condé in 1799, says, "The Russian army was not then what we saw it afterwards; it was only emerging from barbarism. It was in long combating with or against Napoleon that foreigners learned the art of war. When we were incorporated with the Russian army its orders and manœuvres all belonged to another epoch. In a work translated into French for our use, the manœuvres of the Czar Peter at Pultowa were brought to our memories, and certainly there had been many changes since then. . . . I saw these same Russians fifteen years afterwards, and I did not recognize them. Everything was well organized; their equipment was perfect, and their artillery was especially remarkable for the lightness of the wagons and gun-carriages and the superb quality of the horses." See also Cathcart (*War in Russia*, p. 28), where he ranks the Russians, in 1813, as the best in marching, and remarks on the care taken by the Emperor Alexander for the maintenance of the proper distances between the regiments. "Up to 1806" (says *Savary*, tome ii. p. 221) "we saw the Russian infantry lay their knapsacks on the ground before commencing to fire, so that if they were repulsed they lost all their packs."

morial had not been occupied by foreigners — the city which Sobieski had saved from Ottoman violence, had become the prey of the Imperial eagle of France, which, after a lapse of three centuries, avenged the humiliations formerly imposed upon Francis I. by the *Aquila Grifagna* of Charles V.¹ Duroc had left the Emperor before the camp of Boulogne was raised; his mission to Berlin being terminated, he rejoined the Emperor at Lintz.

Before I notice the singular mission of M. Haugwitz to the Emperor Napoleon, and the result of that mission, which circumstances rendered diametrically the reverse of its object, I will relate what came to my knowledge respecting some other negotiations on the part of Austria, the evident intent of which was to retard Napoleon's progress, and thereby to dupe him. M. de Giulay, one of the generals included in the capitulation of Ulm, had returned home to acquaint his sovereign with the disastrous event. He did not conceal, either from the Emperor Francis or the Cabinet of Vienna, the destruction of the Austrian army, and the impossibility of arresting the rapid advance of the French. M. de Giulay was sent with a flag of truce to the headquarters of Napoleon, to assure him of the pacific intentions of the Emperor of Austria, and to solicit an armistice. The snare was too clumsy not to be immediately discovered by so crafty a man as Napoleon.² He had always pretended a love for peace, though he was overjoyed at the idea of continuing a war so successfully commenced, and he directed General Giulay to assure the Emperor of Austria that he was not less anxious for peace than he, and that he was ready to treat for it, but without suspending the course of his operations. Bonaparte, indeed, could not, without a degree of imprudence of which

¹ "Aquila Grifagna, che due becchi porta per meglio divorar."

The eagle in the Austrian arms has two heads and necks. — *Editor of 1836 Edition.*

As soon as Bonaparte became Emperor he constituted himself the avenger of all the insults given to the sovereigns, whom he styled his predecessors. All that related to the honor of France was sacred to him. Thus he removed the column of Rossbach from the Prussian territory. — *Bourrienne.*

² Metternich (tome ii. p. 346, compare French edition, tome ii. p. 287) says, "Let us hold always the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other; always ready to negotiate, but only negotiating while advancing. Here is Napoleon's system."

he was incapable, consent to an armistice; for M. de Giulay, though intrusted with powers from Austria, had received none from Russia. Russia, therefore, might disavow the armistice and arrive in time to defend Vienna, the occupation of which was so important to the French army. The Russians, indeed, were advancing to oppose us, and the corps of our army, commanded by Mortier on the left bank of the Danube, experienced in the first engagement a check at Dirnstein, which not a little vexed the Emperor. This was the first reverse of fortune we had sustained throughout the campaign. It was trivial, to be sure, but the capture by the Russians of three French eagles, the first that had fallen into the hands of the enemy, was very mortifying to Napoleon, and caused him to prolong for some days his stay at St. Polten, where he then was.

The rapid occupation of Vienna was due to the successful temerity of Lannes and Murat, two men alike distinguished for courage and daring spirit. A bold artifice of these generals prevented the destruction of the Thabor bridge at Vienna, without which our army would have experienced considerable difficulty in penetrating into the Austrian capital. This act of courage and presence of mind, which had so great an influence on the events of the campaign, was described to me by Lannes, who told the story with an air of gayety, unaccompanied by any self-complacency, and seemed rather pleased with the trick played upon the Austrians than proud of the brilliant action which had been performed. Both enterprises were so natural to Lannes that he was frequently the only person who saw nothing extraordinary in his own exploits. Alas! what men were sacrificed to Napoleon's ambition!

The following is the story of the Bridge of Thabor as I heard it from Lannes:—

“I was one day walking with Murat, on the right bank of the Danube, and we observed on the left bank, which was occupied by the Austrians, some works going on, the evident object of which was to blow up the bridge on the approach of our troops. The foe had the impudence to make these preparations under our very noses; but we gave them a good lesson. Having arranged our plan, we returned to give orders, and I

intrusted the command of my column of grenadiers to an officer on whose courage and intelligence I could rely. I then returned to the bridge, accompanied by Murat and two or three other officers. We advanced, unconcernedly, and entered into conversation with the commander of a post in the middle of the bridge. We spoke to him about an armistice which was to be speedily concluded. While conversing with the Austrian officers we contrived to make them turn their eyes towards the left bank, and then, agreeably to the orders we had given, my column of grenadiers advanced on the bridge. The Austrian cannoneers, on the left bank, seeing their officers in the midst of us, did not dare to fire, and my column advanced at a quick step. Murat and I, at the head of it, gained the left bank. All the combustibles prepared for blowing up the bridge were thrown into the river, and my men took possession of the batteries erected for the defence of the bridge. The poor devils of Austrian officers were perfectly astounded when I told them they were my prisoners."

Such, as well as I can recollect, was the account given by Lannes, who laughed immoderately in describing the consternation of the Austrian officers when they discovered the trick that had been played upon them. When Lannes performed this exploit he had little idea of the important consequences which would attend it. He had not only secured to the remainder of the French army a sure and easy entrance to Vienna, but, without being aware of it, he created an insurmountable impediment to the junction of the Russian army with the Austrian corps, commanded by Prince Charles, who, being pressed by Masséna, hastily advanced into the heart of the Hereditary States, where he fully expected a great battle would take place.¹

As soon as the corps of Murat and Lannes had taken possession of Vienna the Emperor ordered all the divisions of the army to march upon that capital. Napoleon established his

¹ The story is told in much the same way in *Thiers* (tome vi. p. 260), *Rapp* (p. 57), and *Savary* (tome ii. p. 162), but as *Erreurs* (tome i. p. 314) points out, Bourrienne makes an odd mistake in believing the Thabor Bridge gave the French access to Vienna. The capital is on the right bank, and was already in their power. The possession of the bridge enabled them to pass over to the left bank, and to advance towards Austerlitz before the Archduke Charles, coming from Italy, could make his junction with the allied army. See plan 48 of Thiers's *Atlas*, or 58 of Alison's. The immediate result of the success of this rather doubtful artifice would have been the destruction of the corps of Kutusoff; but Murat in his turn was deceived by Bagration into belief in an armistice. In fact, both sides at this time fell into curious errors; see *Jomini*, tome ii. p. 159 and *Thiers*, tome vi. p. 272.

headquarters at Schœnbrunn, where he planned his operations for compelling the corps of Prince Charles to retire to Hungary, and also for advancing his own forces to meet the Russians. Murat and Lannes always commanded the advanced guard during the forced marches ordered by Napoleon, which were executed in a way truly miraculous.

To keep up the appearance of wishing to conclude peace as soon as reasonable propositions should be made to him, Napoleon sent for his Minister for Foreign Affairs, who speedily arrived at Vienna, and General Savary was sent on a mission to the Emperor Alexander. The details of this mission I have learned only from the account of it given by the Duc de Rovigo in his apologetic Memoirs. In spite of the Duke's eagerness to induce a belief in Napoleon's pacific disposition, the very facts on which he supports his argument lead to the contrary conclusion. Napoleon wished to dictate his conditions before the issue of a battle the success of which might appear doubtful to the young Emperor of Russia, and these conditions were such as he might impose when victory should be declared in favor of our eagles. It must be clear to every reflecting person that by always proposing what he knew could not be honorably acceded to, he kept up the appearance of being a pacificator, while at the same time he insured to himself the pleasure of carrying on the war.